The New-York Times.

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THE WEST.

Probable Result of the Trial of Judge Barnard.

Amicable Compromise in the Central Pacific Railroad Difficulty.

Mysterious Murder of Several Persons on a Mississippi Steamer.

The Strike of the Shoe-Makers at Lynn Ended.

Spanish-Cuban Journals Predict the End of the Rebellion.

THE BARNARD TRIAL.

Continuation of the Secret Session—Probable Result of the Vote.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

SARATOGA, Aug. 17.—The Court of Impeachment resumed its secret session this morning at 10 o'clock, and continued till 3 P. M., when it then adjourned till Monday at 10 A. M. There was a lively discussion and much variance of opinion on some of the articles, but, as a rule, the votes taken are said to have been unanimously in the affirmative on the question of proven or not proven, and the tone of the speeches made points strongly to the probability of disqualification. As the Court had not proceeded further than the thirtieth article at the hour of adjournment it is not likely that the whole case can be passed upon before a late hour on Monday. That the vote will be guilty on the case in general there can be no doubt, though it is possible that two of the charges will be found to be not sufficiently proven. It is proposed when the doors are thrown open to announce the decision, and then take a vote on the nature of the sentence—first, upon simple removal, and second, upon disqualification. Barnard's friends are working hard in his interest, but there seems to be no reason to doubt that the Court has sufficient integrity to withstand all assaults upon its virtue, and sufficient courage to perform whatever duty the circumstances may call for, not yielding unwisely to lessen one iota of the claim which is due to justice.

THE PACIFIC COAST.

Settlement of the Central Pacific Railroad Difficulty—Mutiny on a Boston Ship.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Aug. 17.—A subcommittee of the Committee of a Hundred has agreed with Gov. Stanford on a basis of compromise with the Central Railroad Company on the terminus question. The Goat Island project is to be abandoned, and the Central Company will construct a bridge at Ravenswood across the bay, and a road thence along the water front to Mission Bay, where the final terminus of the Central, Southern and San Joaquin Valley roads will be fixed. A track is also to be run from the terminus through the city to North Beach, freight to be delivered along it without extra charge. The city, on its part, is to modify the surveys of Mission Bay, and give a subsidy of $1,000,000 in six per cent. bonds.

The ship Mary Bell sailed from Puget Sound, leaving behind the first mate, shot through the lungs, the seaman who shot him, and who in turn had been shot through the head, and two of the crew who were witnesses of the mutiny.

The Susanville stage was robbed near Reno, Nevada, after a brisk fight between passengers and highwaymen. Nobody was killed.

Hattie Wilson and Mrs. Thompson, cyprians, committed suicide in the same house in Virginia City yesterday, by taking laudanum.

The steamer Colorado, which sailed for Japan and China today, carried $1,616,300 treasure. The Panama steamer had only $17,000 in specie on board.

Janin, who was sent out by the first diamond company, having returned without reaching the alleged diamond-fields, has declined to give the Press any information. Diamond stock is not in demand; nevertheless, an expedition consisting of ten men has been fitted out by a new company, and left today. Several new companies are forming.

A TERRIBLE AFFAIR.

The Crew of a Mississippi Steamer Murdered and Thrown into the Water.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 17.—Early this morning a fisherman discovered the little steamer Helen Brooke floating down stream near Head Cheek's Chute, some ten miles above here, and apparently abandoned. He rowed out to the steamer, made a line fast, and pulled her toward the bank, but before reaching it saw a negro, a shot-gun on his knee, in a sitting position, asleep on the lower deck, who, as soon as the boat struck the bank, started up, leaped ashore, and ran into the woods. The fisherman then boarded the steamer, and found traces of a desperate struggle having taken place, and the decks wet with blood. He then came to this city and reported what he had done and seen. Subsequently the Grand Tower, from St. Louis, arrived here, bringing a message from the Magistrate at Bradley's Landing, eighteen miles above here, stating that the crew of the Helen Brooke and the proprietors and families of a trading boat which the Brooke had towed up there, had been murdered and the boats plundered. Assistance was at once dispatched on the steamer John Overton. The report is that Capt. William Pott and his brother, the proprietors of the trading boat, together with their wives and two daughters, were all murdered, and their bodies thrown into the river.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Effect of the Rains Throughout the State—Death of a Prominent Citizen.

LOWELL, Mass., Aug. 17.—Very severe showers, with a south-west wind, prevail this morning. The amount of rain which has fallen this week up to 10 o'clock A. M. today, is four and a quarter inches. Reports from the country are to the effect that the brooks and streams are all overflowed, and the low lands inundated. The coffer-dam for the water-works at Hunter's Falls, on the Merrimack, was carried away last night, and the work will have to be abandoned for the present, and probably for the season.

Hon. J. W. P. Abbott, of Westford, died suddenly last night, from rheumatism, which affected his head. He had suffered from the disease for a year past. The deceased was aged sixty-six. He leaves a widow and three sons.

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—Nine of the boys who escaped from the Reform School, at Westboro', on Thursday, were captured the same night, and several others yesterday. A. S. Harrington, landlord of the Cattle Fair Hotel, at Brighton, died at that hotel on Thursday, of consumption, after an illness of nearly a year.

It is stated that at a meeting of Liberal Republicans and Democrats in Boston, today, it was resolved to ask Charles Francis Adams to become their candidate for Governor of Massachusetts. A telegram on the subject is said to have been dispatched to Geneva.

LYNN, Mass., Aug. 17.—The *Reporter* this morning says the Crispin strike is virtually ended. Nearly all the manufactories that stopped have started again, but some of them with a diminished force. The manufacturers find little difficulty in procuring all the help they require. The question of prices has been settled between the employers and employed, who have resumed work in an amicable manner. The only point insisted upon by the manufacturers has been that their workmen should declare themselves independent of any organization and free to carry out their own contracts without dictation or hindrance.

Speech by Andrew Johnson at Nashville.

NASHVILLE, Aug. 17.—Andrew Johnson made his promised speech today at the Exposition Building, in this city, to about 3,000 people. It did not vary much from his Knoxville speech, though more elaborate. He referred to the general preference for military men for office, and warned the people against it as of evil tendency; and, while speaking of amnesty, asked amnesty for himself. It is inferred from this that he desires the nomination for Congress for the State at large.

CUBAN NEWS.

Return of Zabalza to Spain—Progress of the Army in Putting Down the Rebellion.

HAVANA, Aug. 16, via KEY WEST, Aug. 17.—Gov. Zabalza sailed for Spain yesterday, notwithstanding reports to official circles that he would not go.

La Constancia publishes interesting particulars of movements of the insurgents in the Central Department. On the night of the 29th ult. they made a raid on the Nuevitas and Puerto Principe Railroad, and burned a bridge. It was repaired by the Spaniards the next day, and communication restored.

The Spanish *resumé* of operations in the Departments, for the past two weeks, states that 114 rebels and five Spaniards have been killed during that time.

In an editorial article upon the situation the *Diario* says: "We are now at the middle of August, and the indications are that a Winter campaign against the insurgents will be necessary. We are convinced that this campaign of 1872-73 will be as it should be, the last we will have to sustain."

The *Diario* says, that if necessary, sufficient troops will be at the disposal of the Commander-in-Chief to hedge in the insurgents with a circle of bayonets.

Gen. Ena will shortly return to Havana.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

New Custom-House Regulations—Naval Changes—Currency Statements.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—There has been prepared, under the direction of Mr. Elliot, acting Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, supplements Nos. 1, 2 and 3 to part 9 of the Revised Customs Regulations of the United States, forming a twenty-four page pamphlet, copies of which have been distributed to the Collectors of Customs for their guidance in making returns on the subject of foreign commerce, shipping, &c., to the Bureau above named. Supplement 1 contains a full list of commodities, alphabetically classified, to be used in all statements of foreign merchandise (except that relating to home consumption and imports,) the unit in which the quantity of each article is to be expressed being indicated opposite to its place in the list in another vertical column. Supplement 2 contains a revised list of foreign countries indicating the order to be observed in making out all statements of commerce by countries. Supplement 3 gives a similar list to be used in making out the statements of entries and clearances of vessels engaged in the trade with the United States. The arrangement of countries, although in the main alphabetical, is such that they may be readily grouped by geographical situation or political division, as it may be desired to arrange the statistics of their trade. In a second column opposite each country named is given a list of the islands, subdivisions, ports, &c., which it comprises. These well-digested lists will greatly assist in securing that uniformity of method in making out the returns, which is so difficult of attainment and is so indispensable to facilitate the collation and to the accuracy of the general results.

NAVAL ORDERS.

Commander Carpenter is ordered to equipment duty in the Portsmouth Navy Yard; Commander Luce to equipment duty in the Boston Navy Yard; Lieut.-Commander Hoff and Lieut. Amory to the North Pacific Station; Paymaster Stephenson to the Lackawanna, Asiatic Station; Rear Admiral Pennock to assume command of the north Pacific station; Capt. Fairfax, from the Portsmouth Navy-yard, and placed on waiting orders; Capt. English, from special duty, and ordered to duty as executive officer in the Portsmouth Navy-yard; Capt. Spicer, from equipment duty in the Boston Navy-yard, and placed on waiting orders. Commander De Krafft, from equipment duty in the Portsmouth Navy-yard, and ordered as chief of staff to the North Pacific station; Lieut. Maynard, from torpedo duty, and ordered to the North Pacific station. Capt. George H. A. Dimpfel, Military Storekeeper in the Quartermaster's Department, has been retired from the service with one year's pay and allowance.

CURRENCY STATEMENT.

The receipts of fractional currency for the week ending today, amount to	$524,500 00
Shipments of currency	585,200 00
Shipments of notes	628,500 00
The Treasurer holds as security for National Bank Circulation	381,974,300 00
And for deposits of public money	15,787,000 00
National Bank Notes outstanding	338,191,297 00
Internal Revenue receipts today	316,991 48
Receipts for the month	6,994,425 55
National Gold Bank Notes outstanding	1,362,000 00

TREASURY BALANCES.

The balances in the Treasury at the close of business today were as follows:

Coin $71,504,321 06, including coin certificates, $30,190,300; currency balance, $7,208,502 96.

PERSONAL.

The President and Cabinet have formally declined the invitation to visit Chattanooga.

Bathing Disasters at Long Branch.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., Aug. 17.—Four servant girls, employed at the West End Hotel, were in bathing this evening, near the West End Hotel, and the undertow being very strong, were washed out to sea. Their screams attracted the attention of gentlemen on the beach, who went to their rescue. Two were easily saved, the third was rescued by Mr. Henry Woodruff, of New-York, a guest of the West End Hotel, at the risk of his life. The fourth was washed out to sea, and the body has not yet been found.

Mary Culley, of Brooklyn, a servant in the family of Ex-City Chamberlain J. J. Bradley, while in bathing, was carried away by the undertow, which was running very strong. A gentleman went to her rescue, but when she was brought ashore very little life was in the body. A doctor was called, but too late. She died on the beach. Great excitement prevailed at the West End.

Caleb F. Hendrickson, proprietor of Cooper's Cottage, died this forenoon. The flags on all the hotels are at half-mast, in respect to his memory.

Mr. Samuel Laird, proprietor of the Mansion and United States Hotel, is lying dangerously ill at his cottage.

Gen. Grant's Modesty and Generosity.

From the Worcester (Mass.) Gazette, Aug. 16.

Mr. Hoar told an anecdote of Grant in his speech the other night, which does not appear in the published report printed from his manuscript. He remarked in introducing it that he felt some hesitation, for obvious reasons, in repeating the story, but there would perhaps be no impropriety in relating to his friends and neighbors what had appeared to him a remarkable illustration of the modesty and generosity of Grant's character. Mr. Hoar related the story substantially as follows:

"I had the honor a short time since of dining at the house of a friend, then and now a member of the Cabinet, in company with the President. There were about twenty guests, but they constituted perhaps the most distinguished assemblage it ever has been or ever will be my fortune to see. Several members of the Cabinet, several of the most distinguished members of the Senate, the Chief-Justice of the United States, Gens. Sherman and Sheridan, some officers of high rank in the navy, two or three eminent men of science, and perhaps the most famous poet of the country, Mr. James Russell Lowell, were of the company. Commodore Alden, remarked, half in jest, to a gentleman that sat near him that there was nothing he disliked more than a subordinate who always obeyed orders. 'What is that you are saying, Commodore?' said President Grant, across the table. The Commodore repeated what he had said. 'There is a good deal of truth in what you say,' said Gen. Grant. 'One of the virtues of Gen. Sheridan was that he knew when to act without orders. Just before the surrender of Lee, Gen. Sheridan captured some dispatches from which he learned that Lee had ordered his supplies to a certain place. I was on the other side of the river, where he could not get communication from me till the next morning. Gen. Sheridan pushed on at once without orders, got to the place fifteen minutes before the rebels, and captured the supplies. After the surrender was concluded, the first thing Gen. Lee asked me for was rations for his men. I issued to them the same provisions which Sheridan had captured. Now if Sheridan, as most men would have done, had waited for orders from me, Lee would have got off.' I listened with wonder to the generous modesty which, before that brilliant company, could remove one of the proudest laurels from his own brow to place it on the brow of Sheridan."

NORTH CAROLINA.

Desperate Attempt of the Democrats to Contest a Lawful Election—Fears that it may Lead to Bloodshed.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

RALEIGH, N. C., Aug. 17.—The demonstration of the Democrats, last night, in this city, was a failure. About 150 men and boys were in the procession. On the evening of the 13th the Republicans of Cumberland County met in Fayetteville, to celebrate our State victory. A number of Republicans were detailed to attend and replenish the bon-fires. As the detail was going round they were fired into six times. This infuriated the Republicans, and they attempted to catch the ruffians who fired the shots. Great excitement followed, and but for the timely arrival of Major John Reilly, Republican Auditor elect, who speedily quelled the row and restored order, bloodshed would have followed. Next day the parties, whose names I have been unable to learn, were bound over at the Cumberland Superior Court. The statement heretofore telegraphed from this place, that a negro by the name of Clifton was murdered at the polls in Franklin County because he voted for Merrimon, is false. Clifton was killed by Tom. Spivey, another negro, and it was not at the polls, nor on election day. The quarrel was a private one, and had nothing to do with politics. The *Era*, central organ of the Republican Party, exposes today a plan of the Democrats and Liberals to get up evidence of frauds to lay before the Legislature, if Merrimon contests. The Republicans know that gross frauds were committed by the Democrats, and none by Republicans; consequently the friends of Gov. Caldwell are indignant at the threat to contest. The *Era*, in exposing the nefarious scheme, whose main authors are Wood and Blumenberg, uses the following significant language:

"Heretofore might has made right, so far as Democratic legislators are concerned. While there are fair, honest Democrats elected to the General Assembly, we do not believe there are enough of such men to defeat Merrimon in a contest. If the election is contested and Merrimon should be seated, it would well nigh ruin the party, and would completely ruin Judge Merrimon; therefore, if Greeley is elected, the election will be contested, and as a matter of course, the whole Democratic State ticket will be declared elected by the partisan majority of the Legislature. Whether the people will silently submit to such an outrage against the ballot, or whether they will take their affairs into their own hands, and sustain Gov. Caldwell as the rightful and legally-elected Governor of North Carolina, against a partisan majority of the Legislature, is a question for the people to decide between now and the third Monday of November next. The disposition to contest is conclusive evidence that the opponents of the Republican Party are determined to rule or ruin."

A fair vote, an honest count, are to be set aside, because the Democrats have the power to declare whom they please elected. This same party attempted to inaugurate a revolution last Summer upon the Convention question. They were defeated in that attempt against the liberties of the people, and now—only one year after the defeat of the revolutionary convention scheme, this same party proposes to create a revolution among our people by nullifying the action of a majority of the legal voters of North Carolina. Strife and bloodshed have followed in the wake of the Democratic Party from 1861 to the present time. It looks as if there would be more bloodshed before the country settles down in peace and enjoys that profound repose so necessary to every industrial interest of the nation. We desire to fill up the "bloody chasm," so that future generations will not behold any evidences of the struggle between the South and the other States composing the American Union. We re-echo, "Let us have peace," and we call upon the people of the State to rebuke Messrs. Baringer and Mason in their attempt to nullify the will and voice of the people as expressed at the ballot-box.

THE LOUISVILLE FORGERIES.

Further Particulars Concerning Their Character and Amount—A Half Million Involved—The Losses of the Banks.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal, Aug. 16.

The developments of yesterday have increased the known amount of Robert Atwood's peculations to about half a million dollars, the sum that was the highest estimate in the first reports, but then scouted as a wild exaggeration. The loss of money is not the darkest feature of this astonishing case. It is now said that not only did Mr. Atwood forge indorsements on his paper, dispose of stocks left in trust and appropriate the money, use recklessly and criminally the names of the firms in which he was a partner, betray his official trust, and obtain money from the banks upon other false pretenses, but that he also "raised" paper, which he wished to negotiate, from a small amount to a sum more commensurate with his demands. Many of the losers are, for some reason, loth to state the amount of their losses, but the following approximate the truth: Citizens' Bank, $60,000; Northern Bank, $40,000; Western Financial Corporation, $5,000; Louisville Insurance and Banking Company, $17,000; First National, $14,000; Planters' National, $18,000; People's, $10,000; Bank of Louisville, $46,000; German Security, $15,000; Falls City Tobacco Bank, $15,000; City National, $5,000; German Bank and Insurance Company, $50,000, (probably considerably exaggerated;) Bank of Kentucky, $10,000; Bank of America, $5,000; Kentucky National, $2,500; Central Savings Bank, $7,000; Farmers' and Drovers' Bank, $15,000; Manufacturers' Bank, $30,000, (probably much exaggerated;) Shelbyville Bank, $6,000; total, $360,500. It will be seen from this list that the Kentucky National Bank suffers more lightly than the rest.

To these may be added a number of individuals who lose about as follows: A. O. Brannin, $6,000; John Long, $11,000; B. M. Messick, $11,000; Dr. Lewis Rogers, $20,000, and the Union Insurance Company, $20,000; total, $68,000—making a grand total of $428,500. Besides these there are many others whose losses are not known; among them G. W. Norton & Co., A. D. Hunt & Co., Charles M. Thruston, Miss Thruston, &c. None of the insurance companies, however, of which Atwood & Nicholas were agents in this city, will suffer by Mr. Atwood's financial embarrassments. On the 1st of August a full statement was made with the companies and accounts all squared. The firm of Schoeffel & Co. is seriously involved. All persons involved in the affair will be as kindly and leniently treated as possible, and every opportunity given to work out of the difficulties into which they have been so suddenly and innocently thrust by their misplaced confidence.

It is said that among Atwood's transactions it has come to light that a number of Gas Company bonds left with him by his father-in-law, Dr. Lewis Rogers, some time ago, when the latter went abroad, were sold by Atwood and the money appropriated to his own use, and that in order to keep Dr. Rogers from discovering his breach of trust he has been regularly paying the dividends on the bonds ever since.

It is also said that a large number of bonds of the Union Insurance Company, of which he was Secretary, were sent in to be exchanged for new ones. The new bonds were issued and the old ones were laid aside to await Atwood's arrival, he being the one authorized to cancel them. But instead of doing so he hypothecated them for a loan of $20,000, which was swallowed up in his operations.

The draft received from New-York, announcing the deposit of $40,000 to his credit, in a bank in that City, and against which he drew drafts to twice or thrice that amount, turns out to have been genuine. His drafts, however, reached the New-York bank before the money was actually tendered that institution to meet them, and being so much in excess of the amount, the bank refused the deposit. What became of the funds we are unable to say.

During the four or five days preceding the exposure, Atwood procured from the banks in this city, on sight drafts, about $120,000. He paid no maturities; he made no important investments as far as is known; yet no money of any consequence was found on his person when arrested. The question is pertinently asked: What did he do with the funds? Where are they at this time? His fraudulent transactions are said to be mainly comprised within the last four months. Atwood was a deacon in Rev. Gilbert H. Robertson's Church.

The Atwood Failure.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 17.—Robert Atwood is preparing for publication a full statement of his financial operations, and how he came to be involved in them.

SARATOGA.

First Day of the Second Race Meeting.

Joe Daniels the Winner of the Kenner Stakes, Defender of the Summer Handicap, and Silk Stocking of the Kentucky Stakes.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

SARATOGA, Aug. 17.—With the displacement of a comma, it may well be said, "there's a divinity that shapes our ends rough," and all the people who at present find an abiding place in the caravansaries of Saratoga are just of that opinion. The rain poured steadily all day yesterday and throughout the night, and this morning dawned with premonitory signs of a fresh deluge. The same uncomfortably close, muggy atmosphere prevailed until 8 o'clock, when a ray of sunshine suddenly penetrated the banks of threatening clouds, and finally has succeeded in dispersing them to other localities where they may receive a more generous welcome than they did here. Yesterday everybody made themselves as miserable as possible, and grumbled and growled with astonishing pertinacity. Everybody wanted to borrow everybody else's umbrella, and that was a source of annoyance.

But what a change has come over us today! Saratoga yesterday and Saratoga today are two different places. Broadway is ankle deep in mud, and the roads leading to the race-course are in admirable condition for swimming matches; but what of that? The dust is laid, and the ill wind that brought up the storm has been conducive of some good, if only to fill the already plethoric purses of the hotel-keepers. As if to make amends for the undesirable weather of yesterday, the sun beamed from a blue-mantled sky. At 11 o'clock the tide set in toward the track, and the road presented a most animated appearance. The display of elegant equipages was very fine, and as there was no dust to soil the dresses of the ladies, their toilets were gorgeous, and added attractiveness to the general scene. At the course a large crowd had assembled, and the grand stand was filled with a promiscuous throng, representing all conditions of society. On the quarter-stretch were assembled leading politicians and many eminent in the worlds of literature, art, and the sciences. As was to be expected from the inundating rains, the track was washed in many places so that men were employed to fill up the seams with fresh soil. This being in a measure accomplished, the track was deemed ready for the horses, but the mud they had to wade through was a caution to all horsemen. A noted improvement has been made in removing the judges' stand fifteen feet back of its former position, the presiding Judge sitting five feet below the others, in order to better to decide a race with a close finish.

THE RACING.

The sport for the day consisted of three races, two of which were closely contested, and gave general satisfaction, except to the losers. The first race was the Kenner Stakes for three-year olds, two miles, value $4,300, which the McDaniel's confederacy captured, as was expected, although Meteor gave him a hard push for the prize. Great things were expected from Cape Race and London, but they made a poor show in consequence of the heavy track. It was the slowest race run for the Kenner, being in 3:49. Joe Daniels, when he first appeared, was not particularly liked by the connoisseurs, and Mr. Bassett thought he was rather high in flesh, but he galloped his competitors to death, and won the race in fine style. The second race was the Summer Handicap, valued at $1,800, and was won by Defender easily, and John Morrissey rejoiceth thereat. The third race was the Kentucky Stake for two-year olds, a dash of a mile, and was valued at $3,300, a nice little sum, and the race was run from end to end. The six starters were high-bred ones, and Mr. Belmont's star was once more in the ascendant, as he won it with Silk Stocking, a magnificent son of Kentucky and imp. Fluke.

The details of the races will be found below:

THE KENNER STAKES.

"Expectation sat in the air" when the inaugural race of the day and meeting was called, viz.: The Kenner Stakes for three-year olds, $100 entrance, $50 forfeit, with $1,500 added by the Association; two miles. This stake was named after the well-known patron of racing in the South, Hon. Duncan F. Kenner, and was inaugurated in 1870, when it was won by A. Buford's b. c. Enquirer, a son of Leamington. There were then twenty-five subscribers and four starters, and Enquirer won the race in 3:48¾, rather slow time, but if we remember rightly, the track was very heavy. Last year the stake was won by the peerless Harry Bassett. There were forty-seven subscribers and seven starters, and the great son of Lexington won additional renown by winning the race in 3:35½, the best two miles ever run by a three-year old, carrying 110 pounds, and he was forced to make this time by the excellent running of Nellie Ransom. This year there were fifty-seven nominations for the stake, but three of them were void by the death of James S. Watson, one of the subscribers. The following six were marked on the card as starters, viz.: D. McDaniel's ch. c. Joe Daniels, by imp. Australian, out of Dolly Carter, by imp. Glencoe; William Jennings' br. c. Cape Race, by Lexington, out of imp. Zone, by The Cure; M. A. Littell's gr. c. London, by Lightning, out of Zingara, by Star Davis; D. R. Harness' ch. c. Meteor, by Asteroid, out of Maria Innis, by imp. Yorkshire; C. C. & R. H. Parks' br. f. Experience Oaks, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, out of Sallie, by Lexington, and J. W. Pennock's br. c. (brother to Jas. A. Connolly,) by Vandal, out of Margravine, by imp. Margrave. On Thursday and Friday Joe Daniels sold even against the field, and, in many instances, was the favorite over all the others, but the rain made a slight change this morning.

Col. McDaniel was confident of winning this race, but there were whispers of extraordinary trials made by London and Cape Race, "and all that sort of thing you know," which frightened many of the speculators into buying them and taking the odds. These rumors are generally rife when important stakes are to be run for, and instead of taking "them as "springs to catch woodcock," they are swallowed with avidity. All these wonderful stories of fast time, however, did not deter the shrewd betting men from investing heavily on Joe Daniels, who has always proved to be a reliable colt, and invariably first or second. He was therefore the favorite at the following rates:

Joe Daniels	$510	$450	$500
Cape Race	85	70	125
London	100	50	75
Meteor	100	75	120
Experience Oaks	15	17	22
Brother to Connolly	65	60	70

THE RACE.

After two false starts and some delay occasioned by the fractiousness of Cape Race, they were sent off with Brother to Connolly in the lead, London second, Joe Daniels third, Meteor fourth, Experience Oaks fifth and Cape Race sixth. When they were on the turn Cape Race took the fifth place from Experience Oaks, which was the only change that occurred in their positions. London made the running, and passed the quarter-pole a length ahead of Joe Daniels, who had got up second, the latter being two lengths in front of Connolly, third, Meteor fourth, Cape Race fifth and Experience Oaks sixth. As they went along the backstretch London went away a length and a half, and Meteor went up to the third place, passing Connolly. London in the meantime kept to the fore, but at the half-mile pole he showed but half a length in advance of Joe Daniels, who was two lengths in advance of Meteor, with Brother to Connolly fourth, Cape Race fifth and Experience Oaks sixth. But one change occurred on the lower stretch, Experience Oaks taking the fifth place from Cape Race. As they came up the homestretch Meteor headed Joe Daniels, and they both passed London. Meteor then came to the front, and passed the stand a head's length in front of Daniels, who was three lengths away from London, with Connolly in attendance, Experience Oaks fifth, and Cape Race in the rear. As they moved round the turn, Meteor forged further ahead, and was half a length in front of Joe Daniels, the others in the same positions. At the quarter-pole Meteor was still half a length in the van, Joe Daniels second, three lengths ahead of London, Cape Race now in the fourth place, Experience Oaks fifth, and Connolly falling back to the rear. As they went down the backstretch Meteor got a length away from Joe Daniels, and London got within two lengths of the latter. Joe Daniels now made his run, and passed Meteor, assuming the lead, and reaching the half-mile pole half a length ahead of Meteor, who was two lengths in the rear of London, [illegible] being four lengths away from Cape Race, Connolly beaten off and out of the race. On the lower turn, Daniels led a length, Meteor second, three lengths ahead of London, who was four lengths in front of Cape Race, he being three lengths away from Experience Oaks. Coming up the homestretch, Meteor got the whip and closed upon Daniels. They were now on even terms and Meteor looked like a winner, but at a few yards from the stand, Joe Daniels came to the front and won the race by a length, Meteor second, three lengths ahead of London, who was six lengths from Cape Race; Experience Oaks fifth; Connolly nowhere. Time 3:49; the first mile in 1:56.

SUMMARY.

FIRST RACE.—The Kenner Stakes, for three-year olds; $100 entrance, half forfeit; $1,500 added by the Association; two miles; value of stake, $4,300.

D. McDaniel & Co.'s ch. c. Joe Daniels, by Australian, dam Dolly Carter, by Glencoe. Rae	1
D. R. Harness' ch. c. Meteor, by Asteroid, dam Maria Innis, by Yorkshire. Gray	2
M. A. Littell's gr. c. London, by Lightning, dam Zingara, by Star Davis. [illegible]	3
Wm. Jennings' b. c. Cape Race, by Lexington, dam imp. Zone, by The Cure. Heyward	4
C. C. & R. H. Parks' br. or b. f. Experience Oaks, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Sallie, by Lexington. Gilliam	5
J. W. Pennock's b. c. (brother to Jas. A. Connolly) Vandal, dam Margravine, by Margrave. Sier	0

Time—3:49.

THE SUMMER HANDICAP.

The next race to receive the attention of the spectators was the Summer Handicap for all ages; $100 entrance, half forfeit, and only $20 if declared; $1,000 added; two and a quarter miles. This had originally eighteen entries, but out of them twelve declared on the publication of the weights. This left six in, but three of them paid forfeit, and when the horses were called to the track to be saddled only the following three responded to the summons, viz.: D. McDaniel & Co.'s ch. c. Hubbard, 3 years, by Planet, out of Minnie Mansfield, by imp. Glencoe, 90 pounds; John Morrissey's ch. h. Defender, 5 years, by John Morgan, out of Cyneonia, by imp. Herald, 105 pounds, and T. W. Doswell's (C. S. Lewis') b. h. Winesap, 4 years, by Vandyke, out of Nina, by Boston, 101 pounds. This was a close betting race between the three, and the figures were pretty even, although Defender, having the age of his competitors and favorably weighted, should have been the favorite at the distance. Hubbard carried his full weight, and yet he sold as first choice, the knowing ones backing him strongly to win with a perverseness unaccountable. Defender had nine pounds off his proper weight, and was well backed by his owner, John Morrissey, at small figures as third choice, but this morning he was the favorite at the following rates:

Defender	$300	$600	$600
Winesap	100	245	215
Hubbard	120	200	200

THE RACE.

The distance being two and a quarter miles, they were started from the three-quarter pole, and when the flag fell Hubbard was away first, Defender second and Winesap third. Coming up the homestretch Defender came to the front, and passed the stand a length and a half in the lead, Hubbard being second, six lengths ahead of Winesap. As they went round the turn Winesap got a little closer to Hubbard. At the quarter-pole Defender still maintained the lead a length and a half in front of Hubbard, who was four lengths away from Winesap. As they went down the backstretch Defender opened away two lengths, Hubbard three lengths ahead of Winesap, who was closing. At the half-mile pole Defender got away three lengths, and Hubbard was two lengths in advance of Winesap. In this they remained up to the stand. Defender passing this point still two lengths in front, and Hubbard a length and a half away from Winesap. On the turn Gilpatrick took Defender in hand, and at the quarter-pole he was going easy a length in advance of Hubbard, who was a length and a half in front of Winesap. As they went down the backstretch Winesap rushed up to and lapped Hubbard, but when they reached the half-mile pole she quitted and fell back three lengths behind Hubbard, who was at the tail of Defender, but on the lower turn Hubbard threw up the sponge also, and fell back to Winesap. At the three-quarter pole Defender was leading the other two half a dozen lengths, and increased the distance to ten lengths on the homestretch, by which distance he won the race. Hubbard and Winesap had a struggle for second place, Hubbard coming in half a length ahead. Time—4:24½.

SUMMARY.

SECOND RACE.—The Summer Handicap for all ages; $100 entrance, half forfeit, and only $20 if declared; $1,000 added; two miles and a quarter.

John Morrissey's ch. h. Defender, 5 years, by John Morgan, out of Cyneonia, by imp. Herald, 105 pounds. Gilpatrick	1
D. McDaniel & Co.'s ch. c. Hubbard, 3 years, by Planet, out of Minnie Mansfield, by imp. Glencoe, 90 pounds. McCabe	2
C. S. Lewis' b. h. Winesap, 4 years, by Vandyke, out of Nina, by Boston, 101 pounds. Gibson	3

Time—4:24½.

THE KENTUCKY STAKES.

This, the third race, brought the sport of the day to a termination. The Kentucky Stakes is for two-year olds; $100 entrance, play or pay; $50 forfeit; 1,000 added; one mile. It was inaugurated the same year as the Kenner, viz., 1870, and was then won by Harry Bassett. There were forty subscribers and eight starters, and the time was 1:57¾. Last year A. Keene Richards won the stake with Sue Rider, by imp. Knight of St. George, who is now owned by Col. McDaniel and the confederacy. There were thirty-one nominations and nine competitors, and the time was 1:47¾. The race of today was therefore the third of the Kentucky Stakes, which closed with forty entries, two of which are void by the death of James S. Watson, who had nominated two. The programme of the day indicated the following as starters, viz.: Hunter & Travers' ch. c. Reviler, by Censor, out of Jennie Rose, by imp. Glencoe; also imp. b. c. Strachino, by Parmesan, out of May Bell, by Hetman Platoff; August Belmont's ch. c. Silk Stocking, by Kentucky, out of imp. Fluke, by Wormsley; Oden Bowie's b. c. Catesby, by imp. Eclipse, out of Katie, by Two Bits; R. W. Walden's ch. c. Liverpool, by Planet, out of Novice, by imp. Glencoe; Leonard W. Jerome's ch. c. by imp. Australian, out of imp. Weatherwitch, by Weatherbit, and A. Belmont's ch. f. Electra, by Kentucky, out of imp. Bernice. Liverpool and Jerome's entry did not come to the post. In the betting, Belmont's pair were the favorites, and the betting became heavy at the following rates:

Belmont	$1,200	$700
Bowie	410	400
McDaniel	750	285
Hunter & Travers	300	200

THE RACE.

When the flag fell Reviler went off first, Strachino second, Katy Pease third, Silk Stocking fourth, Electra fifth, and Catesby last. When they were on the turn Reviler got away a length, with his stable companion second. When they reached the quarter-pole Reviler was still leading a length, Strachino second, Silk Stocking third, Electra fourth, Katy Pease fifth, and Catesby sixth. As they went down the backstretch Katy Pease left her fifth position, and, passing all in front of her except Reviler, was soon at the second place. Reviler, however, kept clear to the front, and passed the half-mile pole two lengths ahead of Katy Pease, who was a length in advance of Silk Stocking, third, Electra fourth, Strachino fifth, and Catesby still in the rear, but closing up. On the lower turn, Catesby went up to the fourth place with a burst of speed. At the three-quarter pole, Reviler was still first, with Katy Pease close upon him, Silk Stocking third, and Catesby fourth. Coming up the homestretch, an exciting contest ensued. Catesby was coming up, but got into a pocket, but soon got out. They were now all in a line, and Katy Pease was slightly in front, but Silk Stocking had some string left and shot to the front, winning the race by a length. Reviler second, Catesby third, Strachino fourth, Katy Pease fifth, and Electra sixth. Time—1:52.

SUMMARY.

THIRD RACE.—The Kentucky Stakes, for two-year olds; $100 entrance; $50 forfeit; $1,500 added; one mile.

August Belmont's ch. c. Silk Stocking, by Kentucky, dam Fluke	1
Hunter & Travers' ch. c. Reviler, by Censor, dam Jennie Rose	2
Gov. Oden Bowie's b. c. Catesby, by Eclipse, dam Katie, by Two Bits	3
Hunter & Travers' c. Strachino, by Parmesan, dam May Bell	4
D. McDaniel's ch. f. Katy Pease, by Planet, dam Minnie Mansfield	5
August Belmont's ch. f. Electra, by Kentucky, dam Bernice	6

Time—1:52.

The sun is very hot this afternoon, and the roads are drying finely, making the prospect for Monday very fine. The programme will consist of a steeple-chase, a dash of a mile and a half and a selling race of a mile and three-quarters for all ages.

The pools to-night on Monday's races are as follows:

SELLING RACE.

Cadence, 88 pounds	$60
King Henry, 90 pounds	60
Winesap, 95 pounds	170
Astronomer, 83 pounds	10
Sanford, 102 pounds	25
Echo, 96 pounds	25
Mary Louise, 88 pounds	140

STEEPLE-CHASE.

Vesuvius	$70
Lochiel	35
Lobelia	25
Tammany and Blind Tom	135
O'Donnell's Asteroid Colt	22

The mile and a half has Frank Hampton and Tubman entered. Hampton brings $110 and Tubman $401.

Destructive Fire in Boston—Loss, $40,000.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 17.—A fire broke out early this morning in the eight-story granite block on Pearl-street, from Nos. 80 to 94. Messrs. Shaw, Taylor & Co., Joseph Harris & Son, N. D. Canterbury and E. W. Emerson occupied Nos. 84 to 88; C. W. Webster, C. E. Johnson, and J. Sevan & Co., No. 90. Claflin & Thayer, Nos. 92 and 94, Messrs. W. E. Putnam & Co., E. P. Phillips & Co., and Edward Dowling & Co., occupants of Nos. 80 and 82, will be the largest losers. The entire block is occupied by boot and shoe stores. The damage will probably amount to from $35,000 to $40,000, which is supposed to be fully insured.

A FALSEHOOD CONTRADICTED.

Congressman De Large Denies the Report that He Had Declared for Greeley.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 17.—The statement of the New-York *World*, of the 13th inst., that I had written a letter declaring myself in favor of Horace Greeley is false and malicious.

R. C. DE LARGE,
Member of Congress, Second Congressional District, South Carolina.

UTAH.

Serious Troubles in the Territory.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Aug. 17.—Three companies of United States troops left this morning for the field of Indian dangers in San Pete. Cavalry are arriving today from the line of the Union Pacific Railroad, being hurried on. A fourth company of cavalry is ordered by Gen. Ord to this city to keep the roads open. Gen. Morrow leaves to-night, and Gen. Ord on Monday, for the scene of operations. J. D. Page, the telegraph operator at Mount Pleasant, was attacked last night by Indians when leaving his office, and was terribly wounded in the head by a tomahawk. His wounds are supposed to be fatal.

Brigham Young on a Tour.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Aug. 17.—Brigham Young and a party of Church officers are making a notable tour through the northern counties of the Territory. They are received by the Mormon people with processions, music, flags, banners and flowers.

THE WEATHER.

Events and Probabilities.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18—1 A. M.—The barometer has continued rising over the South Atlantic and Gulf States, where it remains highest, with prevailing fair weather and light southerly winds; clear weather, with southerly and westerly winds prevail from Ohio to Virginia, and north-eastwardly over the Middle and Eastern States. The area of low barometer and cloudy weather, with light rain, has moved from Missouri to Eastern Michigan. No reports have been received from the North-west or upper lakes.

PROBABILITIES.

The area of the highest barometer in the South Atlantic moves south-eastwardly, with clear weather and light southerly and westerly winds from Florida to Virginia, and partly cloudy weather, with variable south-easterly and north-westerly winds on the Gulf; cloudy weather with rain areas from the Ohio Valley to the lower lakes, and eastward over Northern New-York; generally clear weather from Virginia to Maine, with fresh southerly winds.

Return of Horace Greeley to New-York.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 17.—Horace Greeley left Rye Beach at 9 o'clock this morning, for Hampton, and on arriving at the latter place called at the Granite, Leavitt, Hampton, and other prominent hotels. At the Leavitt Hotel he was the recipient of an address of welcome, to which he accorded a short response. He then took the noon train for Boston, where he arrived shortly before 3 o'clock. He was accompanied by Henri L. Stuart, of New-York, who has been his constant companion since he left the latter City. Mr. Samuel Sinclair, Jr., met Mr. Greeley at the Eastern Depot and escorted him to a carriage, and he was driven quickly to the Parker House, where he dined, rested a short time, and left at 5 o'clock for New-York, via Fall River.

Combination of the Furniture Manufacturers.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Aug. 17.—A number of furniture manufacturers of the North-west met here today to form an association, to regulate prices, and take such measures as might place them on an equal basis in their business relation. The meeting was called forth owing to the increasing prices and scarcity of furniture lumber. The meeting was harmonious, and adjourned to meet in Chicago on the 27th of August.

Disastrous Fire in Rochester.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 17.—The Phoenix Flouring Mills, at Brown's Race, were destroyed by fire this morning. The loss on the building is $30,000; insurance $13,000. The loss on the stock is about $6,000, and is covered by insurance.

Gov. Hayes on the Political Issues.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Aug. 17.—Gov. Hayes, in a short speech before the Republican Executive Committee, today, while not formally accepting the nomination for Congress in the Second District, said that if he was sent to Washington he would eschew the franking privilege, and vote to abolish it.

A River Mystery.

At a late hour last night, John Hurley, a boatman, while rowing in the North River, off Twenty-third-street, found the body of an unknown man floating in the water. He made fast to the corpse and towed it ashore to the foot of Twenty-eighth-street. On examining the body a bad scar was found on the side of the neck, and one of the eyes was badly bruised. The deceased was about fifty years of age, five feet eight inches in height, and was attired in black pants, white shirt, blue under-shirt, and plaid vest. Two linen handkerchiefs were found in his pocket. The body will be taken to the Morgue for identification.

The Fall Trade—Prospects in Boston.

From the Boston Advertiser, Aug. 17.

Merchants are not generally agreed as to the prospects of a brisk Fall trade in Boston. It is universally conceded that the trade is very late. Some argue from this that there will be no more than the usual volume of business transacted, while others anticipate that when it fairly opens there will be great and unusual activity. The returns of shipments of boots and shoes show that whereas up to the 1st of June there had been an increase of nearly a hundred thousand cases shipped in excess of the same time last year, there is now a retrograde movement. The shipments from the beginning of June to the close of the first week in August this year were but 228,396 cases, against 267,223 cases during the same time in 1871. The strike in Lynn has had but little influence upon the trade as yet, but if it continues the effect may be sensibly felt. There are, we learn, no indications of great activity on the part of buyers, and it is probable that in this important branch of trade the sales of the entire year will exceed by only a small percentage those of 1871. Any calculations upon the amount of the Fall trade, in any branch of business, must be subject to modification if there should be any change in the condition of the crops or in the prospect of the prices to be obtained for them.

In the wool market a curious state of affairs prevails. The prospect of a rise in price, even beyond the excessive and increasing figures of last year, led our merchants to import very largely. Consequently, while the other wool-consuming countries were almost destitute, we were overstocking ourselves with foreign wool. The dropping of prices at the London wool sales was felt very strongly in this country, and there has not been the recovery here that was experienced abroad. Wool is accordingly selling in the United States today at prices somewhat below those of other countries. The merchants are generally disposed to sell, although their profits are unexpectedly small, or *nil*. In this state of affairs the sales are nearly or quite equal to those of other years.

The dry-goods market is also stagnant as yet. Buyers are disposed to keep their stocks as low as they can, and procure goods only as necessity requires.

The Chicago Directory.

The new Directory of Chicago is a volume of about 1,300 pages, and contains 126,210 names, against 80,000 last year. The *Inter-Ocean* says:

"This number of names, reckoned at the usual rate of three and one-half persons to each person recorded as engaged in business, gives Chicago today a population of 441,765. This is probably about right. In the present disturbed condition of affairs in Chicago, a great many names have doubtless been missed by the canvassers while gathering the names."

THE EAST.

Details of the Riot in Belfast, Ireland.

Reported Return of Don Carlos to Spain.

Steam Communication with America Demanded by the Australians.

Curious Escape from Death of a Condemned Murderer.

Intensely Cold Weather Prevailing Throughout New-Zealand.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Details of the Riot in Belfast, Ireland—The Imperial Conference.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—Further advices from Belfast confirm the serious nature of the rioting there on Thursday. There were several collisions between mobs of Protestants and Catholic processions, during which a large number of persons received injuries, of a more or less serious nature. The entire city was in an uproar of excitement, and the disturbances were only quelled by the most active exertions of the police. Many of the rioters were arrested.

The *Daily News* discredits the *Standard's* report that the meeting of the Emperors of Germany, Russia and Austria, at Berlin, is for the purpose of settling pending questions in European national relations.

A dispatch just received from Belfast states that the riots have broken out afresh, and that severe fighting is now going on. A barrack of the police and several houses have been wrecked by the mob.

SPAIN.

The Spanish Mischief-Maker Again at Work.

MADRID, Aug. 17.—It is reported that Don Carlos has again returned to Geneva.

AUSTRALIAN NEWS.

Mail Service to Melbourne—Telegraphic Communication—A Murderer Reprieved—Intense Cold.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 16.—The Australian advices by the steam-ship Idaho, which connected at Honolulu with the Australian mail steamer, are as follows: On the reception of the news that Congress had failed to subsidize Webb's steamers, the English company dispatched an agent to England from New South Wales, to purchase at least two large steamers for the California line.

The Parker Ministry has been re-elected. The Parliament of New South Wales is now in session.

Telegrams are now received in South Australia nine days from London.

In the province of Victoria, after the collapse of the Duffy Administration, Mr. Francis succeeded in forming a new Ministry, which, in despite of a pastoral letter from the Catholic Bishop, enjoining his followers to vote in the opposition, was sustained at the election.

In Tasmania a land slide of 500 acres stopped the course of the River Devon, causing an overflow which devastated a large section of the surrounding country, the richest in the colony.

The Sydney markets are unchanged. The coal miners have struck for twelve cents per ton additional wages. A number of the mine-owners have already complied with the demand. Wood has slightly advanced.

Advices received in Sydney from Fiji represent that in the attempt to execute Franks, for the murder of William Muir, after the drop fell the rope slipped, the prisoner got his arms free, seized hold of the rope, and begged the spectators to cut him down or shoot him. He was cut down and finally reprieved.

Messrs. Ward, Thurston, Clarkson and Swanston have formed a new Ministry for Fiji.

NEW-ZEALAND.

Intensely cold weather prevailed in the Southern provinces of New-Zealand. The Waport River was frozen over so that heavy teams crossed on the ice.

The ship Lothair sailed from Auckland, July 6, for New-York, with a cargo of flax and gum. The steamer Nevada encountered a hurricane, the most terrific ever experienced on the New-Zealand coasts. The Colonial Press highly compliment her sea-going qualities.

FRANCE.

The Germans in France—Travels of an American Minister.

PARIS, Aug. 17.—The report that the Germans are fortifying Belfort in violation of their treaty obligations, is declared to be without any foundation. They have only completed the works which were commenced by the French commandant during the siege of Belfort, and which were left in an unfinished state.

Hon. R. C. Schenck, United States Minister to England, has arrived at Havre.

Some sailors of the United States steamer Congress, which is lying in the harbor of Cherbourg, recently discovered in the water the body of M. Milland, the Chief of the Observatory at that port, who had been missing for some time, and is supposed to have been accidentally drowned.

SWITZERLAND.

Publication of the Alabama Claims Argument.

GENEVA, Aug. 17.—The supplementary arguments of the American counsel before the Board of Arbitration have been published in pamphlet form. The arguments of Mr. Evarts covered 100 pages of the pamphlet. Those of Messrs. Cushing and Waite are less extended.

M. Staempfli, of the Board of Arbitration, has gone to Berne. He will return on Monday in time to be present at the sitting of the Court.

Lord Tenterden, Sir Roundell Palmer and Prof. Bernard are visiting Rev. Merle d'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, at Monetier.

California Germans for Grant—A Revengeful Servant Girl.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 16.—A large meeting of Germans, in the interest of Grant, was held here this evening.

A well-known laundryman, named George Hallett, was stabbed, and it is supposed fatally, this evening, by Catherine McDonald, a domestic in his employ, who had quarreled with Mrs. Hallett.

Shooting Affray in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17.—Police Officer Lewis H. Lare was shot late last night on Broad-street, by Elisha Warne, superintendent of Warne's shooting-gallery. It is supposed that Lare is mortally wounded. Warne has been arrested.

Death of a Journalist.

CHICAGO, Aug. 17.—S. V. R. Hickox, for many years connected with the *Tribune* of this city, in an editorial capacity, died here last night of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

Additional Railroad Accommodations at the White Mountains.

GREAT FALLS, N. H., Aug. 17.—The Wolfboro branch of the Portsmouth, Great Falls and Conway Railroad is completed. The distance from Sanborn's Junction is twelve miles. Regular trains will commence running on Monday next, in connection with express-trains from Boston and North Conway.

A Republican Nomination in Alabama.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Aug. 17.—The Republicans of the Second District of Alabama nominated J. T. Rapier, (colored,) for Congress on the first ballot, over C. W. Buckley, late member of Congress.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."

A CAMPAIGN SONG.

Written for the Times.

I.

In early days our fathers wore
Their home-made buckskin breeches,
Cut out by guess-work measurement,
With leather whangs for stitches.
And now their sons are called again
To rally 'neath the banner
Borne by these men of leather-craft—
The cobbler and the tanner.
The North and South, the East and West,
Will work and sing together,
And march to glorious victory,
For nothing wears like leather.

II.

We have some jobs on mongrel polls,
And have the hands to do them;
Our Grant will neatly curry them,
And Wilson wax it to them!
The chopper up at Chappaqua
May go on with his planning;
We'll let him furnish all the *bark*,
But Grant will do the tanning!
The thin-skinned chaps will uppers make,
The tough old hides the nether;
The bolting sorehead crowd will do
For nothing but split-leather.

III.

The "later Franklin," statesman, sage,
Philosopher and farmer,
Retired in cool and rural shades,
As days grow long and warmer,
Can milk the gentle butternut
That grazes round with bell on,
And pan out butter sweet for Grats
To spread his watermelon!
Or he may seize his ready pen
In stormy, rainy weather,
And tell the world how shoe-pegs grow,
Or modes of smelting leather!

IV.

To spoil so fine a husbandman,
Who, perched up in the City,
Writes quires of what he never knew,
It surely were a pity—
No; let him breed the short-horn duck
And Poland-China gobbler;
We'll burden with the cares of State
The Tanner and the Cobbler!
The grand array of Commonwealths,
They'll bind as with a tether,
That ne'er again shall broken be—
For nothing holds like leather.

V.

The virtues, brains, and honesty
Of Horace they poke at us,
As if the Cincinnati fraud
Made him a Cincinnatus!
And while he seeks a season brief
Of rural peace and quiet,
Pure water is his only drink,
And herbs his only diet!
His old white hat and old white coat
Have served all kinds of weather;
But they are like his principles—
They will not wear like leather.

VI.

The squad that "run" old Chappaqua,
Our onset will remember,
When they confront our phalanxed lines
In battle next November;
Our flag is borne by gallant hands,
Four million votes behind it;—
Alas! where is the mongrel hope?
"Go West"—they cannot find it!
Like Grant, when in the Wilderness,
We'll "push" in spite of weather;
And "on this line we'll fight it out"—
There nothing is like leather!

UNCLE GEOFFREY'S TALL COPY OF TERENCE.

A STORY OF MAGOG'S NOSE.

My Uncle Geoffrey was as eccentric an old gentleman as you could desire to see. But, as he used to say, he was wealthy, and he could afford to be eccentric. And he was right, for people put up with his eccentricities who would have denounced him as a bear if it had not been for his money. At any rate, with all his eccentricities, he was generous and liberal; though at times he did kindnesses in a very odd way. Once on a time, for instance, he was applied to for a contribution to a certain charity. He always preferred being his own almoner, for, he said, if you wanted to give five pounds for any specific purpose, the only way to insure its reaching its object through any charitable organization, was to add two more fives to it to "oil the machinery," as he called it, meaning to pay the costs of distribution. I don't think, by the way, that he was very far wrong. Well, in this case, a local magnate was pestering him to subscribe as they were walking up the High-street. My uncle knew that his friend was more famous for getting others to subscribe than for his own donations; and, accordingly, just as the philanthropist was urging that "it is every man's duty to assist the struggling," my uncle's eye chanced to light upon a small boy striving to push a heavy truck up the hill. "Look here," said he, "if you'll practice what you preach, and help that boy yonder along with his load, I'll give you twenty pounds for your charity." The philanthropist went off in a huff, and my uncle quietly stepped into the road and helped the boy to push the truck to the top of the ascent.

This is but one instance of his eccentricity, but it will serve to throw a light on his character—especially when I add that the subscription list of the charity when published contained the following item:

"From one who earned it by pushing a truck up High-street £20."

My Uncle Geoffrey was a bachelor. People did say something about a love-disappointment in early life, but with what truth I know not. He had two sisters, both of whom married professional men—in other words did not make very good matches. My father was an officer in the navy, who died of fever while off the African coast, cruising after slavers. My mother did not long survive him, and left me, her only child, to the care of her brother. Her sister had married a clergyman, a curate in a manufacturing town. One night a terrible fire broke out in a factory close to their lodgings, and spread so rapidly that, when assistance arrived, all in the house had perished, except my cousin—a lad of about ten—who at the first alarm had rushed out into the street, leaving his little brothers and sisters, who slept in the next room to him, to their fate.

My Uncle Geoffrey adopted both his nephews. We were brought up under his own eye by a tutor, who had been a schoolfellow of his, an exceedingly clever scholar, who would have taken very high honors at the University but for a serious illness which had prostrated him at the time when he should have gone in for his examination.

My Cousin George was my senior by some three years, and was, therefore, always held by my uncle to be his heir; though he always added, when he mentioned the fact, that Dick—meaning me—should not want.

After a time we were sent to college; our ex-tutor, who had taken orders and acted as curate in the village a few years before we matriculated, being appointed to a living in my uncle's gift. As we were now young men, and our tutor was gone, our uncle became our mentor, and, as might be expected, laid down very extraordinary rules for our conduct. One of the chief of these was, that we were not to fall in love or go a-courting; but that, supposing such a misfortune as falling in love did overtake us, he was to be immediately informed.

He made each of us a handsome allowance, and did not insist greatly on our distinguishing ourselves at college. As might be expected, we both took things easily, and lived well, though we were careful to pass our examinations, for Uncle Geoffrey had always set his face against a "fellow's being plucked," as it used to be called in his time.

In the long vacation, he allowed us, after a month's stay at the Manor House, to wander wherever we chose, and he placed his yacht at our disposal entirely. He used it himself in the Spring and Summer, and declared that we youngsters didn't want to be bothered by an old man like him, and so should have the craft to ourselves.

In our yachting excursions George used always to take the command. He was a headstrong, selfish fellow by nature, and the indulgence shown to both of us by our uncle was in his case, at least unfortunate, for it encouraged the growth of his failings. In my case I fear my uncle's kindness humored a tendency to carelessness in money matters, for I knew that his purse was always open.

After a time I found George always took the yacht to a small but pretty sea-port on the south coast, called Gulstone. Nor was I long in discovering the reason of this choice of an anchorage, though at first it seemed hardly a probable one. The fact was, George was paying attentions to a Miss Powsby, whose father, a retired soap-boiler, had purchased a villa near Gulstone. Now Miss Powsby was not very pretty; on the contrary, she was abnormally plain. She was not ugly, for ugliness has a sort of piquancy which absolute plainness entirely lacks.

But she had her attractions. She was an only child, and Powsby *père* had not boiled soap for half his life to no purpose. Mrs. Powsby had been a distant connection of a real live Lord, and she had instilled into her husband the necessity for giving Penelope's hand to a genteel and well-bred suitor. Consequently old Powsby turned up his nose at all the young men in his own sphere of life, and looked about for a husband for his child in a class in which he had no friends and few acquaintances. When George, the heir presumptive of Uncle Geoffrey, and, therefore, probable future Lord of the manor of Gillandale, having been introduced to Penelope at the bachelor's ball at Gulstone, began to show her marked attention, you may be sure neither she nor her father attempted to repulse his advances.

But George was artful enough to conceal his attachment from me for a long time. Indeed it was not until I, in my turn, fell a victim to the tender passion, that I discovered what was going on.

The Greeks had a profound and excellent reason for describing the goddess of love as born of the sea. If you want to make up a match between two people—who may even hate each other—send them off to sea for a voyage, and they will come back engaged. Even the shore, the sea-side, is equally perilous. There are more marriages settled on the sands and the beach than on any other portions of *terra firma*. By all of which moralizing, I desire only to plead an excuse for the fact that I was head over ears in love with Lucy Wilmot before we had met half a dozen times on the parade at Gulstone. We were introduced by a boisterous zephyr, which blew her sunshade over the cliff, and gave me the opportunity of running after it.

It was Lucy who told me of George's flame. When I mentioned my name, she knew me as his cousin and fellow-yachtsman, and supposing, of course, that I was his confidant, spoke of his engagement to Miss Powsby, whose companion and distant relative she was.

I reproached George for having kept a secret from me; whereupon he grew very angry, and said with a sneer that he supposed I wanted to tell our uncle, and get him into disgrace. I was nettled, and answered sharply, and we had words. In the heat of our quarrel I mentioned how I came to hear of his attachment, and I saw, as I spoke, a malicious gleam come into George's eye.

"Soho!" said he, "Master Goodchild, the industrious apprentice—so *you* have been falling in love, too—and with a penniless governess. Hang it all, if Uncle Geoffrey is no fool, he'll see that my choice is at any rate a wiser one than yours!"

"He will have an early opportunity of deciding," I replied, "for as soon as we return, I shall tell him of my attachment ——"

"But I'll trouble you," interrupted George, "not to say anything about mine! Do so at your peril!"

"Don't threaten," said I. "I am no tale-bearer, and have no desire to speak of what does not concern me. Only I would remind you that our uncle desires to be told immediately of any serious attachments we may form. For your own sake ——"

"For *yours*, you mean," said George, angrily; "I am judge of my own acts and interests. The old boy is getting shaky and can't last long, and I don't see why I should bother him. I shall not marry till after his death, when it won't matter what his views upon matrimony were!"

I did not like to hear him speak of our uncle's death so cold-bloodedly, so I dropped the subject, and we parted.

On our return to Gillandale I took an early opportunity of telling my uncle the state of my feelings. He did not seem surprised; and although, as I had expected, he stated his disapproval of marriage—specially with a dowerless girl—it was not so strongly expressed as I had anticipated. It struck me as odd at the time that he seemed to be thoroughly acquainted with the whole story before I had got half way through my narration of it.

He took occasion to banter me on the subject the very next time George was present, and George laughed heartily, and even joined in deriding the idea of a portionless bride. But he was careful to confine himself to that, and not to press his wit too sharply, probably from a fear that I might be driven beyond my patience and turn the tables on him by revealing what I knew about Penelope Powsby.

My uncle, however, did not quit the subject without unconsciously putting George into a far worse state of discomfort than me. He said to him, "Ah, George, how I wish Dick had your prudence and coolness. There's no fear of your being entrapped into matrimony, *I know!* Heart whole, eh, George?" George nodded his head, and was seized with a violent fit of coughing that made him quite red in the face. It was my turn to laugh then, when Uncle Geoffrey, with a chuckle, said, "Look there, Dick; the very idea of marrying sticks in his throat!"

After a while the subject seemed to be forgotten by both my uncle and George. As for me, it was, of course, impossible that I should allow so vitally important a matter to slip from my mind. I was constantly pondering over plans for the future, and striving to arrive at some decision as to what I should do to earn a living with the speediest prospect of marriage.

At last I determined to ask my uncle to give me the means of articling myself to a solicitor, and setting up in the world. But he refused me point-blank. "What on earth do you want to turn pettifogger for, when in a short time you'll have enough to live on comfortably? Can't you wait a year or so till the old man dies? I haven't got a much longer lease of life; you needn't grudge it me, Dick." I felt greatly hurt at his words, and protested against the accusation.

Uncle Geoffrey got cross, and I fired up too, and before either of us was aware, we had quarreled. It was but a tiff, but it wound up with a declaration on my part not to accept further favors of him, but to go into the world and see what I could do for myself. But the storm soon blew over. Next day my uncle gave me a good-tempered lecture, and telling me I was too young to think of marrying yet, managed at last to persuade me to promise him that I would wait a couple of years, and that then if I was of the same mind he would do what I wished in regard to my choice of a profession.

When I told George of this arrangement he called me a fool for my pains! "Did I think any girl would promise to wait for a man all that time, or even if she did promise, would be faithful to him? Of course not! Was not I sacrificing her to the whims of an old tyrant?" I thought this a strange line to take, considering his own situation, and I said as much, but I only got snubbed for doing so. "What an ass you must be," he said, "not to see the difference. Miss Powsby is quite content to wait till the old boy's death, when I shall get the estates. That is waiting for a certainty—in your case it's only waiting for a remote chance! If I were you, I should go and repudiate the arrangement at once. I'll do what I can to help you if the old boy won't come down."

I declined his advice, for several reasons. I was fond of Uncle Geoffrey, and would rather [illegible] myself than [illegible] him pain, which I should have done by leaving him. Besides, I knew that George's promise to do [illegible] a very poor reed to rely on. In our boyish days I had always spent my pocket-money before I got it, while George always contrived to lay by out of his. But he was not to be prevailed upon to lend me any, even in my direst need. He always required it for some special purpose, for some luxurious bit of self-gratification. Finally, I had a suspicion—which I was almost ashamed to own—that George's advice was not entirely disinterested. If I had a quarrel with my uncle, who but George would profit by it, in the sole and undivided inheritance of our uncle's property?

When but a year and a half of my probation had passed, and while I was away at Gulstone, my uncle died. His end appeared to have been peaceful, for he was found lying seemingly asleep in his bed. I need hardly say I returned at once to find George had promptly installed himself as master of Gillandale. I acquiesced, though it seemed to me a somewhat too ready assumption of authority.

When, after the funeral, we came to examine the will, we found our uncle's eccentricity fully displayed. Indeed, its provisions were so very strange that I was advised by more than one solicitor to contest it. But that was far from my wish or intention, although I was surprised to find that my uncle had practically broken his word with me. His will handed over everything to George, leaving him, with regard to my share under the will, the option between giving me an estate some miles from Gillandale, worth about five or six hundred a year, and presenting me with my uncle's tall copy of "Terence."

George laughed heartily at this clause when it was read, and cried out that of course I should have the "Terence:" I had always preferred the classics to mathematics, and he was sure Uncle Geoffrey meant it specially for me, for he had had it rebound not a year before his death.

But George did not laugh so loudly when the lawyer came to the final clause in the will, which provided that in the case of George's marrying any one of the name of Penelope he was to forfeit the property, which would then pass over to me.

George vowed that if he had not made up his mind about the "Terence" before, he had now, for he was sure I had betrayed his secret to my uncle. I disdained to reply, for to avow my innocence might look like an attempt to induce him to change his mind about the tall copy of "Terence." But I learnt before I left the house that the steward of the yacht, who was a confidential servant of my uncle's, had told him all about our doings at Gulstone.

I did not stay at Gillandale a moment longer than was necessary to pack up my clothes and other belongings. I had my last quarter's allowance untouched, for I had been away when it fell due, and my uncle had given it to old Mrs. Mardew, the housekeeper, to take care of for me.

It was not a large sum, but it was enough to exist upon for a while until I could look about me and find some employment.

I had half determined not to accept the "Terence," but on second thoughts I made up my mind to take it as a memento of Uncle Geoffrey, whom I could not help loving in despite of his injustice to me. So I put it at the bottom of my box, and turned my back, as I thought, for the last time on the place that for so many years had been my home.

You will very likely be able to guess whither I bent my steps. One place was as good as another to meditate on my fortunes in, but at Gulstone I should at least find consolation and sympathy, and accordingly to Gulstone I bent my steps. It was the height of the season, I found, and lodgings were scarce and dear, but I was fortunate enough to get a clean and comfortable room in the cottage of a coastguard, situated about a mile out of the town.

Alas, as might have been expected, I forgot in the pleasure of the present the necessity of planning for the future. Days and weeks sped away, and were spent in wandering and waiting to catch a passing glimpse or—oh, happiness—a short interview with Lucy.

In the meantime a terrible storm had burst in the Powsby family. George wrote to Penelope, and told her about the final clause of the will. It would be useless, he urged, to prolong their engagement. To marry her he must sacrifice the property, and he felt sure she would not wish to wed a beggar. When Penelope showed the letter to Lucy, she at once declared that I should never dream of taking advantage of such a cause to deprive George of the estates; but Penelope was a woman of the world, and she pointed out that, considering the shabby way in which George had behaved to me, I should be justified in taking any steps to avenge myself. Human beings were fallible and uncertain, she said; and though I might promise not to do so, when the marriage had actually taken place, the temptation might be too strong.

Old Powsby was simply furious. Without waiting to consult his daughter, he at once instructed his solicitors to commence an action for breach of promise.

This startled George, and brought him round in the yacht, to try and compromise matters. It was some time before old Powsby would consent to see him, and then only at the urgent entreaty of Penelope, who was anxious to avoid the publicity of an action at law.

By this time the contents of my purse had reached a point of tenuity, which woke me from my dreaming. I must be stirring if I would not starve. I told Lucy, and in the course of the conversation I said, half-jestingly, that at any rate before I starved I could sell that tall copy of Terence! Lucy laughingly expressed a wish to see the interesting volume, so I promised to bring it over the next day. Accordingly, when leaving my lodging the following morning, I put the parchment-bound book under my arm, and, as the tide was going out, descended the cliff, intending to walk along the sands.

It was a nice fresh morning, and I strolled along gently, keeping close to the tide-line, turning over with my stick the odds and ends which the waves left behind them, and sending the sand-hoppers flying before me in clouds.

All at once I heard a cry that did not seem to be the call of a sea-bird. I looked round, and a little further up the beach I saw a heap of clothes lying. I at once saw the situation! Somebody had been tempted to bathe by the fineness of the day and the seclusion of the little bay. I had been warned of the danger of so doing by my coastguard landlord only two days before. A strong current swept into the bay, and out round Magog's Nose, a point a mile south of the bay; and even the best swimmers, if caught in this current, would have enough to do to save themselves. All this flashed across my mind in an instant, while I was gazing out seaward. As the cry came again, more feebly, I strained my sight in the direction whence it seemed to proceed, and could discern a figure floating out to sea. There was not a moment to lose. I kicked off my boots, flung off coat and waistcoat, and throwing the tall copy on the top of them, rushed into the water. The shore shelved rapidly and in a few minutes I found myself swept off my feet by the current and began to strike out in the direction of the bather. I was an excellent swimmer, and had only light flannels on, so my clothes did not much impede my progress.

As I rushed into the water I had given a long loud shout, and it seemed to encourage the drowning man, for his cries seemed stronger. I felt that if the current was no fiercer, and he had presence of mind enough to obey my directions, I could save him.

Imagine my surprise on nearing him to see that it was George! I am glad to think that I felt nothing but surprise—not for one second did I feel any hesitation. I called to him to lie on his back—I knew he was no swimmer, but could float, which is easy enough in salt water. Then I swam up to him and began to push him before me toward shore.

The task proved more difficult than I had calculated. I could make little headway across the current, and our only hope of safety lay in working diagonally nearer and nearer shore as it carried us to the Nose. If we were once borne beyond that we were lost, for the open sea lay before us. At length by slow degrees I edged him closer and closer to land, and felt the force of the current diminish. Finally we got into comparatively still water under the lee of the point, and I managed to get George on shore. He fainted away as soon as we reached dry land, and as I stooped over him to try and bring him to, a sudden giddiness seized me—a black cloud came before my eyes—and I sank insensible by his side. I don't know how long we lay in this state; but I awoke at last to find a couple of coastguardmen rubbing our hands and feet, and endeavoring to restore animation by the best means in their power. As soon as we were a little better, one of them ran up to the station to bring us dry clothes and a little rum. In about an hour's time we were able to get up the cliff, and were driven home in a cart [illegible] of a neighboring farmer. We were both of us too exhausted to talk much, but George pressed my hand when [illegible] got out of our conveyance at my lodging, leaving him to go on to the hotel at which he stayed when on shore.

Neither of us left his bed for a couple of days. As soon as I got home I had sent down to the beach to recover my clothes and book, but I was too late. The tide had turned, and they were carried off, and George's were in imminent danger of the same fate, for the waves were already besprinkling them with spray when my messenger reached the place.

My coastguardsman passed the word to his mates—our rescuers—at the Nose, where he said the things were pretty certain to be washed ashore. On the second day his prediction proved true, the coat, waistcoat and book having been picked up along the sands. The boots were irretrievably gone, and I need hardly say the contents of my waistcoat pockets had been tumbled out. As for the book, it was in a most dilapidated state. Its covers were warped, and in several places the parchment had become detached from the millboard. When I met Lucy the next day I showed it her, with the rueful remark that its value was considerably diminished. She examined it with the truly feminine desire of seeing if it could not be repaired. Suddenly she gave a cry of surprise, and drew out a folded parchment from the inside of the cover.

To make a long story short, it was a codicil to my uncle's will! It revoked all the previous dispositions and settled everything on me. A further examination of the cover brought to light a letter addressed to me, with an open memorandum inclosed for George.

The letter to me said that if I took care of the book he had little doubt I should some time or other discover its contents. If I sold it I should lose—and deserve to lose—all. To George my uncle's note pointed out that if he had given me the estate instead of the book, the codicil would have remained undiscovered on the shelves at Gillandale; "for," wrote the old gentleman with a touch of sarcasm, "you are not likely to care for the comedies of Terence while you have a bank-book to study."

As we had finished reading George came up. He began to express his remorse for the way in which he had treated me, when I put the codicil and the letters into his hands. He turned pale and sank on the seat. "It serves me right!" said he, "it deprives me of the power of doing what I wished—making you some reparation for the wrong I did you!"

"Not another word, George," said I, taking his hand; "we'll divide it equally between us." And so we did; and George married Penelope, and I married Lucy, and we are as happy as the days are long, for George has been a different man since the day when we were so nearly drowned off Magog's Nose.—*London Society.*

FAILURE OF MODERN COMEDY.—It will be asked, then, what is the cause of this failure of the Robertsonian drama, which is refined, intellectual, and, as we are told, a "mirrored reflection" of our own daily life? The cause is simply the same as that of the failure of the class of drama that preceded it—misapprehension of what should be the character of a play. Strange as it may seem, both failed from an excess of what has been called realism. That definition of *Hamlet's*, "holding the mirror up to nature," has led astray both the realists and idealists of the stage; while the writers who write comedies for the sake of introducing evening parties, picnics, the manners of "swells" and heavy dragoons, &c., might be surprised to learn that they are following the same vicious principles as those who drag cabs and fire-engines across the stage. Both are "shows," and both aim at something which is outside true dramatic art. They mimic still life in both instances. The Robertsonian-comedy writers copy the manner, fashion of speech, catch-words, deportment of particular types of the day, as well as the conventional scenes—croquet, tea-parties, walking in the garden, picnics; but this belongs, like the cabs and conflagrations, to the department of exhibition. Character and story, (more character than story, for character itself supplies story,) these are the true elements of what is dramatic, and these absent, all the most laboriously copied pictures of dress, manner and bearing will avail nothing for the interest of a true play. It may be worth summarizing in this place a few points that may explain what few persons probably reflect on, the absorbing interest felt at a grand stage play. This must be traced originally to the interest felt in human character in daily life, which, when natural and free in its action, has always a never-flagging interest for the average looker-on. Its movements have a freshness and piquancy that become perpetual surprise. Where there is anything forced or affected this attraction passes away, the movements lose their spontaneousness, we seem to know beforehand what will take place. Character, in short, is inexhaustible in its interest, for according to the circumstances and new combinations presented to it, it exhibits itself in new and unexpected attitudes. On the other hand, peculiarities of manner and speech, the conventional forms of dress and society, are wholly uninteresting. This might be illustrated from another art. Music, which is popular from some trick of novel phrase or color, and which has only its dress or manner to recommend it, disappears when the dress or manner has gone out of fashion; but music of *character*, like that of Beethoven or Mozart, endures, in spite of its old-fashioned dress and phrases. Again, granting the general interest to be found in character, there are certain opportunities and occasions which favor the development of character. We might be months in association with a particular character before the fitting occasion might arise which should call it forth. Hence, as in all other arts, there must be a certain abstraction and eclecticism, if we would exhibit character at its best; and the writer who would transfer character to the stage must, from study or instinct, have discovered first under what conditions and collisions character is best developed; and secondly, how to bring together within the span of a play the most effective of these phenomena. All this, it will be seen, is independent of dress, personal manner, catch-words, tea-parties, picnics, so-called "epigrams," and pretty conceits, which make the stock in trade of the new comedy of our day.—*Belgravia.*

GRIM HUMOR.—A curious work on "the humorous element in German law," by O. Gieske, has just been published at Berlin. The author describes the punishments which were inflicted in various parts of Germany, in some cases up to a very recent period, with the object of humiliating the culprit and exposing him to public ridicule. A common punishment was that of going in procession through the streets of a town or village in a dress covered with images of swords, whips, rods, and other instruments of corporal chastisement. In Hesse, women who had beaten their husbands were made to ride backward on a donkey, holding its tail, on which occasions the animal was led through the streets by the husband. This custom existed in Darmstadt up to the middle of the seventeenth century, and was so common that a donkey was kept always ready for the purpose in the capital and the neighboring villages. If the woman struck her husband in such a manner that he could not ward off the blow, the donkey was led by the man who had charge of him; if not, then by the husband himself. At St. Goar a miller was allowed a certain quantity of wood from the forest belonging to the town, in return for which he was bound to supply a donkey for the municipality whenever required for the chastisement of a scolding wife. Another very old custom was that of punishing a henpecked husband by removing the roof of his house, on the ground that "a man who allows his wife to rule at home does not deserve any protection against wind and weather." If two women fought in public they were each put in a sort of closed sentry-box, which only left their heads exposed, and then posted opposite to each other in the market-place, where they remained for an hour face to face, but unable to use their hands or feet. A common punishment for scolding women was the "shameful stone," which was hung round their necks. This stone was usually in the shape of a bottle. At Hamburg libelers and slanderers were compelled to stand on a block and strike themselves three times on the mouth as a sign of repentance. This custom still existed thirty or forty years ago. In some towns the "shameful stone" was in the shape of a loaf, whence the German saying, "a heavy bit of bread," (ein schwerer bissen brod.) At Lübeck it was in the shape of an oval dish, and in other places in that of a woman putting out her tongue. Such stones were usually very heavy; according to the law of Dortmund and Halberstädt (1348) they were [illegible] a hundred-weight. Those who were wealthy could purchase exemption from this punishment with a bagful of hops and a red ribbon.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

TO OUR NEW FRIEND, THE OLD DEMOCRAT, H. G.

Written for the Times.

AIR—*The Groves of Blarney.*

Like the waves of ocean, in wild commotion,
Our deep devotion runs high for you.
O, [illegible]—for you it is for us
What we've been strivin' these ten years to do!
For next November, agra, remember,
You must leave yer timber and sweet Chappaqua,
To lade the nation, with self-abnegation,
To the highest station that it ever saw!

With circumspection, but no subjection,
At the next election we'll cast our votes;
While, no sogers fearin', there'll be wild cheerin',
And lashin's of beer in bowld Democratic throats.
Then, whin 'tis over, like a cowlt in clover,
Each rebel rover can frisk and play!
O, what fond hand-shakin' and merry-makin',
And Radical quakin' you will see that day!

Then the b'ys 'll meet you, Tammany greet you,
Our Ring will treat you to cowld wather straight,
In commemoration of our great salvation,
An' your elevation to the Chair of State!
Your quick conversion we won't be harsh on—
'Tis good diversion for the b'ys to tell
Of our deprivation in your long separation
From the thrue owld party that you loved so well!

O, 'tis I would show it, if I wor a poet,
Like Misther Dana or Big Six's chief,
How the Sage Woodchopper never tells a "whopper,"
Nor cares a copper for the Radical beef;
But was meditatin' and slyly waitin'
For a chance of batin' the Abolitionists,
And over war's chasm without a spasm,
With enthusiasm to clasp the Johnny's fists!

How all yer writin' our prospects blightin'
By day an' night in the owld *Thribune*,
Was done in kindness, tho' bekase of blindness,
We couldn't see it in your organ's tune!
But, now, Sage farmer and party charmer,
We see no harm or ill-will in that;
Shure you're wan of us now, an' we won't discuss now
Unpleasant subjects with the ould White Hat!

Like Alexander, the great commander,
I'm towld you'll meander in a coach and four,
To the spacious White House, which stands convayniant,
With illigant gardens and cabbages galore!
There Gineral Jackson, that laid hard whacks on
The Saxon's backs on that day of fate,
On his horse astraddle, with a golden saddle,
Keeps guard undauntedly forninst the gate!

'Tis there through bowers bedecked with flowers
You may roam for hours like a fairy Prince,
Where the sweet persimmons an' the luscious limons
Hang from one stim on the high garden fince!
There the thumpin praties, likewise tomaties,
And ponderous pumkins an' gay cyathens grow!
Wid yer fancy farmin' the place'd be charmin',
You could so improve it wid yer ax an' hoe!

But och! how humblin' 'twill be, if crumblin',
Our castles tumblin' shall bury our hopes,
And Grant, the tanner's, victorious banners
Eclipse all Carl Sumner's rhetorical tropes!
Though, like waves of ocean, in wild commotion,
Our deep devotion runs high just now—
Since there's nothin' certain and the lifted curtain
May show new laurels on Grant's martial brow!

N. S.

NEW-YORK, July 29, 1872.

MENDELSSOHN AND GOETHE.—The first test to which Goethe put the young artist was to make him improvise on a theme furnished by Zelter. Zelter sat down to the piano, and with his stiff, cramped fingers played a very simple tune in triplets, "Ich träumte einste von Hannchen," as tame and trivial an air as need be. Felix played it through after him, and the next minute went off into the wildest allegro, transforming the simple melody into a passionate figure, which he took now in the bass, now in the upper part, weaving all manner of new and beautiful thoughts into it in the boldest style. Everybody was in astonishment as the small childish fingers worked away at the great chords, mastering the most difficult combinations, and evolving the most surprising contrapuntal passages out of a stream of harmonies, though certainly without paying much regard to the melody. It was one of Zelter's principles to be very chary of praise, his aim being to save his pupil from conceit and overestimation of his own powers—"those cursed enemies of all artistic progress," as he called them. No sooner, therefore, had Felix finished than he said, in a tone of the most complete indifference, like an old pedagogue bent on spoiling the boy's brilliant success, "What hobgoblins and dragons have you been dreaming about, to drive you along in that helter-skelter fashion?" Goethe saw his object, and taking the head of the little artist in his two hands, and caressing it, said in a playful way: "But you won't get off with that; you must play more before we can quite believe in you." So Felix had to play Bach fugues, of which Goethe was particularly fond; then he asked for a minuet, upon which the boy cried out, with flashing eyes: "Shall I play upon the most beautiful one in the whole world?" and played the minuet from "Don Juan."—*Goethe and Mendelssohn, by M. E. von Glehn.*

IGNORANCE IN REGARD TO NATURAL HISTORY.—Few men know the difference between the Birch and the Hornbeam, the Curlew and the Whimbrel. Modern authors, poets particularly, write as if they had been brought up in a dungeon or a hot-house, never breathing the fresh air or beholding plants and birds in a state of nature. "It is a fool's life, as they will find when they get to the end of it, if not before." The pursuit of false comforts, the desire of vain accomplishments, the sucking of social lollipops, these are modern vanities. I was speaking the other day with one of the best educated men in England, a party finished to the finger-tips, great in philosophy, and "in Pindar and poets unrivaled." He had never seen an eagle or a red deer; he could neither shoot, fish nor swim; he was sea-sick whenever he left dry land; he believed the "sheets" of a boat to be her "sails;" he knew as (Browning expresses it) "the Latin word for Parsley," but he had never even heard of "white" heather. For this being, his university had done all it could, and had turned him out in the world about as ignorant as a parrot, and as helpless, for all manly intents and purposes, as a new-born baby.

The world is too much with us. Late or soon,
Getting or spending, we lay waste our powers.
Little we see in nature that is ours.

So far, at least, as the knowledge of birds is concerned, the ordinary extent of knowledge may be safely summed up in the memorable conversation attached to the cut in *Punch*, "What's that, Bill?" An "*Awk!*" "No, stoopid; it's a *Howl!*" when, in point of fact, if I remember rightly, the subject of conversation was neither one nor the other. —*Robert Buchanan, Saint Paul's Magazine.*

ON GOING TO BED.—The fact is that people, if they had more imagination, might do a great deal to make bed agreeable. It was a fiend who first thought of a four-poster, and the "tent" is as bad. The thing known as a "French" or an "Arabian" bedstead is better; but all the bad angels have had to do with bed as an institution. The great objects seem to have been to make bedroom furniture fine and inconvenient. Now, it ought to be the very essence, the quintessential spirit, of simplicity and convenience. Everything about it ought to breathe repose and purity. Even as it is, sheets are white, but I am persuaded it is by some accident, and that if a way could be found of making them purple, or otherwise unfitted for their purpose, it would be greedily welcomed by the upholstery class. Then beds are a great deal too high, and they run narrow. A bed ought to be very low and very wide—especially the second—so as to admit of territorial arrangements. An imaginary cordon may be as high as a five-barred gate. In the French farce *Une Dame et un Monsieur*, a chalk line across the carpet represents the Pyrenees. And why not? I have known "sweet remorse and pious awe that feared to have offended" represent even more than that. Children in bed make houses and castles and walls of China, and guarded pavilions, out of the simple sheets. And quite right. True, accidents happen. "What are you bellowing about, Bill?" said a mother at the stair's foot one evening after her two boys had been put to bed. "Please, mother," said bellowing Bill, "Jem wants half the bed." "Well," says she, "let him have it, and you take the other half." "Yes, mother," says Bill, "but he *will* have his half out of the middle, and make me sleep on both sides of him."—*Saint Paul's Magazine.*

HEAD-DRESSES.—In the time of the Georges many monstrosities arose on the head, which we cannot wish to revive—exaggerations of styles pretty in themselves—enormous caps, and the thing called, perhaps in irony, a "commode." This we are daily expecting to see in modern drawing-rooms; for, besides its extreme uncomfortableness and temporary nature, which alone would recommend it to the milliner, it fulfilled one of a lady's favorite requirements—it was very tall. The commode was a row, or series of rows one above another, of stiff plaited lace, that shot up from the face, unsupported, like a peacock's crest, sometimes to more than the face's length. Women had tried to be bullocks, they now tried to be birds; and though the crest, perhaps, gave piquancy to some faces, it utterly ruined any but a saucy or a stern one; the straight V-shaped body, the long skinny train, assisted to impart a bird-like appearance. We may see, however, that in a cross old lady the commode lent a sharp and threatening aspect, which might prove a sufficiently wholesome check on a family of unruly children. It must have been almost as powerful as a birch-rod. After this came the beautiful little coquettish Watteau cap, which we have lately adopted in an emasculated form; and then, about 1750, the ladies' heads began to rise into the tawdry towers three feet high, which we must leave to that uncleanly date; and no pretty head-dresses have been seen in England since. If we except, perhaps, the immensely broad hats, lined with a color (which Sir Joshua Reynolds has been able to make beautiful) and nicknamed, from their extent, "donkey-races"—the sugar-loaf bonnet, and the fashions which followed the attempt to introduce classic forms, of a detestable and debased kind, are all too ugly, and, moreover, too wearisome, to describe at length. There was not even humor to break the blank monotony of ugliness in both shape and color, (the mixtures of which were simply awful;) and if we wish to find any hints available for our own apparel we shall have now to leave England for other lands. But here, dropping history for the present, we shall proceed to inquire what kind of head-gear the ladies of our own time may wear with advantage.—*Saint Paul's Magazine.*

ISABELLA AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.—In July, 1868, immediately after the suppression of the Montpensier movement, or what was believed to be his movement, it became known on good authority to a few men in London that a secret convention had been negotiated between the Courts of Paris and Madrid, according to which, in the emergency of a war on the Rhine, Queen Isabella was to send an army corps to Rome, so as to enable Louis Napoleon to withdraw his troops from there, and to strengthen his aggressive force in the direction of Germany, against which he was then meditating an attack. The negotiations took some time. An exchange of Royal and Imperial visits at Biarritz and San Sebastian had, however, been arranged, for the purpose of placing the final seal upon the convention. But, by a most dramatic coincidence, the report of the rising at Cadiz arrived at the Spanish watering-place the very moment when Queen Isabella had ordered her carriage for the intended drive beyond the Pyrenees. In the nick of time the French ruler was thus warned not to embark in a fatal enterprise. Nevertheless, the course of events at home and abroad proved too strong for him, and he felt sped on in a career at whose end lay his own ruin and the signal defeat of France.—*Karl Blind, in the Dark Blue.*

THE ART OF PUNNING.—And Athenæus gives many specimens of puns in his amusing *Deipnosophists*. The punster may point to Cæsar, Martial, Cicero and Ovid, as companions in his crime. Plautus loved quibbling as much as Shakespeare did; and when Lord Erskine was reproached for punning, because it was the lowest kind of wit, he answered, "True; and therefore it is the foundation of all wit." Charles Lamb, as a punster himself, was sorry to see puns limping ashamed in the train of wit, and he stands up staunchly for them, saying, "A pun is a noble thing *per se*; it is entire, and fills the mind; it is as perfect as a sonnet." Punning is to language what grimaces are to gestures; it is also the wit of words, and bears the same relation to language that true wit does to ideas. A confirmed punster, who fires off pun after pun, and tortures every word into a jest, is an unmitigated bore; and we can but agree with Sydney Smith when he writes: "One invaluable blessing produced by the banishment of punning is an immediate reduction of the number of wits. It is a wit of so low an order, and in which some sort of progress is so easily made, that the number of those endowed with the gift of wit would be nearly equal to those endowed with the gift of speech." Nevertheless, there is no reason why a wit should not occasionally make a pun; and Sydney Smith could appreciate a good one when he heard it. In Mrs. Hamilton's *Lectures on Education*, a story is told of a school-girl who, during her examination, persisted in miscalling the word patriarchs—partridges. "Oh," was the comment of an auditor, "she makes game of the patriarchs." The witty canon characterized this as the most perfect pun he knew.—*British Review.*

BIRDS OF THE HEBRIDES.—I sit dreaming, while a panorama of past scenes floats by, each scene surrounded by its presiding Spirit of a Bird. In the dizzy air, on the "ribbed sea sands," through dark pine woods paved with azure flowers, amid lone isles blackening in the sea, over swamp, bog and rainbow-kindled marsh, I seem to be winding my ever-changing way. The Curlew calls, the Snipe drums, the Blackbird whistles, the Kestrel hovers, the Tern wavers, and the Grey-lag twangs. A little ago I was in the woods near Bonaw, hearkening by nightfall to the monotonous calls of the grasshopper warblers; a moment since, amid the fir plantations on the banks of Loch Feochan, I was hearkening to the deep-toned plaint of the Cushat, and the whistling of the Mavis, just as Tannahill heard them of old in the "bonnie woods of Craigielea"—

"Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade
The cushat croodles amorously;
The mavis, down thy bughted glade,
Gars echo ring frae tree to tree!"

and now, I am floating on the storm-vexed waters of the Minch, out of sight of land, with a hurricane of rain around me, (though the month is July,) while a number of tiny Storm-petrels, tempted out doubtless by the infernal weather, are hovering up and down, swift as insects, close to the yacht's stern. The tiny Petrel (*Thalassidroma Pelagica*, the bungling pedants have christened him; and, good heavens! what a mountain of a name for such a mite of a bird!) breeds everywhere in the Hebrides, affecting chiefly the most exposed quarters, such as Canna, Rum, Eigg, and the heads of Skye. They fly chiefly by night, but a good stiff breeze, especially if it promises to rise, often brings them out by daylight: whence their appearance is by many fishermen considered ominous of bad weather. Dr. Gray's description of their flight is perfect. "There they were, pattering the top of each wave, the broken crest of each they barely touched as it rose and threatened our bulwarks. Several times they seemed as if they might have been touched by the hand. * * * They did not appear to pick up anything, but untiringly followed the rising and falling of the water—now going down into a hollow, and now rising with the wave until the edge broke and curled over, when the little feet were let down with a gentle tripping movement as if trying to get a footing on the treacherous deep. Sometimes, as one of them remained in the trough of the sea, until the wave seemed ready to engulf the little creature, it mounted sideways to let it pass, and down it went on the other side with 'contemptuous celerity.'" The tiny black moth of a bird, measuring not six inches in length, burrows in the earth like a puffin, and lays one small white egg; and after incubation, it feeds its small fluff of white down with oil secreted in its crop. So greasy is its body, that one has only to run a wick through its body to have a capital lamp ready made. Its appearance at sea is deemed ominous enough by sailors, (whence its familiar name of "Mother Carey's Chicken,") and in good truth with some reason, for it seldom ventures far abroad in respectable weather.—*Saint Paul's Magazine.*

M. TAINE IN ENGLAND.—A very droll story, which is current in Oxford, throws partial light also upon another way in which life may have been travestied to the Frenchman. A great Oxford Don, whom it is unnecessary to name, went to the chief inn of the place, according to this story, to seek the distinguished stranger, and found him at dinner, consuming with what appetite he might a plate of roast-beef accompanied by *buttered toast*. "What is that you are eating?" asked the astonished Don. "It is quite English—the dish of the country," said the visitor, pointing out to the amused beholder the *carte*, upon which "roast-beef and potatoes" was inscribed. *Pot-a-toes*, as the reader will see if he tries, when pronounced quickly with a distinct emphasis on the first, and a similar one on the last syllable, sounds extremely like *buttered toast*. As such the waiter had understood the order; and the philosopher consumed the greasy accompaniment with distress, but complacency, making his notes all the time on the terrible habitudes of this flesh-consuming people. He says nothing, certainly, about the buttered toast; but he describes the "large portions of fat meat and vegetables without sauce," which were served up to him in "twenty taverns" in succession, with an internal shudder which it is easy enough to understand.—*Blackwood.*

MIRABEAU.—May 14, 1777. Mme. de Monnier was imprisoned in Paris. Mirabeau in the dungeon of Vincennes, where he remained nearly four years, treated with the utmost severity, deprived of all companionship, and where, in his own words, "*tête-à-tête* with grief," his only consolation was the correspondence with Mme. de Monnier, permitted through the pity of the Lieutenant-General of Police, M. de Lenoir, whose affection he entirely gained. These "Lettres à Sophie"—famous letters, which have been thought as far superior to Rousseau as passion is to sentiment, or truth to fiction—were intrusted to the care of M. Boucher, an excellent disinterested man, who was appointed by M. Lenoir for the immediate surveillance of Mirabeau; and for some time he observed with rigor the prescribed injunctions as to their length, number, the subject on which they were written, and the interval to elapse between each one; but by degrees, touched by the ever-renewed expressions of gratitude, and reassured by the resignation and docility of his prisoner, M. Boucher relaxed some of the imposed restrictions. He allowed him to write so many and such interminable effusions, that it may be fairly surmised he did not always find time to read them. He was only strict in insisting on the originals being returned to him, when he religiously placed them among the prison documents, where they were found thirteen years afterward, and taken, or rather stolen, by Manuel, the Procureur de la Commune, who made a good speculation of them.—*London Society.*

HAIR-DRESSES.—Women usually like something which gives them height, piquancy, and, above all, conspicuousness. They are not to be blamed for this. A woman's rôle is to attract, and, when she has attracted, to enchant. But in following this aim too zealously she often outruns the scent by a long way, after the fashion of young and inexperienced hounds. A woman ought never to forget that sometimes in gaining a little she loses much. As, for instance, when the hair a few years ago was turned up with a sweep, and the bonnet dwindled to a tuft, every woman gladly threw aside the "curtain" which had shielded her throat from the sun, and every woman lost her white neck. Again, when a little hat was worn like a round target against a mountain, women said they were going to shade their eyes, but in reality they only sacrificed the whole of the forehead and eyebrows (usually the best part of the face) to the most unmeaning saucer that ever rested on a snub. The Normans brought in the fashion of long plaits of hair, reaching to the hips, and sometimes bound with ribbons or encased in silk of various colors,—a pretty fashion, but one that made some additional head-dress requisite. With the Plantagenets we have the first hint of the veil as distinct from the hood, and soon after appear the strange and varied head-dresses which we must discuss in detail, and wherein we may see how the simplicity and utility of the earlier times that had so much beauty in them had given place to a vain craving after mere beauty, which grew less and less as the fair wearers sacrificed more and more convenience, sense, and propriety in its pursuit.—*St. Paul's Magazine.*

A JAPANESE GROOM.—At 5 o'clock in the morning we set off with M. Lindau, on an excursion which promises to be charming, and, indeed, is so. We are going to try some horses which we think of taking for a month. It is a ride of forty-eight miles, and if they resist such fatigue the bargain will be concluded. They are cobs, black as ebony, with a bright and lively eye and a touch of the Arab about them. To horse, to horse! we must be off. We began by an hour's fast trot along the valley, which extends south of Yokohama, and followed a narrow path in the middle of the rice-fields, every moment jumping over little bridges a foot wide, made of three bamboos placed side by side. All this time I never got tired of watching my "betto," (Japanese groom,) who ran before me with the agility of a gazelle, warning my horse, his friend, by a sharp little cry at every difficult step. It seems that in Japan no horseman ever thinks of riding without this faithful and indefatigable runner, with his graceful and nervous limbs, who rivals his horse. "Aramado" (that is the name of my new servant) has, indeed, throughout this long day, kept up with our rapid pace the whole time; if we dismounted at a tea-house there he was, taking care of my horse, washing his nostrils with fresh water, and providing him with a slight repast of beans. I wish I could show you how he barely touches the ground with his light tread! When he started his dress was magnificent; he wore a dark blue robe with enormously large sleeves, and tight trousers, which defined the most exquisite legs. As he ran through the rice-fields, his sleeves streaming in the wind, he looked like a great blue butterfly racing after the tall flowers. Soon, gradually throwing off all his coverings, he appeared only clothed in a pair of socks and his scarlet tattoo marks, which represented a struggle between a woman, some large birds and a serpent. English ladies would have preferred the tattooing of M. Lindau's betto—perfectly naked, he was yet clothed. His tattoo marks represented a blue jacket with white buttons, red seams, scarlet designs in the middle of the back, and trousers (very tight, it is true, since it was his skin) of black and white checks.—"*A Voyage Round the World,*" *by the Marquis de Beauvoir.*

AN IRISH POMPEII.—Few outside the County Donegal have, perhaps, ever heard of this island (Rutland) of sand-hills and buried and unburied ruins. Yet nearly a hundred years ago it created a great sensation in Ireland, and was regarded in its way as a kind of El Dorado. About 1780, herrings set in there in enormous quantities—a millionth part of them could not be consumed by the surrounding country. The means of cure were so inadequate that vast quantities were spread over the fields for miles around for manure. In 1783 a company was formed to reap the wonderful harvest of the sea, with a capital of £70,000. The Irish Parliament gave a grant toward the object; £40,000, it is said, was laid out in buildings, which consisted of a military barrack, a custom-house, a sail and net factory, and a number of houses in the streets for the clerks, artisans and fishermen. Wakefield in his political and statistical history of Ireland, relates what a wonderful scene of in-

...fishing this formerly busy and deserted [illegible]. In one year the company realized £135,000. The island was called Rutland, in compliment to the then Viceroy, who evinced a deep interest in the undertaking. Unfortunately, however, like nearly all other great influxes of fish to the Irish coast, the herrings after a few years totally abandoned Donegal. Various reasons were assigned. Some said they were frightened by the blasting of granite rocks on the cliffs; others that the shifting sands rendered that part of the coast unfit to deposit their spawn. At all events they went, and with them Rutland naturally went down. To complete the disaster great storms arose, the sand broke from the back of the island and covered up nearly all the buildings, so that to-day two entire streets have sand many feet over them, and the other buildings are more or less buried in the sand. The houses above the ground are inhabited by the coast-guards and the families of owners and crews of coasting smacks. All signs of fishing industry are gone. When the Inspector of Fisheries, Mr. Blake, visited the island he could not find a single fisherman. A little judicious aid in the way of loans would, however, go a great way toward again making Rutland a fishing station, as herrings and other fish have begun of late years to show in quantities. At Rosapenna, to the north of Rutland, a similar sand-storm catastrophe occurred. The beautiful house, pleasure-grounds and deer park of Lord Boyne were about the same period completely covered over by sand.—*Irish Builder.*

A RUSSIAN GHOST STORY.—In a certain village—the story runs—there was a girl who hated work but loved gossip. So she never spun herself, but used to invite the other girls to her house, where she feasted them and they spun for her. During one of these spinning feasts a dispute arose as to which of the party was the boldest.

"I'm not afraid of anything," said the lazy-bones.

"Well, then," said the spinners, "if you're not afraid, go through the grave-yard into the church, take down the Holy Picture from the door, and bring it here."

"Very good," said she; "I'll bring it, only each of you must spin me a distaff-full."

Well, she went to the church, took down the picture, and brought it home with her. But then the picture had to be taken back again, and the midnight hour had arrived. Who was to take it?

"Go on spinning, you girls," said the lazy-bones; "I'll take it back myself. I'm not afraid of anything!"

So she went back to the church and replaced the picture. As she passed through the grave-yard on her return, she saw a corpse in a white shroud sitting on a tomb. It was a moonlight night, and everything was visible. She went up to the corpse and pulled its shroud off. (Its hour for stirring hadn't arrived, perhaps.) Then she went home, carrying the shroud with her.

After supper, when everybody had gone to bed, all of a sudden the corpse tapped at the window, saying, "Give me my shroud! Give me my shroud!" The other girls were frightened out of their wits. But the lazy-bones took the shroud, opened the window, and said:

"There, take it!"

"No," replied the corpse, "take it to the place you took it from."

Just then a cock crowed; the corpse vanished.

Next night, at the same hour, after all the spinners had gone to their own homes, the corpse came again, tapped at the window, and cried:

"Give me my shroud!"

Well, the girl's father and mother opened the window and offered the corpse its shroud, but it cried:

"No! Let her carry it back to the place she took it from."

Just then the cocks began to crow—the corpse disappeared. Well, next day they sent for the priest, and told him the whole story, and implored him to help them. The priest reflected awhile, then told the girl to come to mass next day. So in the morning she went to mass. The service began. Numbers of people came to it. But just as they were going to sing the "Cherubim Song," a terrible whirlwind arose. And it caught up that girl in the air and then flung her down on ground. And straightway the girl disappeared from sight; nothing was ever found of her except her back hair.—*The Cornhill.*

ANCIENT AND MODERN PLAYWRIGHTS.—It is imagined that situations should be tame and tranquil, as reflecting the average current of daily life. On the contrary, a drama should present some episode which, though rare, is not exceptional. The really powerful and interesting crises of life are either fortuitous, or arrive with an irresistible force as if directed by the old "Anangke" or Fate of the Greek tragedy. They cannot be arranged to order. Hence the lives of the average community pass by without this excitement, or at least without perceiving the full power and meaning of such situations. Romances and plays are required to supply this want, and the genius of the romance writer and playwright is shown in the judicious selection and treatment of this "extract," as it were, of life, which shall be remarkable and interesting, and yet seem to be within the experience of those who read and listen. Tried by this test, our fashionable modern comedy completely fails. It is simply a nice copy of outside peculiarities, with no pretense of studying or exhibiting character. Great attention is bestowed on what is called "the epigrammatic dialogue," and on what have been styled "idyllic scenes." The epigrams are due to a sad lack of propriety, for they have no relation to the speaker or the situation; it is in truth the author speaking in his own person. The late Mr. Robertson introduced this pernicious fashion, loading his scenes with forced and flippant repartees, conceits which provoked a ready laugh, and thus tempted him and his successors into more extravagant flights. The frame-work of the best of his pieces was taken from the French and German, and a natural admiration for the neatness and wit of French dialogue led to imitation. But he forgot that the wit of French dialogue is engendered directly by the *situation*; with the English writers the situation would be cheerfully sacrificed to the wit. This foreign element lent an unnatural air to the scenes, which, after the public had begun to tire, made the whole appear false and unnatural. A formula of love-making was introduced, which it was the fashion to call "idyllic;" long interviews between enamored pairs in gardens, conducted in a languid and hopeless strain, and which did not represent the English manly and straightforward way of arranging such matters. A gold-fish pond would be introduced, which would supply epigrams and conceits, the lovers laboriously expounding piscatorial metaphors in reference to their situation. Elaborate allusions to the moon, to flowers, sun-dials, birds, and such pastoral elements, are used to work out the progress of their passion. But the gravest dramatic short-comings are revealed in the treatment of a situation, when anything like one does occur, or when a trait of character ought to reveal itself. As in "Caste," when the *Marquise* is called on to exhibit her extravagant family pride to the audience, the device is adopted of making her read a whole page of Froissart's Chronicle aloud, to the weariness of the audience. When the marriage of her son with a low-born girl is revealed to her, she sits calmly with her eye-glass up, asking, as each disreputable member presents himself, "Who is that?" and "Who is that, pray?" This shows not merely a feebleness of grasp, but an unconsciousness of opportunity and ignorance of the dramatist's craft. It might be urged that this tranquil mode of treatment is but a faithful reflection of the impassive habit of the day. But such phases are improper for dramatic treatment, which, as we have seen, should, like a good painter, select only what may be called the representative elements of nature, not the dull average economy of ordinary life.—*Belgravia.*

It is remarkable when we have come into possession of some object we have long had in view, how much less in value it seems to be than it appeared to be in the distance, and how soon we begin to look from it into the mists of the future for some other prize. We perhaps blame that great victor who sighed for more worlds to conquer; but the same spirit, with lesser aims and more moderate wishes, is in all of us. A little ambition is a necessary magnetism for energy, and is quite lawful, if followed after honestly, and without doing injury or injustice to others.—*Once a Week.*

ABOUT TURTLES.

There are four or five species of edible reptiles, which have for many years been used as food by man. In the localities where they originate they are the means of sustenance to large numbers of persons, but when they are brought to other countries, where they are considered great delicacies, only the privileged classes are able to partake of them often, and then only in their season. Foremost among the edible reptiles the turtle takes its rank, and has for centuries been the favorite of the epicure, who considers its flesh unsurpassed in delicacy and natural richness, and esteems it as one of the greatest luxuries. Frogs have their admirers, and are an excellent food. Crocodiles and lizards are also eaten. But the choicest fricasseed frog, the rarest crocodile cutlet, the juiciest rattlesnake pot-pie, and the most palatable lizard stew, are not to be compared to delicious turtle soup and savory turtle steak. Like all other delicate dishes, it requires a peculiar skill to make good turtle soup, and to cook the steaks properly. One of the great secrets of the science of turtle-cooking is the seasoning, each *cuisinier* having his own way of preparing the various condiments which he uses to finish it *en règle*.

All over the world the varieties of turtle are found, few in some places, numerous in others, according to circumstances, and the means of obtaining a sufficient supply of the reptiles. A hundred years ago they were a great rarity in England, but now every ship from the localities where they are caught seldom fails to bring at least a few of them. It has found such favor in this country as well as in many of the European countries, that turtle clubs have been formed for social purposes, the principal object, of course, being the indulgence of their favorite dish. The oldest turtle club in this country is the celebrated Hoboken Turtle Club, which was organized in 17[?], and has continued to maintain its popularity to the present time, when it contains 100 members, the full complement. The motto of the Club is, "As we journey through life let us live by the way." Its present officers are James L. Miller, President; Anson B. Taylor, Secretary; A. L. Ashman, Treasurer, and Henry N. Mott and Harris Bogart, Stewards. During each year they have four dinners, on which the members and their friends participate. Turtle is the basis of nearly all the courses, and is arranged by celebrated cooks in different varieties of soups, steaks, chowder, and salad. The Manhattan Turtle Club was started a short time ago by some of the dissatisfied members of the Hoboken Club, but it has not proved as successful as its originators hoped it would. The former Club is an New-York institution, although its name seems to indicate otherwise, arising from the fact that years ago, when Hoboken was a beautiful suburban retreat, it was the practice of the Club to hold its reunions there. The quarterly dinners are now held at Claremont, on the Hudson, with the exception of the Winter one, which is given at the [illegible] House, the great place for turtle soup and steaks. Its reputation has extended all over this country and Europe, and with every outgoing steamer they ship many cans of soup and steaks prepared by them to the London club-houses. They consume yearly over 25,000 pounds of turtle flesh.

The principal persons in this City who have achieved a reputation for making the most delicious turtle soup are A. L. Brewer, S. C. Mott, Henry Seaman, James M. Morton, John Kelly, Mr. Thompson and Miss Fannie McGovern. When a gentleman gives a dinner party in which turtle plays a prominent part, he sends for one of these noted makers and gives the necessary orders for the kind and quantity, and they get it up in their best style, each one having his own ideas concerning the make up and the seasoning.

Many persons are of the opinion that the turtle suffers pain by being turned on its back, but old turtle catchers and dealers aver that it does not hurt the reptile in the least. It will be remembered that Mr. Bergh took compassion on a poor turtle which he saw on a cart in Beekman-street lying on its back and the blood oozing from its callipee or belly. He had the driver arrested and tried in the Court of General Sessions, but after a long trial the jury could not come to an agreement as to the guilt of the man.

Tortoises, terrapins and turtles are generally supposed by most persons to be the same, and are usually confounded with each other by the popular mind, their names being used interchangeably. Naturalists, however, draw a distinction between them, separating them into three distinct species of the order *chelonian*, giving the tortoise the highest rank. They are easily distinguishable by those who know the general characteristics of each species. The common acceptation of the terms is that the names tortoise and terrapins are given to the land variety of turtles, while the name turtle is applied to the marine reptile. In the old Saxon language, the word turtle meant turtle-dove, and the word bore the same signification in the English language until a century or two ago, when the name turtle was given to the marine *chelonians* of the Caribbean Sea by the sailors, and they have continued to go by that name ever since. What resemblance the reptile bears the bird we call the turtle-dove is hard to determine, yet there must be some significance to warrant the name.

The turtle is made use of in many ways, but is chiefly caught for food, or else for its shell, which is valuable for a variety of ornamental fancy articles. The flesh of the turtle has long been highly esteemed for its richness and delicacy, and is a favorite dish among those whose purses are able to provide for the gratification of their tastes. It is commonly made into soup, or fried in steaks like beefsteak; the under part of the breast, called the callipee, and the abdomen are considered the choicest parts, although the liver and fat are also highly esteemed. They furnish food to thousands in the West Indies and other localities where they abound, affording not only sustenance but employment for numbers of persons who make it a business to catch them. They are known all over the world, and are eaten as food everywhere, by the peasant as well as the king, and by the savages of the tropical forests, likewise the civilized inhabitants of every part of the globe. They abound most in the seas of the torrid and temperate zones, the principal localities from which the chief supply is obtained being the islands of the Caribbean Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, and the shores of Brazil and Guiana.

There are several varieties of turtles, foremost among which is the green turtle, so called from the color of the delicate fat which enhances the richness of the dishes composed of turtle in its various forms, and is more highly prized than any of the other varieties of edible turtles. Next in rank to the green turtle is the hawksbill turtle, then the loggerhead, and finally the leathery or trunk turtle. The hawksbill derives its name from the projecting hawk-like curve of the upper part of the beak. It is sought after principally for its beautiful horny plates, which constitute the tortoise-shell of commerce. It is found in the West Indies, Gulf of Mexico, Mediterranean Sea, and the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The shell plates are softened by warm water, and after they are removed from the reptile it is let go in order that it may produce a subsequent supply. The shells are then subjected to boiling water and steam until they are soft and clean, after which they are pressed between wooden blocks until they are flat. Tortoise shell possesses the peculiar property of uniting perfectly together when two pieces are thoroughly softened, heated and pressed. The scraps and clippings are also formed into solid cakes for the manufacture of ornamental articles, such as combs and other fancy articles. The shores of the Mediterranean Sea furnished large quantities to the ancient Romans, who used it to veneer the furniture and inlay the doors of their dwellings. The carapace was used as a shield, a name by which it is frequently called, and proved a very good cradle and bath-tub for children.

The leathery or trunk turtle, is the largest variety, often attaining a length of seven or eight feet, and weighing upward of a thousand pounds. This variety is also found in large numbers along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. Its shell is used for drinking-troughs, children's bath-tubs, and sometimes as a boat. It was known to the ancients, and the Greeks are supposed to have used its dried carapace and tendons to construct their musical lyres. The principal use made of the loggerhead turtle is to extract the oil, as it furnishes an excellent burning-oil. The flesh of the young is sometimes eaten, but that of the old is exceedingly tough and rank to the taste.

The green turtle is seen every day in our City in front of the prominent restaurants, being placed on exhibition previous to being cut up into steaks, or made into soup, two ways in which the flesh is generally served up. They are brought by the hundreds from the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico, where they are very abundant. The flesh is remarkably rich and delicately flavored, and the green fat enjoys a world-wide reputation, which it fully deserves. In the West Indies the smaller turtles are considered the best for culinary purposes, and one weighing between twenty and thirty pounds finds a far readier sale there than the large ones which are exported to the United States and to Europe. Toward the end of Spring they come ashore to lay their eggs in the sand of the beach, out of reach of the water. They usually select a still moonlight night, and a quiet, deserted place. By the aid of their feet, or flappers, a hole is dug about a foot deep, in which the reptile deposits its eggs, arranging them in regular order, often as many as one hundred and fifty being found in one nest after the first visit. The [illegible] visits are made with an interval of about two weeks. The eggs are covered over with sand, and left to be hatched by the heat of the sun. The turtle being cold blooded and incapable of incubation, it is necessary, to warm into action the young life lying dormant in the turtle's eggs, for them to be buried in a hot, sandy soil, where, if shaded from the rays of the sun, and the beams of the moon, the shell is broken in sixty days, and the young creatures struggle upward from their sandy prison and crawl down to the sea. From the hour of their birth, the young turtles are capable of fishing for themselves, and the armor with which nature provides them affords ample protection against the monsters of the deep. In some of the islands of the West Indies there are heavy penalties for disturbing turtles' eggs; this is done in order to keep up the supply of turtles, for as soon as the eggs are hatched the young ones make for the sea. Where no penalties are imposed the turtles have become very scarce, and when caught bring a high price. The eggs of a turtle are about the same weight as a small pullet's egg. When the turtle is cut open as many as 500 eggs are found, all perfectly round, more than one-half having a white shell over them, the others being covered with only a soft skin, and appearing of a bright yellow color. The green turtle generally feeds on the sea-moss, sometimes called turtle-grass, and its feeding grounds are easily distinguished by the practiced eye from the fact of the portions of the sea-moss which it breaks off while in the act of eating rising to the surface of the water. Sometimes they will eat crustaceans, mollusks and other aquatic animals.

In the more highly cultivated and densely peopled islands of the West Indies—such as Barbados, Trinidad and Martinique—the business of turtle-catching has considerably diminished since the freedom of the blacks, as many of the latter, having turned their attention to fishing, causing a consequent diminution in the number of turtles about the coast. But in the less numerously inhabited islands of Grenada, Tobago, St. Vincent, and especially in the little strip of coral known as Cariacou, fishing among the inhabitants, as a business, ranks second only to sugar cultivation. Here the net, stretched across the turtle's path to its favorite feeding-ground, brings in its return daily, and the fisherman seldom waits in ambush in vain for the larger specimens, which, seeking a dry spot for her eggs, climbs up the sandy beach to the underwood of the forests which border on all tropic seas. It is chiefly through coming up to the edge of the wood in this way that the larger varieties of turtles are captured. A fisherman, in his early morning walk along the beach to the point where his boat is moored, or his snares are set, observes in the sand the marks made by the fins of the turtle in her short journey to and from the wood. Following the tracks the discoverer soon reaches the exact spot where the eggs are buried, and at a glance will be able to tell whether the previous night has been the first of her coming, and this being affirmatively determined, the fisherman will, as well as he can, erase the tracks, and revisit the locality on that night to watch for her return, as she invariably makes three visits to her nest. Possibly, after hours of anxious waiting, and when the moon is low down in the horizon, promising every moment to leave him in the dark, the watcher in the underwood will have every nerve set on edge by hearing a low splashing in the shallow water near the shore, accompanied by the familiar "blowing," plainly distinguishable from the monotonous murmur and ripple of the ocean. Sure enough, in the moonlight water is the head of the turtle, now close to the shore, and in another moment, with the first ripple of the breaker that has thundered long ago over the distant reef, the marine reptile is landed, or more properly, stranded in the surf. Patiently the anxious fisherman waits, yet nervously, for the fall of a leaf or the snap of a twig would frighten back the coming prize, and take away the equivalent of a month's income. Slowly the turtle climbs up the slight incline of the shore until the sea is half a dozen yards behind her, when the fisherman rushes out of his hiding-place, puts his strong arms on the belly of the creature, and, with a push, turns her on her back, where she flounders helplessly. The fins are tied with a rope, and, with the assistance of a neighbor whom the lucky fisherman has awakened, the prize is carried through the woods and secured in the fisherman's dwelling, where it remains until beheaded and sold in parcels to the gentry of the neighborhood. Only the female species are caught in this way, but the males are often secured by the boats while fishing in deep seas far from shore, the mode of capture being by ropes, used according to circumstances. The larger species generally weigh from 150 to 250 pounds; although native fishermen affirm to have seen them far from shore of gigantic size, and so formidable as to render any attempt at capture exceedingly dangerous. The smaller kinds, varying from fifteen to 100 pounds—those less than the former weight being unfit for use—are caught by means of strong twine-nets, stretched across the beds of moss known to be favorite feeding grounds. The nets are about a hundred yards long, with the meshes a foot wide. They are kept stationary, erect and unentangled in the water by means of heavy pieces of lead placed at intervals on one side and bits of light wood and cork on the other side. There is a peculiar kind of fish often caught in the nets with the turtles, called the whipperay. Its tail is from ten to twenty feet long, having three sharp projecting bones, and is used as a lash by the fish when excited from any cause. The fishermen are often struck with this tail, while wading to the nets, and frequently receive dangerous and painful wounds, especially if one of the bones strikes the flesh, as it is sure to lacerate it.

Turtle fishing, like most other things, has its occasional humorous features. Nothing is more productive of jealousy than the remarkable success of a single individual during a season. The man that is up early to look after turtle tracks is generally the most successful; but he often pays for it watching night after night for turtles that never come, and whose supposed tracks had been neatly scooped out with an old fin by a jealous neighbor, who goes to the trouble of arising at the most unseasonable hour to "fool" his more lucky rival. The net men are also up to all sorts of tricks and dodges to annoy or get the best of their fellows. Every man is supposed to have a particular place for "pitching" his net, and should he haul it off for repairs, woe to the man who dares even a temporary occupation of the spot. Immediately a new net is bought or borrowed, and pitched outside that of the intruder, who responds by another "set" beyond the second net, and so the rivalry goes on, until every net obtainable has been brought [illegible] for half a mile out the sea is one great drift of cork "floats," and every turtle effectually blockaded away. After a week or more the nets are hauled in.

On the Mozambique coast, and in the Indian seas the remora or sucking fish is used to capture marine turtles. These fish are from one to three feet long, and possess the peculiar property of attaching themselves to large fish, turtles and other marine creatures. A number of them are taken to sea in a vessel containing water to keep them alive, and are put overboard when a turtle is seen; they have a rope fastened to the tail, and in the instinct to escape they attach themselves to the nearest turtle, which is hauled in together with the fish.

Probably no creature gives so great a yield of edible portions in ratio of gross weight as the turtle. In a turtle weighing 100 pounds, probably less than ten pounds will be actually thrown away, only the horny part of the head, the back, and the tips of the fins being unfit for use. The back of a full grown turtle is generally worth triple its weight of flesh to its owner, as it can be profitably used in manufacturing fancy articles from the transparent, scaly armor with which it is covered. The prices of turtles vary according to the locality where they are purchased. In some of the Windward Islands, where they are less plentiful, the price of the live creature is from six to eight cents a pound, according to the species, but in those parts where they can be caught at will by practiced hands, only half the prices first mentioned can be realized. Where they are caught the flesh cut up brings from ten to fourteen cents a pound, varying with the quality. The price of the shells of the turtle vary according to the quality, size and species; a good back shell is worth about $5 gold in Barbados, and at Grenada they bring nearly the same amount. Many of the vessels of the Brazil, Havana and Texas lines are in the habit of bringing turtles as a part of their cargo. They are placed on their backs, either on deck or in the hold, and are easily managed, requiring but very little attention. The vessels bring from twenty to a hundred at a time, and upon their arrival they are quickly purchased by dealers, hotel-keepers and others. They may be seen almost any day along the wharves of South-street, where the steamers come in. They can always be purchased at Fulton, Catharine and Washington Markets during the season; but the best ones are generally secured by the hotel-keepers and restaurants, who exhibit them in front of their places several days before they are cut up into steaks or soup.

Turtle soup is one of the principal dishes of a course of turtle, and is made in different ways, according to the skill and ideas of the *cuisiniers*. There are a few places in this City which have obtained a great reputation for the superior manner in which they get up turtle soup and steaks, and they receive a large amount of patronage from the gourmands and bon-vivants of New-York.

Prof. Blot, in his book on cookery, gives an excellent recipe for making turtle soup, but it will require considerable skill on the part of the maker, unless he or she is well versed in the art, to form the dish as it should be. The recipe is as follows: Cut the turtle in small dice, throw it in boiling water for two or three minutes and drain, put it in a stew-pan with onions and ham, also cut in dice, season with thyme, parsley, bay-leaf, salt, pepper, and a wine-glass of Madeira wine, or of good brandy; wet with *Espagnole* sauce or with *consommé*, set on a good fire, boil about half an hour; ten minutes before taking from the fire, chop the eggs of the turtle, after having boiled them, and put them in the stew-pan; if the turtle has none, chop, and use hard-boiled eggs instead. When done throw away parsley, thyme and bay-leaf, turn into bowls, and add a little chopped chervil, and a quarter of a rind of lemon, also chopped. Serve warm. Soup is made of terrapins, and the soft-shell variety of tortoises, also. In the cities of the Southern States bordering on the Gulf of Mexico the flesh of chicken and salt-water terrapins is much esteemed, but it is not near so delicate as that of the green turtle. In making soup for party or club dinners a turtle weighing 150 pounds is taken, cut in pieces and boiled together with the shell for twelve to fourteen hours, during which it must be continually stirred. About one hour before the soup is done the condiments or seasoning are put in.

Broadway prices for turtle soup and steaks are fifty cents for the former and seventy-five cents for the latter, but they can be obtained cheaper at the restaurants in the neighborhood of that thoroughfare, where more moderate rates are charged. At the markets they sell at the rate of twenty-two cents a pound alive, and the shell included in the weight. In London a good-sized turtle can be obtained for about ten shillings. The flesh of the turtle is often very valuable in a medicinal point of view, and often becomes an absolute necessity on board ships when the sailors have been forced to eat salt provisions until their system has become so affected that scurvy sets in, and it is only by a change of diet from salt to fresh meat that it can be eradicated.

The limits of this article have prevented a description of a large variety of turtles which are very interesting, but which are not used as food; and many stories and anecdotes might be mentioned of the traits of the various kinds. Marvelous stories have been told of the great tenacity of life the turtle exhibits under mutilation and deprivation of food. Their heads have been known to live for several hours after they were severed from the body, and the headless body will crawl on the ground for some time before its vitality is extinguished. The detached head will bite for an hour afterward, and often inflicts a serious wound. A gentleman residing in one of the islands of the West Indies, who was a confirmed skeptic on this point, caught a large turtle and invited his friends to a dinner. To show that these stories were without foundation, he requested his guests to step into the yard where the head of the large turtle was lying, apparently lifeless, with the mouth wide open. Taking a straw he put it in its mouth, but no movement was made; then, with a great show of skepticism, he thrust his forefinger in as far as he could reach, but to his surprise and disgust the mouth closed with a snap, holding his finger with a vice-like grip, and it was only by the aid of a red-hot poker that it could be disengaged. The flesh was badly lacerated, and required a great deal of care before it healed; but it served as a capital exemplification of the muscular vitality of a decapitated turtle head.

Salmon Fisheries of Oregon.

An interesting letter from Portland, Oregon, to the San Francisco *Bulletin* gives much information respecting the Salmon fisheries of the Columbia River. We quote the following figures:

"The number of salmon taken in the Columbia this season (from the 1st of April to the end of July) for canning purposes, was 170,000, weighing, when dressed, 2,700,000 pounds, making 56,250 boxes of 48 pounds each, and worth in the wholesale market $432,000. The number of salmon taken by the five curing establishments, and the considerable number of small curing establishments of these salmon on the Columbia, is 162,500, weighing, when dressed, 2,600,000, making 13,000 barrels of 200 pounds each, and worth at the average price of the last two years $117,000. This makes the total number of salmon taken in four months—the curing season—in the Lower Columbia, for canning and curing purposes, 332,500, weighing 5,300,000 pounds, and worth $549,000. This does not take into account the large number of salmon sent to the different markets on the coast for sale fresh."

The Collins Homicide.

An inquest was held by Coroner Keenan yesterday, in the case of Patrick Braniff, whose death resulted from injuries received by being struck in the neck with a pitcher by Timothy Collins during a fracas on the 29th ult. It appears that Collins was coming out of a grocery store with a pitcher containing beer in his hand. He was met by Braniff, who wanted to take a drink of the beer, to which Collins objected. A scuffle ensued, during which the pitcher was broken, and Collins, who was intoxicated, struck Braniff with the broken portion of the pitcher, causing the injuries which resulted in death a few days ago at Bellevue Hospital. Several persons who witnessed the occurrence were examined, and upon the testimony given the jury rendered a verdict against Collins, and he was committed to the Tombs to await the action of the Grand Jury.

ACROSS GERMANY.

I had rather have been anything than the steward on board the Harwich-Rotterdam boat the night we crossed. He was a small, harassed-looking individual, with unhealthy pink cheeks and hurried, unfinished manner. The steamer (why they always make these short-passage steamers as small instead of as large as possible, I never could understand) was packed like a cattle-van—most of the passengers on the cabin floor. It rained miserably all the way, and was very rough. My bed was a restless sofa-cushion in the extreme stern. I trust I may not soon hear such sounds as broke upon that sleepless night. Such unholy coughs, such ghastly sneezes, such blood-curdling rattlings in the throat! Amid it all toiled indefatigably the pink-cheeked little steward, picking his way with deft rapidity, bearing grisly burdens, answering insane questions. I wonder what he gets for it all! Precious little, I fancy; and I solemnly believe I was the only individual on board who gave him a shilling to insure attention at supper. He brought me the best cut of beef, and the choicest bottle of ale; and had I been sick, would no doubt have cared for me like a brother, and all because of a shilling. He must have been originally a good man, but his experience would subvert the profoundest faith in human nature. I remember, as morning broke, in a thick fog, the steamer slacked up.

"Hello, steward!" (He was hard at work, coming and going, all the time.) "What are we stopping for?" "Take soundings, Sir." "Take what?" "Soundings, Sir." "What sound?" "Find depth of the water, Sir." "Oh! Are we on the bar?" "We don't know, Sir." "Is land in sight?" "No, Sir." "Where are we?" "Don't know, Sir." "When we're over the bar we shall be near the river, shan't we?" "We shall be in it when we're over the bar, Sir," &c., &c., and all over again, *da capo*. It was just the same way down in the ladies' cabin. All were sick, unmanageable and insanely interrogative, and Hypatia told me that when she presented some scraps of silver to the respectable and elderly stewardess, that lady confided to her that not one of the Gorgons and harpies who had made her their victims during the night had remembered her with a single sixpence. These English and Germans leave their souls behind them on their travels, if at no other time.

Before going to bed I fell into conversation with a young English tourist of the second class—a sixth-form boy, I imagine. He was attired in an oil-cloth overcoat and small cap. His face was impudent, shallow and half-smiling. He accepted a cigar from me, and then ordered brandy and water, which we drank sitting on deck in the rain, partly protected by the smoke-stack and the Captain's bridge. "New-York," he admitted, "was a way in front of us!"—meaning England; and it was astonishing how little he knew about the matter. He declined a second cigar, and, as we left the harbor and entered upon the open sea, disappeared hastily and disjointedly down the companion-way.

An hour or so before our arrival at Rotterdam, while we were passing the low, flat banks of Holland, interlaced with numberless canals, and characterized by wet wind-mills briskly swinging their broad arms, a boat appeared with a harsh-featured gentleman, in a laced cap and gold buttons, professionally severe of demeanor—the Custom-house officer. He climbed the ladder with a snap, and descended with frowning rigidity to the deck; no smile durst appear anywhere near him. He entered the cabin and sternly busied himself over some papers there; very absorbed and displeased he looked, and, when spoken to, was short and snubby in his answers. The language he used was a rapid and incomprehensible mutilation of English. When the examination of the luggage began, many of the passengers approached this dignitary with a servile and cringing manner, evidently supposing that to promote good feeling was half the battle. It was easy to see that the man was not deceived by this suavity, and yet I am inclined to think he liked it; and that the suave gentlemen profited quite as much by it as if it had been accepted as the genuine article. But he had a row with the Captain, a dauntless, imperturbable and quietly scornful Englishman, which showed him in quite another light. He hastened to and fro with rapid and feverish steps, talking sharply and overbearingly, evidently relying chiefly on bluster to gain his point—the moving of the luggage to a different part of the deck. "It must be moved here—it is my orders—No! I cannot have it there—that won't do me—here, I say!" It was no use; the Captain, leaning on his elbows over the railing of his bridge, smilingly omitted to give any orders; if he wanted it done, he must do it himself. He quieted down at last, and was more complaisant, not only to the Captain, but to every one else thereafter.

It is a dirty business, after all, this over-hauling trunks. Men ought not to be forced into it. They may talk about their "orders," poor fellows! but, depend upon it, they feel more or less ashamed of themselves. It must degrade their self-respect. An examining machine should be invented; a human being always appears like a highway robber, all the more offensive because legalized.

But now about the family life of these rigid officials! Have they families like common men? And home affections? For my part, I shouldn't be surprised if Mein Herr Officer came home after a hard day's work, tired, ashamed, harassed, and threw off his stiff cap, unbuttoned those tight brass buttons, and sank down into a chair: "Gretchen, dear wife, here come; so, a kiss! Little Johanna, where are, then, the old slippers? See, we have supper soon; it cooks already! And Hans, son, thou wilt bring my pipe, yes? Na; now is it happy!" He becomes a homely, simple, fatherly, husbandly creature. The worry and empty dignity of office is laid aside. With a thankful heart sinks he—or rises—to his true position among his fellows. What an arid, harsh, unsatisfactory, tiresome thing this office-holding is! How did kindly mankind ever come to endure it?

My brother-in-law, who is great at finding out people who speak English, had, almost before he came within speaking distance, made the acquaintance and secured the services of a commissionaire—a young gentleman of low stature, subservient demeanor and neat attire; manners rather cut after the pattern in the etiquette-book, than instilled by long familiarity with the best society. The Matron and Hypatia—very pale and weak and fractious—were assisted over the gang-plank, and into carriages, preceded and followed by the luggage, numberless porters, Simpson, the etiquette-book, and myself; and so we drove over a spotless brick pavement, along a canal filled with canal-boats and barges, with every once in a while an enormous windmill going up beyond the ken of the carriage windows. Everything in Rotterdam—the pavements, the sidewalks, the houses, the windmills, the walls—all are constructed with this yellow brick, about half the breadth of the American, and not so long, and it is washed so much as to look faded and bloodless; you feel uncomfortable; look around for a place to drop your cigar ashes, and don't find it; would like to wipe your feet, but see no place dirty enough. And the people are quite as bad; the lowest order of peasants are immaculate in their attire; clean linen, calico, and whatever else. I wish, by the way, I had the pencil of a Dow, wherewith to depict the head-dress of a Dutch Frau; the long spiral antennæ, of gold or brass, projecting far out beyond the temples; the metal caps, covering the lower part of the head, and carried forward to the ears; the indescribable havelocks, streamers and attachments. And then everybody clatters upon enormous—enormous wooden shoes, eighteen inches long, some of them, and six or seven inches high, with peaked toes turning up, and instead of being blacked, they are whitened. I should like to see a Dutch boot-black—boot-white, rather.

By this time we are arrived at the Hotel Leygraaf. A great deal of the character of a people seems to me to be contained in the names one sees written up on the signs in the street. The Dutch language is in a manner primitive; they don't stint their vowels, but let them string out as they will. "Stoombootvaart," greeted us upon landing. "Hout Laan" turns the corner of our hotel. When they have got started on one vowel, they prefer repeating it to hunting up a new one.

Our waiter was a man of character; something very different from the white neck-tied respectability of our English friends. He was a Hollander, but not like the traditional one we see in pictures, setting on two chairs and half asleep over a pipe. This man was neither tall nor stout; his manner was quick and vehemently accented. Eyes always wide open, as if the lids were anxious to avoid the society of the pupil. He wore small whiskers, walked jerkily upright and dressed neither in the traditional swallow-tail nor historical short-jacket, but just as if he were an everyday man. He took a flattering interest in us, cross-examining us in a most searching manner; breaking unexpectedly into the room and conversation with loud and abrupt remarks upon foreign subjects. His medium of communication was a not wholly execrable lingo which he called English, and which was much better than another, which he told us was German. He began in one and glided into the other, except that he always addressed Hypatia in English, having formed an idea that she could understand nothing else. Hypatia, who, in reality, is the best linguist of the party, was very naturally indignant at this, and threw German at him at every opportunity; but he was not to be moved. He often came in with something to sell—a piece of soap, a bunch of cigars, a silver-plated cup; mentioned indifferently that a friend of his, a tradesman, had requested him to exhibit it; praised it in a disinterested manner, and then, with masterly inactivity, left it for us to reflect upon. He was a man of weight, evidently; a family man; in fact, he confided to us that during nine years of wedlock he had suffered from eight attacks of children, four of which, however, he had happily recovered from.

I am aware that this waiter will not take us across Germany. Where shall I put the description of the windmills, the dykes, the canals, the bridges, the dinners, (of twenty-two full courses,) the beautiful rural houses, the astonishing luxuriance of foliage, the big three-masted vessels appearing in the green midst of inland meadows? That waiter, with his energetic manners, has pushed himself in front of it all—has stood in the way of his own native city.

"The best thing we can do," said the matron, looking over her spectacles, "will be to go through direct to Dresden. Now, mark my words."

BELLEROPHON.

MILITARY GOSSIP.

The Twenty-second Regiment N. G. have had another day's rifle practice at their regimental range, Clifton, N. J. The assembly was at 8 o'clock A. M. at the armory, whence about 250 men marched to the Erie Depot via Twenty-third-street Ferry, where a special train was in waiting to convey them to the ground. The firing began about noon, four companies firing at the same time, and continued without cessation till 6½ in the evening, when the men were marched back to the depot and returned to this City, arriving about 8 o'clock. The ranges were 100, 200 and 400 yards, three shots at each range per man. Some of the companies, however, had only time to fire one shot at the long range. This does not affect the merit of the scores much, for, even had all fired equally, it could not have altered the positions of the respective companies. Lieut.-Col. [illegible], of the Seventy-first Regiment N. G., and Col. Braine, of the Ninth Regiment N. G. were present during the day's proceedings. The following is the aggregate score of the best ten men in each company, and the highest individual scores. Drum-Major Strube, of the Staff Corps, made 21 points.

	Total aggregate points.
F Company	171
D Company	132
G Company	132
C Company	128
E Company	124
H Company	124
A Company	122
I Company	111
B Company	112

	100 Yards	200 Yards	400 Yards	Total.
Private Carmichael, E Company	9	7	5	21
Private Hicks, D Company	12	7	0	19
Corporal Owens, G Company	8	9	0	17
Private Johnston, C Company	9	7	2	18
Private Leslie, E Company	8	7	4	19
Corporal Phelps, H Company	8	8	0	16
Private Barry, A Company	10	10	0	20
Lieut. Horsfall, I Company	10	4	0	14
Private Jordon, B Company	9	5	2	16

In consequence of the heat of the weather there appears to be a complete stagnation among the National Guard in general, and but little news of public interest can be gathered.

The Adjutants of the City regiments are requested to send to the editor of this department all general orders as soon as issued, and all news of interest.

The veterans of the war of 1812-'14 are to have a grand civic and military excursion and picnic on Monday, Aug. 26, to Myer's Grove, Staten Island. The steamer Norwalk and two large barges are engaged for the occasion. As several of the regiments of National Guard and a large number of military men have promised their assistance, it is expected that the picnic will be a success. The Sixth Regiment National Guard Band is to be in attendance. One barge will leave the foot of Leroy-street at 9½ A. M., and the other from the foot of Broome-street, East River, at 7¾ A. M.

An artillery contest is announced to take place at Cape May, to-morrow, between the Keystone Battery, of Philadelphia, and Battery B, of Camden, N. J. The distance is to be one mile, and the target about twenty feet square. Each battery is to fire twelve shots, and to have the selection of two judges, the four to choose a referee. The contest is causing great excitement among the friends of both sides.

The rumored report of the resignation of so many officers belonging to the Ninth Regiment, N. G., is said to be premature, and hopes are entertained that Col. Braine will be able to retain them in the service.

The following is taken from an Albany paper, and speaks for itself: "It having been currently reported that Gen. Jones, Postmaster at New-York, was in possession of a fund that had been raised for the erection of a monument to the late Col. Ellsworth, the Secretary of the Forty-fourth Ellsworth Regiment Veteran Association, Mr. Charles H. Zeilman, communicated with the General on the subject, and received the following answer:

POST-OFFICE, NEW-YORK, Aug. 16, 1872.

To Charles H. Zeilman, Esq., Albany, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR—In reply to your letter of the 8th inst., relative to funds subscribed toward the erection of a monument to Col. Ellsworth, Gen. Jones directs me to say that he knows nothing of the matter beyond the statements contained in the papers. The former Postmaster of this City, Mr. Kelly, may have had charge of moneys for the purpose mentioned, but if so, it must have been in a private and not an official way, as no account to the credit of such a fund appears on the books of this office, nor has any part of that fund ever been in Gen. Jones' hands.

Very respectfully,

DANIEL GANO GILLETTE, Secretary.

The annual "target shoot" of the National Guard located in Rochester, N. Y., was announced to take place on Thursday last, at Avon, N. Y., and Gen. Clark issued an order for all his staff officers (of the Twenty-fifth Brigade) to be in attendance in fatigue uniform.

Adjutant George A. Begg, of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, N. G., has been elected Major of the Regiment, the choice apparently giving great satisfaction to the command.

Capt. Michael Beahan, formerly of the Eighth Regiment, New-Jersey Volunteers, and afterward Sergeant in the Newark Police, died in St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, on Sunday afternoon last, of brain fever, the result of wounds received while in the service of his country.

The seventh annual reunion of the Tenth Vermont Regimental Association will be held at the Van Ness House, Burlington, Vt., on Thursday, Sept. 5. The business meeting will be held at Grand Army Republic Hall at 5 P. M., and the dinner will take place at 9 o'clock. The arrangements are under the charge of the Executive Committee, consisting of W. W. Henry, A. W. Fuller and Geo. F. Skiff.

At a recent meeting of the Ellsworth Zouaves, held at their new head-quarters on the corner of Madison-street and Fifth-avenue, Chicago, Ill., the following officers were elected: First Lieutenant, J. C. Cochran; Second Lieutenant, J. S. Fontelroy; Orderly Sergeant, H. B. Maxwell; Treasurer, C. J. Thorp. After some items of business of no public interest were attended to, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Color Sergt. G. C. Hayman, on the 9th of October, 1871, at great personal peril saved the colors of the Ellsworth Zouaves from destruction by the great conflagration in which the greater portion of the City of Chicago was destroyed; therefore be it

Resolved, That the heroism of Sergt. Hayman deserves our most sincere thanks, and, as a token of our appreciation of his services, that the President of the company present him with a Sergeant's sword and belt at the expense of the company, and that the Secretary cause a copy hereof to be engrossed and certify the same to Sergt. Hayman.

Statistics for the Week.

Seventeen hundred and eighty-four arrests were made by the Police last week.

During last week there were reported 721 deaths, [illegible] births and 163 marriages, showing an increase of 107 over the deaths of the preceding week. There but 4 deaths from small-pox, and only 2 cases of that disease reported during the week.

Fire-Marshal McSpedon reports 20 fires for the week ending at noon, yesterday. The estimated loss is $8,340. Amount of insurance, $21,200. The principal causes of the fires were as follows: Carelessness, 6; children playing with fire, 1; explosion of chemicals, 1; gas-pipes leaking, 2; kerosene lamps, 2; malicious mischief, 1; spontaneous combustion, 2; superheated steam, 1.

A BOND ROBBERY.

Clever Arrests by the Detectives—The Notorious Spence Pettus in Custody—Recovery of the Bonds.

Some weeks ago an adroit sneak thief entered the office of R. J. Baldwin, cashier of the First National bank, at Minneapolis, Minn., and walked off with $16,000 worth of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad real estate and loan bonds, and $2,000 in seven per cent. bonds of the City of Minneapolis, with which he made good his escape. All the subsequent efforts to trace the thief and the bonds proved futile, until on the 15th inst. Mr. Baldwin learned through a banking firm in Minneapolis that a number of bonds of the same description as those stolen, and of the same amount, viz., $16,000, had been offered for sale to the firm of Merrill, Tilney & Co., bankers, of No. 11 Wall-street, in this City. Convinced that these were the identical bonds stolen from the bank, Mr. Baldwin telegraphed to Mr. J. L. Worth, Cashier of the National Park Bank, of this City, requesting him to use his best endeavors to obtain possession of the bonds and secure the arrest of the parties who were offering them for sale. In the absence of Mr. Worth, who was out of town, Mr. Wm. K. Kitchen, the President of the bank, took prompt action in the matter. He at once sent for Capt. Thomas Sampson, the well-known Wall-street detective, and placed the matter in his hands. Capt. Sampson went to the office of Merrill, Tilney & Co. and inquired if they were negotiating for the purchase of $16,000 in St. Paul and Pacific Railroad bonds, and received an affirmative reply. He was also informed that the bonds had been offered for sale at their establishment, and they had offered sixty for them, but Jay Cooke had offered sixty-one, and a broker named Jessup had offered sixty-one and a half. Sampson, who pretended that he was very anxious to purchase the bonds as an investment, said he would give 62, and desired to see the bonds. In compliance with his request, Mr. Dougherty, one of the attachés of Messrs. Merrill, Tilney & Co., went with him to the office of Messrs. Aufenger & Ehrenreich, brokers, at No. 23 Pine-street, and had an interview with Mr. Cady Aufenger, who stated that the bonds had been placed in his hands by Dr. Andrew J. Park, a railroad contractor, at No. 52 Broadway, for sale. Sampson said that he was anxious to invest, and asked to see the bonds. Two of the bonds, of the denomination of $500 and $500 each, were shown him, and he became satisfied that these were the bonds he was in search of. He, therefore, with a view of obtaining possession of all the bonds, took Mr. Aufenger into his confidence, told him who he was and what he was looking for, and Mr. Aufenger cheerfully volunteered to give the detective all the assistance in his power. It was agreed between them that the whole of the bonds should be in Aufenger's possession at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon, at which time Sampson called on Mr. Aufenger and took possession of the bonds to the amount of $16,000. He immediately telegraphed to Mr. Baldwin, the cashier of the Minneapolis Bank, that he had possession of the bonds, and asking for the numbers of the stolen bonds, so that they might be identified. He received an answer that the numbers would be sent on as soon as they could be obtained, and in the meantime he was requested to hold on to the bonds, and they would send for the proof. On receiving this answer, Sampson placed the bonds in the hands of Mr. Smith, President of the Board of Police, for safe keeping.

Having secured the bonds, steps were taken to capture those concerned in placing them upon the market. Yesterday morning Capt. Sampson paid a visit to the office of Dr. Park, and found him in. He made known his business, and at once placed the doctor under arrest. The latter took the matter with great nonchalance, and so quietly was the arrest effected, that no person in the building, which is crowded with tenants, was aware of the fact. On his way to Police Head-quarters, Sampson asked the doctor how he explained having possession of the bonds. "Well," said the doctor, "I suppose you know Spence Pettus." "Oh, yes," replied Sampson, "I know him quite well." "Well," returned the doctor, "I got the bonds from him to sell for him. I was only acting as his agent in the matter." This was rather startling intelligence to the detective, who saw in a moment that Pettus must be arrested at all hazards. Dr. Park was locked up at Police Head-quarters. Capt. Sampson and Capt. Jas. Irving, of the Central Detective Office, put their heads together to devise means for the capture of the notorious Pettus. At noon yesterday they started in a coach from the Central Office, and drove to within a short distance of No. 52 Broadway, the building in which Dr. Park has an office. They dismissed the hack and set a watch on the building, judging that Pettus would not be far away from his confederate's haunts. While they were engaged in their watch Capt. Irving suddenly discovered that they were being watched in turn by one "Steve" Gordon, who claims to be a private detective, but who is described as a "pirate" by Sampson. A bright idea occurred to Capt. Irving, and he remarked to his colleague, "Watch Gordon and we will get Pettus." This suggestion was followed, and Gordon was closely watched until he had disappeared into the building No. 52 Broadway. Capt. Sampson was close at his heels and went upstairs after him, while Capt. Irving stood guard at the door. On reaching the second floor Sampson descried a back staircase, and on peering down perceived Pettus in close conversation with Gordon. Thus Capt. Irving's prediction was fully verified. Pettus was arrested and placed in charge of Capt. Irving, who locked him up at Police Head-quarters. He denies all knowledge of the bonds, and disclaims any transaction with Dr. Park. Pettus is the most notorious, and, probably, the most skillful forger in the country. He has been in the hands of the Police a great number of times. It is stated by Sampson that this is not the first transaction of a similar nature in which Park has been engaged. Some months ago $9,000 worth of Thibaux and Neosho Railroad bonds were stolen from the office of the Union Trust Company, and were subsequently offered to the Company as collateral for a loan by a reputable firm in this City. The Trust Company retained possession of their bonds, and employed Capt. Sampson to trace them to the first holder. He found that they had been in the possession of Martin Maas & Co., who had purchased them from Albert E. Hachfield, of No. 28 Pine-street, who had bought them from a broker named Ed. Parkman. The latter had bought them from the American Seal Lock Company, No. 744 Broadway, who had purchased them from N. O. Warner. Warner had bought them from Dr. Park, who at that time stated that he had bought them from a Mr. Bailey, of Canada West. On being asked yesterday where he had obtained the bonds referred to he said he got them from Spence Pettus.

The prisoners are locked up at Police Head-quarters, and will be held under commitment from a Police Magistrate until the owners of the bonds arrive from the West. The case is one of the best that has been in the hands of the detectives for some time past. Who stole the bonds is not at present known, but having succeeded thus far, the detectives will not relax their exertions until they capture the thief, if they have him not already in custody in the person of Pettus. The Minneapolis City bonds, stolen at the same time, are still missing and no trace of them has yet been obtained.

The Bezirks Turnfest.

The Turnfest of the New-York Turn District will commence at the Turn Hall, in Fourth-street, to-day, and will be continued at Jones' Wood to-morrow. A procession will be formed this morning at the hall jointly with the Saengerbund societies. There will be prize fencing and prize turning at the hall this afternoon, and a concert in the evening. To-morrow, a parade and picnic will take place at Jones' Wood. The exercises include a continuation of the prize fencing, prize shooting by the Turner Schuetzen, military evolutions by the Turner Cadets, and a distribution of prizes at the close of the festival. Last evening, a reception of visiting Turner delegations took place at the Turn Hall.

Surrogate's Court, Kings County—Wills Proved Last Week.

The following wills were admitted to probate during the past week in the Surrogate's Court of Kings County: Mary McPherson, of New-Lots; Francis G. Blanchard, Patrick McGovern, Chas. Wood, Johann G. Mannhardt, Hannah Thompson, Heuricus M. Harms, Mary Ann Riel, Benjamin Searls, Elizabeth E. Seaman, Margaret Brooman, John Malone, Emma C. Graeve, John Collins and Wm. Jones, all of the City of Brooklyn.

New Depot in Albany.

The Albany *Express* of Saturday, says that work is steadily proceeding on the New-York Central and Hudson River railroad depot in that city. The timbers for the first floor have all been laid, and the foundation and cellar completed. The water table has been laid, and the iron columns and girders are being placed in position. Everything is in readiness to proceed with the brickwork of the first story on Monday, when the force of thirty men now employed, will be increased to 100. The depot section alone will require over 440 tons of cut stone dressings and ornaments, some of the pieces weighing at least five tons. In the cellar over 100,000 bricks were used in piers for the support of the iron columns.

Singular Recovery from Sun-Stroke.

From the Worcester (Mass.) Gazette, Aug. 16.

Mr. Wm. H. Douglas, a freight conductor on the Providence and Worcester Railroad, was recently prostrated by the extreme heat, while on his train. When found by one of his brakemen he had his head and shoulders hanging between two cars. When taken home, he was to all appearance dead, his face being as black as the stove. Dr. Clarence L. Gardner being called, worked on him for three hours before he regained his reason. When he did recover he had been twenty-four hours unconscious, and in twenty-four hours more was able to attend to his business.

The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, AUG. 18, 1872.

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

OF ILLINOIS.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

HENRY WILSON,

OF MASSACHUSETTS.

"Gen. Grant never has been defeated, and he never will be."—HORACE GREELEY.

"While asserting the right of every Republican to his untrammeled choice of a candidate for next President until a nomination is made, I venture to suggest that Gen. Grant will be far better qualified for that momentous trust in 1872 than he was in 1868."—HORACE GREELEY, *Speech on 5th January, 1871.*

The New-York Times.

DAILY, WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.

This journal is now thoroughly identified with the greatest political necessity of the hour—uncompromising warfare against all forms of corruption, whether in national or local government. For years past the TIMES has been exposing the demoralizing schemes of self-interested politicians, and its recent warfare upon the Tammany Democrats has been received with universal approval. It has adhered to the pledge given in its original prospectus, more than twenty years ago, that the public should be truly represented, and their interests faithfully guarded through its columns. Its record has been pure and honorable, and the highest aim of its proprietors is to render it more and more worthy of its past history, and of the confidence which the public repose in it. Two out of three of the original proprietors still direct its policy, and guide it on all public questions. They purpose that the TIMES shall continue to keep clear of all narrow and unworthy influences and cliques, and aim to represent the great body of the public, as distinguished from personal factions. It occupies a perfectly independent position, and is free to speak the truth on all subjects and about all men. Its greatly increased circulation throughout the country adds to its power and influence. It will continue to be a faithful exponent of Republican principles, recognizing the claims of American industry in adjusting the sources of revenue; and it will advocate with untiring energy every cause which tends to further the welfare of the people.

CAMPAIGN EDITION.

During the ensuing Presidential Canvass, we shall publish a SPECIAL WEEKLY EDITION for the convenience of those who desire the latest and most trustworthy political intelligence.

The CAMPAIGN EDITION of the NEW-YORK TIMES will be furnished to mail subscribers, for six months, for the sum of FIFTY CENTS. All copies sent to the same Post-office to be mailed to one address.

A very full summary of news, and many general articles of great interest, are published in the Semi-weekly editions; and in the Weekly edition there is an unabridged report of the proceedings at the Farmers' Club, an excellent summary of political information, and a great variety of matter suitable for family reading.

The NEW-YORK TIMES is pre-eminently a family paper, all objectionable advertisements being rigidly excluded; and it has a constantly increasing circulation among the most respectable classes of the community.

TERMS TO MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.

The DAILY TIMES, per annum, including the Sunday edition	$12
The DAILY TIMES, per annum, exclusive of the Sunday Edition	10
The Sunday Edition, per annum	2
The EUROPEAN EDITION, per annum, postage extra	2

SPECIAL RATES FOR THE WEEKLY AND SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES FOR 1872.

The WEEKLY TIMES, per annum	$1 00
The SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES, per annum	2 00

Subscriptions to either of our editions, except the Weekly, received for a less length of time than one year at the yearly rate.

The SEMI-WEEKLY and WEEKLY mailed one year to clergymen at the lowest rates.

These prices are invariable. Remit in drafts on New-York or Post-office Money Orders if possible, and where neither of these can be procured send the money in a registered letter.

Terms, cash in advance.

THE NEW-YORK TIMES.
New-York City.

To Advertisers.

☞ For the accommodation of up-town residents, advertisements for insertion in the TIMES will be received at No. 54 West 32d-st., junction of Broadway and 6th-av.; No. 308 West 23d-st., opposite Grand Opera-house, and No. 1,241 Broadway, between 30th and 31st sts., at same rates as are charged at office of publication.

☞ The NEW-YORK TIMES has opened a branch office in Brooklyn at No. 111 Fulton-st., junction of Fulton and Main, where advertisements will be received until 5 P. M.

The startling regularity with which the death-rate of New-York City follows the changes of the thermometer, furnishes a very forcible comment upon the overcrowded condition of the dwellings of the poor, and demonstrates the necessity for some radical reform in this matter. Last week the mean temperature of the City rose from 72.9°—that of the preceding week—to 79.3°, while the number of deaths rose from 645 to 753. That is to say, an average rise of seven degrees in the temperature at this season, means a rise from a mortality of 34.3 per 1,000 per annum, to a mortality of 40 per 1,000. It is not a very comfortable reflection to bear in mind that every degree which the thermometer records above the mean temperature of 70°, costs in one week the lives of fifteen persons. It is only, however, by keeping such facts in view that we can adequately realise how much remains to be done in this City to fulfill the most ordinary requirements of public health.

The twelfth of the series of picnics provided for by the Children's Fund came off yesterday. Eight hundred and thirty-eight children, collected by our deputy superintendents from a section of up-town shanties and tenements, were taken to Oriental Grove, and were treated to a day of healthy and whole-hearted enjoyment. The work of sick relief is being prosecuted with an amount of systematic activity which is producing the most salutary results. We believe that we are within the mark in stating that sixty per cent. of the large death-rate of last week is due to the deaths of children under five years of age. It will be seen that the field open to our corps of visitors and physicians is still a very extensive one. The heightened temperature makes a new demand upon the resources of the charity which we have undertaken to administer, and we shall see that all possible efforts are made to alleviate the increasing cases of distress among the children of the poor.

The Professor of Journalism has found a new epithet to apply to people who refuse to sit still and allow themselves to be lied about in the paper which he is supposed to direct. Gen. BARLOW is accused of "gross discourtesy" because he ventured to say that the *Tribune* had published statements about the Ring suits being compromised, without taking any notice of his emphatic denial of these statements, which was then in the possession of the *Tribune*. The way in which FENTON's pupil tries to wriggle out of the plain issue of fact to which Gen. BARLOW has pinned him may be studied with advantage by all little boys who have already mastered the Professor's Ethics of Journalism. The *Tribune* reporter was sent, it appears, to inquire of Gen. BARLOW about the alleged compromise of the Sweeny suits. We have the word of the Attorney-General for it that he told this person precisely what he communicated to the TIMES of Friday, viz.: that there would be no compromise or withdrawal of *any* of the suits during his term of office. Assuming that the *Tribune* man was not an absolute idiot, he doubtless told what he had learned. Yet, after deliberately suppressing information that would have interfered with certain sneaking insinuations which it was thought desirable to publish, FENTON's young man has the marvelous impudence to ask the public to believe him in preference to Gen. BARLOW, and continues to talk as glibly about truth and fairness as if he had not long forgotten the meaning of either.

If Superintendent KELSO can spare the time from his arduous political labors, he might profitably employ himself in devising some means for preserving the decency, to say nothing of the morality of the City, by abolishing the concert saloons which now disgrace Broadway. We are aware of the claim that the law is powerless to close these moral cess-pools, but we are also aware that by proper Police supervision they can be made less obtrusive and dangerous than they are. So long as they are permitted to blazon their iniquity as they do and have done for months past, the Police Superintendent must rest under grave suspicion. Lesser evils of the same character have been abated by the same legal machinery which could be used against these, and Mr. KELSO must not plead defective laws for allowing our most public thoroughfare to disgrace us in this way.

The trial by impeachment of GEORGE G. BARNARD was opened on July 17 and will certainly not close before Aug. 19. The strength of the case which has been presented against BARNARD has been generally admitted, and the ability with which counsel for the prosecution have marshaled all the points of a highly-complicated mass of evidence in one clear and comprehensive indictment against the unjust Judge, has at once added to their professional distinction, and earned for them a lasting claim upon public gratitude. It would be esteemed a highly-unsatisfactory termination of this protracted and momentous trial, if BARNARD were merely to be removed. Unlike the English practice, our law allows no penal consequences to follow a trial by impeachment, but it is of the very essence of such an ordeal that the man who is found guilty by it should be forever deprived of the chance of again betraying the highest trust which his fellow-citizens can confide to him. Disqualification is the natural accompaniment of removal in a case like this, and, after that, it is for those whom BARNARD has wronged, in purse or person, to apply to the criminal Courts for his appropriate punishment.

What Would a Democratic Victory Mean?

We pointed out recently the fact that if a Democratic victory were in itself a dangerous thing, the country could not hope to be protected from its consequences by the fact that the Senate was now Republican. It would seem almost useless to notice a plea so ridiculous as the one here answered. It amounts to this, that it is only safe to give Democrats power when they cannot use it, which suggests the question, why give them power at all? If a Republican Senate must be kept as a safeguard against a Democratic President, why not make the safeguard perfect by omitting the election of a Democrat to the Presidency?

In point of fact, if the Democratic Party can win the Presidency this year, the Congressional majority will soon follow. It is of the essence of a republican form of government that when the people deliberately adopt the candidates and policy of a national party at an election for a national Executive, it will trust the same party in the Legislature also. Parties, in truth, are not individuals appealing to an impartial body of judges. They may seem so, and many of our customs and phrases support the illusion, but a party which can elect a President by any considerable majority is, for the time being, the people, and can just as readily elect its candidates in the representative branches. There are some checks in the case of the Senate, but they are too slight to resist or modify a real change in the popular sentiment.

When the people decide between the two parties at the approaching election, it will not be a halting or partial decision. They will not determine to cut up the Government and give one portion to the Democrats and another to the Republicans. They will decide either to retain the present ruling party in substantial possession of the whole Government, or to give it over to the Democrats. Nor will they be deceived into making a decision in favor of the Democrats by the flimsy plea, put forward by Mr. GREELEY, that they are no longer Democrats, but a newly-discovered and perfectly harmless species of Republicans. If the people propose to trust the Republicans with the Government, they will give it to these concerning whose identity there is no question, and whose policy can be distinctly placed from definite achievements in the past. On the other hand, if the people make up their minds to join the Democrats, it will not be because Democrats are masquerading in Republican costumes, but because the people really want done what the Democrats are believed ready to do—that is, to stop the work of progress, and bring things back as nearly as possible to where they were under the "white man's Government."

What we must consider, then, in endeavoring to come to a conclusion as to which party ought to rule, is the object which the controlling portion of each party really desires. If, for instance, the Republican Party desires to make the rights of an American citizen the same in theory and practice in Mississippi as in Massachusetts, then that end will be served by a vote for the Republican Party, and the fact that the Constitution does not specify the exact means by which it shall be reached, will make no difference. On the contrary, if the Democratic Party is actually willing to see the negroes remanded to the practical control of their old masters, if it is willing to see the votes of blacks made of no value, or subjected to the dictation of the whites, a vote for Democracy will serve that end, and it will make very little difference that equal suffrage is sustained by the Constitution. The same statements are true concerning pensions to rebel soldiers and compensation for slave property. The mere letter of the Constitution could not withstand the settled purpose of a great party, if placed and continued in possession of the Government.

All this petty shuffling about the degree of mischief of which the Democratic Party would be capable, if once it were firmly lodged at Washington, is but another illustration of the essentially dangerous character of that Party. The leaders of it, and especially its journalists, are quite conscious that the people justly distrust it. If they felt that they had a sound policy to enforce, and safe and wholesome principles to apply, is it supposable that they would continually fall into the deprecatory and apologetic tone they adopt? The truth is that nearly all which Democrats honestly and earnestly believe, is obnoxious to the American people, and the life of their advocates is necessarily spent in trying to make the people think that the objectionable opinions have been abandoned. But the people are not readily deceived on such points. The Democrats have not in times past done so little, or done it so secretly that their deeds and motives are not now known of all men.

"The Reform Campaign."

The Greeley party claims to be the party of reform. Will some of its organs explain what reforms the party expects to undertake, if it should turn out to be in the majority? It talks bravely of civil service reform, but who are its reformers? Are they FENTON and JOHN COCHRANE, or the Tammany leaders? Is Mr. GREELEY himself among them? If so, will they point out what practical measures for removing or preventing abuses these gentlemen have originated or conspicuously advocated? Mr. FENTON, it is true, is the author of a bill to abolish moieties to informers in the Customs and internal revenue service. It is an excellent idea, but it is not Mr. FENTON's. The Senator borrowed it from the President's Message, and having taken possession of the subject in the Senate by producing his bill, dropped it, and could never be induced to press it. Perhaps when it had given him the opportunity of airing his secretary's eloquence on political matters, he thought it had served its full purpose.

Mr. GREELEY has just one idea as to civil service reform—it is that a President should serve but one term. This is a crude and superficial notion, like most of Mr. GREELEY's. It barely touches the outside of the difficulty, and aims only at that portion of the evils of the service which spring from a President's efforts to get himself re-elected. But these bear no proportion to those which flow from the general idea that offices are party property, to be distributed among party leaders and party followers. Evils from this source, it is easy to see, are permanent, and continue to increase whether the President aims at re-election or not. Ambitious persons like J. F. BAILEY, for instance, would always be using their influence over impressible politicians like Mr. GREELEY, to get a chance to plunder the Treasury, entirely independent of the purposes of the Executive; and such knaves, also, could always make combinations with other knaves, like FENTON, solely with reference to each other's schemes, and without any connection, direct or indirect, with the President. The one-term theory, therefore, is insufficient. It is one of the peculiarities of Mr. GREELEY to fix his intellect on one idea, and to make up by the intensity of his contemplation for the insignificance of the idea itself. But this trait, however well it may fit him for solving the mysteries of turnip raising, or the more elevated question of the degree of crossing admissible for the breed of short-horn cows, does not constitute him a competent guide in the reform of our civil service.

But perhaps we shall be told that the reliance of the new party in its promised work of reform is upon its Democratic members. We admit they have one qualification for the work in a degree unattainable by others. They know all the abuses of which political patronage is susceptible, and can tell, with unerring instinct, whether a proposed measure is likely to be effective. But here the qualifications of the Democratic Party for the task of reform come to an abrupt end. The party has not the remotest desire to see reform accomplished. Every idea it entertains on the subject is in mortal conflict with the idea of reform. It believes in patronage, and believes in it with a fervor and frankness never equaled by any other political organization. To expect it to originate, or even to acquiesce in, a genuine reform of the civil service, would be to ask it to commit suicide—not merely to surrender its consistency, the things it is pleased to call its principles, but to part with the only inducement strong enough to make it act.

What, then, is the basis of the hubbub about reform which the Greeley organs are continually keeping up? It has no basis. It is simply a piece of political humbug. Seeing that the work of real reform, as carried on in New-York a year ago, was responded to with unparalleled popular enthusiasm, the leaders in the Greeley movement undertook to make the people believe that they were going to do a similar work for the National Government. But they did all they could to discourage the real reform movement we were carrying on last year. At first, some excellent persons were deceived, and the Cincinnati Convention was looked forward to with sincere hope that it would unite all honest men in a combination to aid in practical reform. But those who were deceived at first are so no longer. They see that they were mistaken, but they refuse to be duped, and there are among the opponents of Mr. GREELEY few so vigorous, persistent, and effective as those who expected from the Cincinnati Convention the inauguration of genuine reform. The Greeley party is at once incapable of performing that task, and unable to make the people believe in its intention of performing it.

Trying to Convert Beecher.

For a fresh convert to Greeleyism, we submit that the *World* displays a zeal that ought to entitle it to a high rank among the missionaries of the new faith. It is scarcely four weeks since that paper was devoting all its energies to prove that Mr. GREELEY was the most unfit man in the country to be President, that no sensible man of any party could support him for that office, and that for the Democratic Party to adopt him as its candidate would be in the last degree preposterous and suicidal. Now it has gone into the business of making proselytes for GREELEY, and yesterday it devoted a column and a half to the task of trying to make a convert of HENRY WARD BEECHER. "There is no man in the country" it flatteringly observes, "whom it would give us more pleasure to persuade over to the Greeley side than HENRY WARD BEECHER"—to all which Mr. BEECHER might fitly reply, "There is no newspaper in the country whose persuasions are so little entitled to respect as the *World*."

Mr. BEECHER is a Christian, and doubtless has a forgiving disposition, but at the same time he has a memory, and he cannot have forgotten the treatment he used to receive from the sheet that now has the assurance to advise him with regard to his political duties. For a long time previous to the war, and all along during the war, while Mr. BEECHER was advocating the cause of freedom, or upholding the integrity of his country against the assaults of armed treason, there was no abuse too foul to be hurled at him through the columns of the *World*. He was denounced as a "political preacher," a "pulpit mountebank," a "star actor" in the "Plymouth theatre," an "apostle of the religion of Sharpe's rifles," and a multitude of other opprobrious names. It is not at all strange that a man who, only a short time ago, was bespattered after this fashion by the entire Democratic Press of the country, should have some lingering doubts of the sincerity of the party in its sudden espousal of the principles which they were wont to abuse him for advocating. It is this lack of faith in the sincerity of the new professions of the Democratic Party in favor of "equal rights for all men without distinction of color," that restrains Mr. BEECHER from joining the ranks of the "Liberal" Republican, Democratic, Kuklux, Greeley coalition, and leads him to prefer the success of the party that first proclaimed the true faith and carried it out, through all obstacles, into successful practice. And it will take more than a column and a half of the *World's* flattery, we imagine, to persuade Mr. BEECHER to join the coalition or to convince him that the new-born zeal of the Democratic Party for old Republican principles is not an infamous sham.

A Possible Catastrophe.

Because PLANTAMOUR's comet proved a delusion and a disappointment, we are not therefore to conclude that the earth is a sort of iron-clad planet, impregnable not only to cometary missiles, but to every sort of astronomical disaster. We may concede that the scientific persons who tell us that a comet can be compressed into a tea-spoonful of jelly know whereof they speak, and that they are intimately acquainted with the exact dimensions of every erratic meteoric stone, and can demonstrate that the earth can endure uninjured any possible amount of meteoric cannonading. Still, there are dangers which remain after the innocuous character of comets and meteors has been established. Men of science have latterly devoted careful attention to the sun, and have from time to time published reports upon the condition of that luminary which may well create uneasiness as to the safety of the planets which he has so long held in strict subjection.

It has been established, if we may accept the authority of men who are eminent astronomers, that the earth is steadily losing its velocity, and as steadily drawing nearer to the sun. If the earth perseveres in this sort of conduct—and there is every reason to suppose that it will—we shall fall into the sun in about twenty-four millions of years from the present date. This inevitable catastrophe is too remote to effect the price of real estate at the present time, but there is another possible danger growing out of the irregularities of which the sun has lately given evidence, which may bring us much sooner to the end of all things earthly.

It has recently been held that the aurora borealis is intimately connected with peculiarities in the solar photosphere. Whenever the aurora is frequent and brilliant, the black patches, commonly called solar spots, are numerous and active in their changes. This fact would seem to establish a connection between these two phenomena. Within the past month we have had the most remarkable auroral displays that have occurred within the memory of the present generation, while it is a matter of general remark that within the last twenty years the aurora, which was formerly rarely visible in this latitude, has become yearly more and more frequent. If, therefore, there is the connection between the sun and the aurora which is now believed to exist, we are warranted in concluding that unusual solar disturbances have recently been, and now are in progress.

It has moreover been fully established that the aurora is electrical in its character. During the week that has just passed not only has the aurora been almost nightly visible, but throughout the country we have had a series of thunder-storms unparalleled in the grandeur of their electrical features. If the aurora depends upon the condition of the sun, may we not reason that these remarkable displays of atmospheric electricity have also a connection with solar phenomena?

That the sun is actually undergoing a remarkable change in the constitution of its luminous envelope is asserted by several eminent European astronomers. Signor TACCHINI has just discovered by the spectroscope that an enormous quantity of magnesium has suddenly made its appearance in the photosphere. Now, we all know that burning magnesium produces the most intense heat and light. Will not this unparalleled presence of magnesium in the sun's photosphere greatly increase its heat? May not the excessive heat of the present Summer, as well as the auroral and electrical storms of the last few days, be due to this reckless throwing of magnesium into the sun's furnace?

One thing has been established beyond all question, and that is that a material change has taken place in the constitution of that part of the sun which is visible to us. It is only reasonable to suppose that this change will be perceptible to us in other ways than by the mere presence of new lines in the spectroscope. Suppose that the volume of solar magnesium continues to increase, and the solar heat increasing with it, converts the coming Winter into a tropical Summer; or suppose that the sun is about to share the fate of certain fixed stars, which have suddenly blazed with unusual brilliancy, and then vanished forever from sight. Either intense heat or inconceivable cold would result if one or the other of these suppositions were to prove correct. In either case, the earth would become untenable, and life on this planet would become extinct. The last man would then bewail the falseness of PLANTAMOUR, and grieve that he had not been smashed on the 13th of August, 1872, in company with the rest of his species, and in the enjoyment of a moderately comfortable temperature.

While these contingencies are too remote to disturb the peace of mind of any but the idiots who went on their house-tops to watch the coming of PLANTAMOUR's comet, they nevertheless remind us of the fact that the sun may prove as dangerous to the earth as the boiler of a high-pressure steam-boat is to the bold voyager on the Mississippi. However new and strong the Mississippi boiler may be, the traveler cannot help feeling uneasy when he sees the engineer crowding barrels of resin into the furnaces, and in like manner it is suggestive of a possible catastrophe when we find the sun "firing up" with such an unusual material as magnesium.

McGregor's Bridge.

Among the many touching incidents in the early life of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, with which the world has been favored through the medium of PARTON's biography and the *Recollections of a Busy Life*, there is none that will be read with more thrilling interest by his countrymen than the account recently given by Mr. GREELEY to the citizens of Manchester, N. H., of the time and manner of his first entrance into that town fifty-seven years ago. The "great and good HORACE" was then, if biographers tell us truly, only four years of age, and yet see how vividly that perilous adventure of his juvenile days still lingers in his memory!

"I first saw Manchester fifty-seven years ago, when a flood and running ice in the Merrimack rendered it impassable at Reed's or Thornton's Ferry, and compelled my father to return with me from my grandfather's, in Londonderry, to our home in Amherst, to take a circuitous route in order to cross at this point by an old and rickety structure known as McGregor's Bridge."

The whole world has heard of the Bridge of Lodi, and read, with bated breath, the almost miraculous account of its passage by the first NAPOLEON amid a storm of grape and canister; but no American, we are sure, ever experienced in perusing that account anything like the emotions of anxiety and terror that will agitate his bosom on listening to the story of the passage of McGregor's Bridge by HORACE GREELEY. Supposing (fearful thought!) that the "old rickety structure, known as McGregor's Bridge," had tumbled down while the infantile HORACE was passing over! What would have been the consequences to the world, and especially to this American nation and people? It may be a weakness of the human mind, but it is nevertheless impossible to refrain from speculating upon the possible changes in the current of historic events that might have resulted from any untimely accident happening to the great men of the race in their childhood. There was the rushing tide of the Merrimack, with its field of floating ice, and possibly great logs of wood and stumps of trees; above the raging flood, suspended as it were between life and death, on that "rickety old structure known as McGregor's Bridge," was the young and tender HORACE, jogging along in unsuspecting innocence, dreaming of the paternal roof in Amherst, or, perchance, of his grandfather in Londonderry. Suppose the old rickety structure had just at that moment given away!

We forbear to harrow up the feelings of the reader by picturing the hopeless struggles of the infantile HORACE in the cold and icy torrent of the Merrimack; nor would we needlessly call to the minds of the present supporters of "H. G." for the Presidency the terrible plight they would now be in if the budding "philosopher" had then and there sank to rise no more. No man can tell, none can guess even, the consequences to the present generation of such a catastrophe occuring at McGregor's bridge fifty-seven years ago. We do know, however, that many things could not have happened as they have if the bridge had unfortunately caved in; and it may not be irreverent or impious for us to mention some of them. In the first place, the farmers of this country could never have had the benefit of those masterly essays on agricultural science, nor those practical precepts for tillers of the soil, that have emanated from the pen of Mr. GREELEY—precepts like the following, for instance, which a correspondent writes as he once received from "H. G.":

"If you wish for an average crop of fish-balls you must never put more than four potatoes in a hill with the fish. But I would advise you, and all poor farmers like you, to go out West."

In the second place, the tailors and costume makers, to say nothing of the hat and boot manufacturers of this country, would never have been supplied with the latest and most approved patterns for their handiwork, nor been blessed with a perambulating advertisement of their wares. In the third place, the Irish patriots would never have won a great victory at Slievegammon, nor their countrymen in America have been permitted the pleasure of intrusting their charitable contributions to the hands of a professional philanthropist. In the fourth place, the rebels in the late war, would not have had an active sympathizer and abettor of their plots in the person of a professed Republican. In the fifth place, WM. M. TWEED would never have had an anti-smoker and chewer as partner in the tobacco business, nor the "Ring" an apologist in the Tribune Office. And lastly, the Democratic Party would never have had a candidate for President who could boast of never having voted a Democratic ticket, and of never having said a favorable word of any Democrat dead or alive.

These are a few of the things that never would have happened if McGregor's bridge had been a trifle more rickety than it was when Master GREELEY passed over it on his way from Londonderry to Amherst, fifty-seven years ago. In cogitating upon them, the mind becomes almost bewildered at the mysterious dispensations of Providence, and the heart of a "Liberal" Republican cannot but swell out with gratitude toward McGREGOR for thoughtfully driving in an extra nail when he built that rickety old bridge. But we do hope that "Uncle HORACE," in "swinging round the circle," will not give the world any more of these fearful reminiscences of his early life. They inevitably lead the minds of his countrymen into a melancholy train of thought, and make people nervous.

Queer Pets.

Human affections, when denied their proper and natural outlet, often settle on objects unnatural, and sometimes in the highest degree repulsive. Hardly a beast or reptile can be named, the most obnoxious to the ordinary taste of mankind, that has not been made a pet and plaything by some abnormal nature. A French savant found his chief delight in the contemplation of a tame toad; an American rival sought relaxation in the antics of a pet alligator. HAWTHORNE, in *Septimius Felton*, makes his old doctor rejoice in the constant companionship of a very ugly and venomous species of spider, and the instances in which snakes have been made pets, to be fondled even by the timorous hands of beauty as daintily as Lesbia's sparrow, are too numerous to need mention. Of one fair serpent fancier, indeed, it is recorded that she was particularly fond of appearing at the opera with, in lieu of bracelets and necklace, three lovely little ophidians writhing round her neck and throat—a sort of boa that few of our gentle readers would greatly fancy.

Now, there is no law against any person following out, in the choice of a pet, whatever principles of unnatural selection may to him or her seem meet. But gentlemen who go into the business so extensively as to establish snakeries in their dwelling-houses, are fairly bound to keep their eccentric pleasures from overflowing into the domains of their less appreciative neighbors. Lately, in a quiet quarter of London, a naturalist, given to this kind of serpentine dissipation, created an uproar as great as if the mythical battle of Dorking had really been lost and won, and the invading forces were actually before the city. One of his favorites—a delightful little cobra of the kind whose bite is certain death in about a minute—took it into his poisonous head to indulge in a stroll one day, and meandered quietly into the adjoining premises. He was discovered by the hysterical chamber-maid peacefully reposing in the best bed. The effect of such a discovery on the nerves of the neighborhood may be imagined. Servants demanded their wages and characters at once. Agitated mothers hardly ventured to let their little ones out of sight; such a thing as going upstairs in the dark was not thought of, and the possible burglar under the bed was forgotten in the more pressing terrors of the probable snake. The unexplored district of the upper chambers became more appalling than an Indian jungle, and convivial young gentlemen found whole nests of reptiles in their boots.

Of course such a state of affairs could not long be endured, and the snake-lover was summoned into Court by his aggrieved neighbors and compelled to give bonds against a renewal of such unpleasant visits. Yet even that, we should imagine, would be but an unsatisfactory dependence against the sinuous cunning of the beast whose craft is so traditional and so fatal to our race. With the widest possible margin for personal freedom, and with every indulgence to individual taste, it may still be regarded as a question whether a man is to be encouraged in breeding cobras in his drawing-room, any more than in training mad dogs in his back-yard.

Personal.

Count Najac, of Paris; Judge E. C. Billings, and Hon. W. C. Vincent, of New-Orleans; Judge John A. Campbell, of Baltimore; Hon. Robert L. Pruyn, of Albany; Col. A. P. Mason, of New-Orleans, and Henry Wells, of Aurora, are at the Fifth-avenue Hotel. Mr. Borges, the Brazilian Minister is at the Clarendon Hotel. Chief-Engineer W. H. Shock, of the United States Navy, and Hon. John O. Evans, of Washington, are at the Metropolitan. Chief-Justice W. B. Richards, of Toronto, Canada, is at the Westmoreland Hotel. Dr. Gunnell, of the United States Navy, is at the Albemarle Hotel. Gen. J. C. Olmstead, of Denver, Colorado, is at the Sturtevant House. Hon. William H. Seward, Jr., of Auburn; Hon. A. Mendoca, of Columbus, Miss., and Robert Hughes, Esq., of Chicago, are at the St. Nicholas Hotel. Col. John Walton, of Missouri, and Col. W. B. Hughes, of the United States Army, are at the Grand Central Hotel.

SUMMARY OF AMUSEMENTS.

City Notes.

The dramatic season of the Fall and Winter of 1872-73 will be commenced this week, and, on and after to-morrow evening, managerial activity, reduced to its minimum during the past two months, will increase until the Winter holidays. The first of the opening performances will occur at Booth's, where the drama entitled "The Bells" will be acted to-morrow. The story of this piece—a highly sensational one if we remember it—has already appeared in these columns. "The Bells," of course, is from the French, an adaptation of a play called "Le Juif Polonais," which was produced at the Ambigu Theatre, in Paris, after the successful publication of the parent work, a tale by MM. Erckmann-Chatrian. Mr. James W. Wallack is to fill the principal part in the drama....Wednesday has been selected for the first representation of "King Carrot" at the Grand Opera-house. As in the case of "The Bells," the chief incidents of this piece have found their way before our readers. Enough has been said, therefore, to prepare the public for a capital medium—for in no other light do we fancy "King Carrot" ought to be regarded—for the execution of much vivacious music, and the showing of scenery and dresses of rare magnificence. We are no more likely to be disappointed by the cast of "King Carrot" than by the stage-costume. Mrs. John Wood, Miss Rose Hersée and Miss Emma Howson; Mr. John Brougham and Mr. Stuart Robson are first among the lyric and dramatic artists, while the Majiltons and the Lauris will lead the acrobatic forces, which, from all accounts, are to be especially prominent at important stages of the action....Although some days are to elapse between this date and Sept. 3, when the Fifth-avenue Theatre will be opened, while the promise of the season is occupying us it may be well to refer to Mr. Daly's preparations for his campaign at this house. The substitution of comfortable arm-chairs for the box-seats, the improvisation of an exhibition of paintings in the vestibule and a liberal outlay for Wilton carpet have wrought some change in the appearance of the Grand Opera-house; but to the Fifth-avenue Theatre, the Summer season has brought a still more changed aspect. The auditorium has been superbly frescoed by Signor Garibaldi. The old orchestra seats have been replaced by handsome chairs. The floors have been richly carpeted. Finally, the interior of the boxes has been adorned with crimson-satin hangings. A gorgeous picture, if a small one, may be anticipated on the opening night. The announcements concerning the performances are to the following effect: On Sept. 3 will be brought out "Diamonds," a new play by Mr. B. C. Howard, author of "Saratoga." At a later period will be given a new drama by Dr. Mosenthal; an "American comedy," by Mr. Bret Harte, and a piece, "written to order," by M. Sardou. The company is thus composed: Mr. Charles Fisher, Mr. George Clark, Mr. James Lewis, Mr. W. Davidge, Mr. Louis James, Mr. W. J. Lemoyne, Mr. Henry Crisp, Mr. B. F. Ringgold, Mr. C. H. Rockwell, Mr. Owen Fawcett, Mr. G. H. Griffiths, Mr. G. F. Devere; Miss Fanny Davenport, Miss Clara Morris, Miss Fanny Morant, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Miss Linda Dietz, Miss Sara Jewett (her first appearance on any stage,) Miss Kate Claxton, Miss Mary Cary, Miss Nellie Mortimer, Miss Rose Deacham, Miss Griffiths, Miss Roberta Norwood. The subsequent début of Mrs. Caroline Abbott, heretofore a amateur, is also to be awaited. These notes have only to be supplemented by a mention of the appointment of Mr. H. B. Dodworth as leader of the orchestra, of Mr. John Moore as stage manager, of Mr. J. W. Morrissey as treasurer, and of Mr. J. H. [illegible] as business manager....Affairs at Wallack's, at the Olympic and at Wood's Museum will not detain us long. "Blue Beard" is to be acted at the first-named theatre until further notice, and Mr. Lingard and his company will remain at the second throughout this week. At Wood's, Mr. F. S. Chanfrau will take to-morrow evening the rôle of *Robert Brierly*, in the perennial "Ticket-of-Leave Man."

Home News.

Mr. W. Macdonald, Signor Ferranti, Mr. G. W. Colby and Miss Ridgway gave an attractive concert, Monday, at Canonicut Hall, Narragansett Pier, R. I....The latest California papers report Miss Mehlig in San Francisco....On Thursday evening the first performance at McVicker's new theatre, in Chicago, occurred....Monday, the Chicago Globe Theatre will be opened as a "vaudeville house."....Mr. Edwin Adams is to act at Martin's Opera-house, in Albany, in the first week of September....Mrs. Waller will open the Griswold Opera-house, in Troy, on Sept. 11....Mr. G. L. Fox ended his engagement at the Boston Globe yesterday....Miss Leclercq will act at the Philadelphia Arch-street Theatre, on Sept. 16....Mr. L. R. Shewell will perform with Miss Maggie Mitchell this season....The Vokes Family was last week at the Walnut-street Theatre, in Philadelphia....Miss Charlotte Thompson played last week in "One Wife," at the Arch-street Theatre....Mr. John T. Ford, who controls the Opera-house and the Holliday-street Theatre in Baltimore prints a list of engagements for the season which will secure as much entertainment for his audiences as if they were part of the New-York public....Mr. W. Davidge, Jr., acted in St. Lawrence Hall, in Toronto, on Thursday....The Washington *Star* says: "Mr. John T. Ford, of renown throughout the country as a theatrical manager, and who has two great theatres in Baltimore—Ford's Grand Opera-house and the Holliday-street Theatre—has arranged fully with Mr. Thomas Berry, of this city, to have an elegant first-class modern opera-house erected on the site of Wall's Opera-house, destroyed by fire, and the large lot adjoining, lately purchased by Mr. Berry. The auditorium and stage will be all that taste and wealth can produce."....Mr. Charles Edward Horsley, an English organist and composer of mark, intends to visit this country during this season.

Foreign Gossip.

Mr. Max Strakosch and Miss Carlotta Patti sailed for New-York yesterday, aboard the Ville de Paris....Mr. J. C. Fryer sails for America on Aug. 22....M. Henri Thierry, a well-known French dramatic author, is dead....The London *Standard* thus speaks of Carafa, the composer, who has just departed this life: "One of the charms that music hath which the poet seems to have overlooked when singing its power is that of lengthening life. Mozart and Mendelssohn, it is true, died comparatively young; but the premature deaths of these composers are like to the exceptions that prove the rule. Handel breathed his last at seventy-five years of age, Cherubini at eighty-two, and Haydn at ninety-seven. That genial patriarch of the boulevards, Auber, fell asleep in his eighty-seventh year, having lived to see his beloved Paris in possession of a riotous mob and bombarded by its best friends. Carafa has been happier in his lines; he has just passed away in his ninety-fifth year, having survived to see the dawning promise of better fortune for the country under whose flag he had fought brightening the horizon. Carafa de Colobrano was the son of a Prince, and was born at Naples in 1787. His youth was a stormy time for Italy; the devotee of the lyre had to buckle on the sword; but the French were in the full tide of military success then, and in 1806 Carafa was taken prisoner by them at Campo-Tenese, in Calabria. He seems to have reconciled himself to his conquerors with singular Italian adaptability, for he became equerry to Murat, and accompanied him on his expedition to Sicily. He also attended the beau sabreur later in the expedition to Russia, and shared in the horrors of the disastrous retreat from Moscow. Two years subsequently an opera by him, 'Il Vascello d'Occidente,' was produced at the Fondo Theatre in Naples; and in 1821 he brought out his 'Jeanne d'Arc' at Paris, which thenceforth became the seat of his artistic triumphs. The deceased master was a pupil of Fenaroli and Tenaroli, and—stronger testimony to his value—he was the friend and favorite of Rossini, who requested him to write the music for the ballet of one of his most famous operas."....A grand-son of Beethoven has just been sentenced, by default, to imprisonment and fine by a Munich tribunal on a charge of swindling....The London *Echo* says: "Miss Edith Challis, a well-known actress in London and New-York, while traveling some months since, was very attentive to an old lady who fell ill on the journey, and subsequently died. Last week Miss Challis was greatly astonished on learning that the old lady had remembered her in her will to the extent of £2,000 a year for life. In consequence of this, she retires from the stage."....The Paris *Événement* newspaper announces the arrival of

[illegible] with a magnificent scene, and requiring only some lessons in Pantomime to make his debut in comic theatre. Lecoq, Lemaire and Ordonneux have concerted together to give to the Variétés a piece entitled "Le Fils de l'Homme Femme." The part of the young man will be taken by Lecoq. The parts will be distributed among Mesdames Legrand, Alice, Bernard, Suis, Schneider, Blanche d'Antigny, and Louise Leblanc. It is stated that the eldest daughter of Mme. Ristori, who is Countess Rasponi now, is about twenty years of age. The youngest is in Florence with her parents. Miss Bella Goodall will shortly reappear at the Strand Theatre in London.....Sir Michael Costa has left London for Naples, and was to arrive in November, after traveling Germany.... The London *Echo* says: "Certain Shakespearian devotees have been lately doing work at Stratford-on-Avon which deserves a newspaper record. The poet's garden in New-place is opened to the public, and to the pilgrims who go thither yearly. An orchard of the old-fashioned Shakespeare mulberries stands in the grounds, and the foundations of the house in which Shakespeare died, and which was stupidly pulled down years ago, have been so defined as to enable visitors to judge the form and size of the poet's last tenement. In one part of the ground there lately stood a dingy old theatre. This was purchased by Mr. Halliwell, and the building being removed, the site was given back to the garden, which it is now very much what it was when Shakespeare owned it. At one end of the garden is placed the beautiful unfinished, sculptured fountain, Alderman Boydell, for his gallery in Pall-mall, opposite Marlborough House, and which, perhaps, is well known in London. The dingy little theatre which Stratford had, being demolished, the question is now raised whether the place in which Shakespeare was born, and in which he died, shall remain without a house in which the creations of his genius may be represented. Mr. Charles Flower, of Stratford, has undertaken to purchase and give two acres of land within sight of the Stratford Church and on the banks of the Avon—the spot where Garrick's temporary theatre was erected—provided a sum of [illegible],000 can be raised to build the theatre, which is suggested that the lease of every theatre in Great Britain and America might give the proceeds of a special performance on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23, 1873.....Two more theatres in Paris have just closed temporarily, namely, the Ambigu and the Folies-Dramatiques. Both intend to open in September. The journals give a list of sixteen theatrical establishments now shut up.....Miss Lavinia Simmons, (better known as Miss Lavina,) died on the 30th of July, after a protracted illness. She made her first appearance at the Marylebone Theatre April 13, 1835, as Ariel in "The Tempest".....The London papers mentions that the Commissioners have not yet been able to find a successor to M. Gounod, as conductor of the Albert Hall Choral Society. The post is offered to Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who declined, and now Dr. Wesley, of Gloucester, a man immensely popular with the choir, has the refusal of it.....Mme. Patti is re-engaged by Mr. Gye for two years, at a salary of 200 guineas per night.....Mr. Anthony Trollope writes to the London *Daily Telegraph*, in reference to Mr. Charles Reade's letter in which he denies the statement of Mr. Trollope's that Mr. Charles Reade has appeared in your newspaper. The play was founded on a novel of mine called *Ralph the Heir*, and is stated on the play-bill to be the joint work of Mr. Reade and myself. Your critic, it seems, has read the play and not the novel. Mr. Reade has denied the accuracy of the charge with some warmth. Whether the accusation be just or unjust, I wish it to be known that I am in no way responsible for the play. By the last mail from hence I wrote a letter to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to the same effect as this. But at that time I had only heard of the intention of Mr. Reade. I cannot now refrain from repeating my complaint. My name has been used without my sanction, and my plot adopted without my knowledge. Mr. Reade has told me by letter that he is legally entitled to do so he has done. It may be so. But it strikes me with surprise that a court here in Australia would have to decide on a play written in the London market, not only without any authority given by me, but without any suggestion as to such a partnership having ever been made to me. I think that one other article should appear in the *Times* to protect him from such usage at the hands of a brother. I think that "Pall Mall" would protect other men, any little interest which the play may have had will be unhesitatingly, but yet I trust, allow the disclaimer from which I write to hinder me from stating, as publicly as I can, that, as I claim no share in the dramatic merits of the piece, attached as I respectfully think, to the name, though it has been made, I have my name.....The Agatha Stakes sport, rowing United Seamanship at Australia and has been the hundred.

BASE-BALL.

The Championship—Games to Come and Postponement of the National-Athletic Match.

To the list of disbanded clubs is now added the Mansfields of Middletown, Conn., which a few days since dismissed its players and closed what had proved an unprofitable business. The dissolution of these clubs is easily accounted for when it is considered that, at the beginning of the year, there was considerable agitation in various quarters over the subject of base-ball clubs, and as a consequence three or four nines were placed in the field on limited capital. Under such circumstances there could be but one result, since the public, as a general thing, prefer reserving their time for a season of the most clear-cut kind.

The dissolution of the club in question is regarded by the stronger organizations rather in the light of a benefit than otherwise, since it obviates the necessity of many useless games, and affords opportunity for more frequent encounters between nines of equal strength, and in this way will quicken the public interest. At the present time of the number of championship clubs is as great as during any previous year, the three local nines—Mutual, Atlantic and Eckford—being together stronger than ever heretofore. The relative positions of the seven leading aspirants for the championship will be found in the following statement of the games played, won and lost by each:

Clubs.	Games played.	Won.	Lost.
Boston	24	22	2
Athletic	15	13	2
Mutual	31	21	10
Baltimore	25	13	12
Forest City	22	12	10
Atlantic	15	3	12
Eckford	11	1	10
Total	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

NOTES.

Between 3,000 and 4,000 persons went over to the Union Grounds yesterday, in anticipation of a game between the Mutuals and Athletics, but at the gate they were met with the announcement that the heavy rain of the previous day had rendered the ground unfit for play. The Mutuals were not at Athletic Park, as had been expected, the latter being notified of the postponement at an early hour.

The Mutuals play the Athletics at Philadelphia on Tuesday, 20 instant, and the Forest City at Cleveland, and it is probable that the Atlantics will play the reorganized Eckfords on the Union Ground.

The Mutual Club was defeated at the Capitol City yesterday by a game from the Times establishment, the score being 2 to 4. The game was closely played throughout on both sides.

On Saturday, Aug. 24, the Mutuals and Bostons play on the Union Ground.

Defeat of the Forest City by the Bostons.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Aug. 17.—A game of baseball was played today between the Boston and Forest City Clubs, which resulted in a score of 10 to 7 in favor of the Boston Club.

The President's Letter Declining the Chicago Nomination.

The following is the full text of President Grant's letter, declining the invitation to visit Chicago:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 16, 1872.

Hon. J. J. Bryan, Mayor of Chattanooga:

SIR: At the hands of Gov. L. Bard, I received the kind invitation of the Board of Mayor and Aldermen, and the Board of Trade, of the City of Chattanooga, for myself and Cabinet to visit your city and Lookout Mountain some time during the present Summer. I have delayed final answer to this invitation to consult with the Cabinet on the subject. I am compelled, most reluctantly, after this consultation, to inform you that it is not practicable for us to accept. I assure you, however, and through you the gentlemen to whom we are indebted for this invitation, that I, on my part, highly appreciate the compliment, because it is independent of political or party predilections at a time when party feeling runs high. I should enjoy a visit to Chattanooga under any ordinary circumstances, and particularly so as the guest of the citizens without respect to party. My desire is to see harmony, concord and prosperity first everywhere in our common country. When removed by a distance of my appreciation of the invitation to visit your city, I will add my best wishes for its future prosperity. I subscribe myself, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT.

Fire in Tennessee—Seizure of a Mail-road.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Aug. 17.—A fire broke out early this morning in Paine's cotton shed on Poplar-street, near Fourth, and extended to the Central Foundry, owned by Charles Gassnani. Both establishments were destroyed, together with a number of small frame houses occupied by negroes. The loss is $40,000, with very little insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Gen. Smith, Surveyor of the Customs for this port, has seized a portion of the track of the Memphis and Little Rock Railroad for unpaid duties on rails, amounting to $10,000 gold, and is tearing up the unsolved plank which leads to the ferry-boat, and will bring the rails to this side.

SOMEBODY'S.

NUMBER TWO.

It is really entertaining, about 10 o'clock on a Monday morning—of course the morning must be a fine one—to take one's stand on the sidewalk in front of the entrance of that architecturally pretentious temple of speculation in Broad-street known as the Stock Exchange, and to mark the air of his different members as they pass in, at a time when stocks are rapidly rising or falling.

Number two had you observed that way at the same hour the day before, you would have exclaimed, "Poor deserted Wall-street! how you and unhappy Erie must enjoy your Sunday's rest!" Yes, you might have counted just three occupants of that notorious but, for this one day in the week, deserted thoroughfare—a boy at the bottom, yourself near the top, and a Chinese vizor and candy-vender at the corner. The strength and support of Wall-street were all at their city palaces or their country seats, enjoying their ease, feasting as possible pecuniary consequences, and troubling themselves little about the morrow. The rank and file too, and especially the curb-stone dealers, were at what they technically call their homes—their real homes are in Wall-street—inwardly gnawing with impatience, feverishly counting the hours which must necessarily elapse before Monday morning can arrive, and curse, to themselves, those exigencies of society which entail on them the forced idleness of Sunday—thinking how many dollars they might have made, how many unfortunates they might have ruined, but for this totally unnecessary deprival of opportunity. True, they went to church with their families; but, while there, they beseeched God by calculating the probable price of stocks at the opening of the Board next morning, by taking a mental inventory of the contents of their strong boxes, and praying to themselves that there might be sufficient in them to enable them to meet the next monthly settlement.

But there they all are on Monday morning; the business man, the banker, the broker, the speculator and the street-sharper, one and all ready for the fray, and many only too anxious for it to begin. All have narrowly scanned the morning journals for any item of news which may affect their interests, or on which it may be possible to speculate, any item which is favorable or adverse to their books; and you may easily perceive the result of the readings of the majority—whether they be bulls or bears on a falling market, short or long on a rising one—plainly written on their faces. Those who have to meet losses generally betray themselves either by an evidently forced hilarity or by a quiet, submissive bearing—often a downcast look and a nervous twitch of the mouth. Those who have made gains, on the other hand, cannot control a jauntiness of gait or conceal the affectedness of their good humor. The one class inquire as to prices in painfully anxious, often querulous tones; the other with voices full of confidence and ringing with the chink of dollars to the good which is already sounding in their ears.

But one places in who puzzles you; for you have not noticed the splendidly-appointed brougham which has just turned round on the corner, and is slowly wending its way up Nassau-street. His stride is stately, without being too commanding; his dress is the perfection of gentlemanly style, cut and neatness; his boots shine like a mirror. He has not yet removed his gloves or parted with his walking-cane. His expression of face is calm, even placid. His demeanor is easy, yet dignified. A young man, with some papers in his hand, half walks by his side, half follows him, nervous and uneasy—"only my clerk, Sir!" The curb-stone dealers make a lane for him to pass through; he bows slightly without looking at any one in particular. Well-to-do brokers step aside and obsequiously with him "good morning" at the foot of the staircase inside; he graciously replies, "Good morning, Sir," (no such familiarity as names, if you please!) and passes on. He enters the Board room, says a few patronizing words to the gentlemanly Vice-President of the Board, who is about to call the prices of stocks, deigns to whisper a word or two to a brother magnate, and then, turning on his heel, as though nothing there concerned him, descends the staircase with all the step and wave of the hand of a Louis Quatorze.

Gentlemen! This is somebody! He is one of the acknowledged heads of his particular branch of commercial business. His father occupied the same proud position before him. But he does not worship his father in relation to himself; he rather worships himself in relation to his father. But then, his father began life in a humble way, and even when he had attained to that scene of millionaire respectability—a tightly-buttoned frock coat and a white cravat—he would himself take an order for a few paltry mining shares, and was not above executing the order himself at the Stock Exchange. Even in later life he so far forgot himself as to descend from his high bankor's and broker's throne and accept the municipal office of Mayor of the Empire City of the United States. His son long ago tacitly accorded him a dignified forgiveness, in consideration of the old man's early associations and present wealth; but he never speaks of his father's public services in this line, and, having brought his children up in ignorance of them, has firmly determined that no persuasion shall tempt him so to lower *himself*. Still he is shrewd enough in one respect. He knows better than to altogether ignore his connection with the stock market. He knows that the rigid exaction of those three minutes' homage at the Stock Exchange from his interests of the financial world is essentially valuable to him. It is his first and last appearance for the day; but it is worth dollars and cents. It gives an enhancement to his credit, difficult of appraisement. It makes rich men go to him and ask, not his co-operation, but the use of his name, and the acceptance on his part of a share of the profits in some undertaking, a little heavy for them to carry, but sure and safe enough for any one. It makes small men go to him that they may be certain of disgorging the heavy load they can no longer carry, even if the sacrifice is made at rates two or three per cent below market prices. They are not admitted to his sanctum, and consequently do not see the quiet smile playing round his mouth as the confidential clerk places the check before him for signature. They do not know that he regards himself as some golden-fired luminary in which a certain number of speculative butterflies annually singe their wings. They retire, humbled by their misfortunes, but grateful to the man who has so nobly saved them from going from bad to worse—nay, to ruin and poverty. Above all, it brings into his coffers large sums "on deposit without interest." It is the magnet which draws rich railroad corporations to his banking-house when they want to raise funds for a new extension. It leads charitable institutions with large accumulations to make their investments on his advice and through his agency. It makes him President of leading banks and insurance offices. It makes him an acceptable contractor for Government loans. In fact, it makes him the lucky proprietor of a table where a mild legalized form of gambling is carried on in millions, and on which his croupier has enough to do to rake in all the grist which comes to the mill. This is, after all, the natural result of succeeding in impressing his own immediate world that he is somebody.

But he must support his character at home as well as in his banking-house. He records Madison-avenue as more aristocratic than Fifth, so he lives on Madison-avenue. His house was furnished from top to bottom by Banting, of London. He does not encumber his gallery with modern pictures. He is proud of his splendid collection of Etruscan enamels, and quietly tells his visitors that "that set of Henri Deux is the only one this side of the Atlantic. I believe Baron Lionel Rothschild, of London, possesses one nearly as perfect." They are, of course, overwhelmed. His wife's *soirees* are only open to the very *élite* of society. He dines but at a few houses, and always carries himself with extreme hauteur and formality when in company. His children have been instructed from their infancy up in the one lesson that their father is good, holy, and perfect. He rattlingly takes them to church, and ruthlessly sends them to Sunday-school. He never takes them in charge of the governess to see a Sunday afternoon concerts at the Academy of Music, when reserved seats are to be had in the first two or three rows. The same lady takes them to their daily, stately drive in the park. Of course they are never allowed to play.

If the cottage at Newport, or the mansion on the banks of the Hudson River need renovation, or a more than ordinary change of air is required, a trip to Europe is the only thing in order. Long Branch and Saratoga are, of course, out of the question. And then his letters are always directed to the care of the American Minister. He avoids the vulgarity of the Rhine sight-seers, and detests hob-nailed boots and Alpine climbers. They are so mixed. He must take a villa on Como or Maggiore. He would like to drink the waters, but his children must not breathe an atmosphere polluted by German gambling-houses. Some low fellow might see him at Baden or Homburg, and spread a report through Wall-street that he had been seen coming out of the *salons*. Such an one would be only too glad of the opportunity of vexing and annoying him.

He—somebody—knows the truth and appreciates the satire of those lines:

"Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach,"

which Churchill wrote in his celebrated Epistle to William Hogarth, the painter. He knows that those denizens of Wall-street, whom he does not recognize, love to nod familiarly to him when he is driving in the Central Park. Did not an almost unknown broker once presume to take his arm in the afternoon on the strength of his having condescended to sell him some stock at a high price in the morning? Ah! and there was that insolent blackguard who bet $50 that he would dare to publicly slap him on the shoulder—and did so. And, oh heavens! he can never forget the dirty, shocking, hatless little bootblack who on one occasion asked him, as he was passing from his office to his carriage, to "have a shine for ten cents," and who, when he reproved him by a look, called after him: "Say, boss, if stocks is down I'll do the job for five!"

NOTES TO THE EDITOR.

Mr. Niles and His Constituents.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

My attention has been called to a letter from W. W. Niles, declaring himself for Greeley and Brown, which very much astonished the voters of this Assembly District. Only last Fall he was elected to office by good, sound Grant men, and I will venture to say that should Mr. Niles run this Fall for the same (or any other office) in this district, where he is better known, he will be elected for the stay-at-home term. Nine out of ten that gave him their votes before would rather vote for any other ass, next November. My opinion is that he cannot be elected to fill the lower seat in the County of Westchester. Mr. Greeley has but four supporters in the vicinity of Mr. Niles' residence, viz.: One shoemaker—who is now serving ten days in White Plains Jail—one Irishman, and the other keeps a gin-mill.

J. H. W.

FORDHAM, N. Y.

The Straight-Out Democrats.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

The notice of the Democratic Conference held at the St. James Hotel yesterday, which appeared in the *World* to-day, is characteristic for its utter untruthfulness. The writer of the note came from Richmond to attend the Conference. Forty one gentlemen were present, and among them some of the most distinguished Democrats in the country, embracing representatives from Virginia to Connecticut inclusive. In addition to those present letters were received from three of the most eminent Democrats in Connecticut, regretting their inability to be present, but expressing their entire accord with the objects of the Conference. A resolution was unanimously passed to "support the Louisville Convention, and the several gentlemen present pledged themselves to go to work immediately to induce distinguished members of the Democratic Party in their respective States to attend the Convention. The names of those gentlemen will in due time appear publicly as a Committee of Organization, and no amount of misrepresentation, however persistently indulged in by the *World*, will be able to hide the work they will do. What the *World* says of the interview with Mr. Charles O'Conor is entirely in keeping with its other statements. Mr. O'Conor was reported as being in entire accord with the Louisville movement, and assurance were given that he would render it his earnest and active support. As to the alleged slimness of attendance, on which the *World* lays so much stress, I would state that every gentleman invited to the Conference was present except the three from Connecticut, to whom reference is made above.

W.

NEW-YORK, Saturday, Aug. 17, 1872.

How the People Look at It.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

The Cincinnati nominee tells us in his Portland speech that "he never yet heard of a man who invited his neighbors to help him raise a house, and proceeded to kick them out of it as soon as the roof was fairly over his head."

That is just the way we look at it, Mr. Greeley. No one expects that you will discard the men who raise you to power. No one thinks that you will do anything else but give a grand house-warming, and invite all those by whose assistance the White House roof has been put over your head—if it ever should be, which God forbid! And a beautiful sight it would be for the eyes that have wept bitter tears over the dead, slain by the hands of your colleagues in the house-raising business. A noble prospect it would afford to the men who gave their arms or their legs on the battle-field to find themselves displaced and those who suffered the wounds invited to partake of your good cheer, while they hobble under. We haven't the slightest doubt, Mr. Greeley, that you mean just what you say. They know thoroughly well who the "neighbors" are whom you invite to your aid. They have met a good many of these "neighbors" before now, but they were under the rebel flag, Horace. They were doing their level best to tear down and nearly destroy the House which our fathers reared as an asylum to the oppressed of all nations; they were doing their utmost to make the American nation homeless, and now you want to join them, you welcome them to help you, Horace, to hand over to them the structure which was only saved from their ruthless hands by such a lavishing of the young life-blood of our land, such a holocaust of our fathers, and brothers, and sons as keeps the whole land in mourning to this hour. By and by, Horace, when these "friends" of yours, who are just as anxious to help you to this house-raising as you are to have them—a long sight too anxious, it seems to us—when these friends of yours have shown a little industry in obeying the laws, a little perseverance in good order, a little self-restraint in the matter of Kuklux societies; when they have developed some traits of respect for the ordinary customs of civilized and orderly life, we ourselves may consider their case; but not just yet. Children have not grown up yet to take the place of those we have lost; some of us who marched through your "friends" country are not grown gray yet, and memory is still quite vivid. We are not all disposed to be revengeful, we only want to be secure. We don't thirst for anybody's blood, we don't want to expatriate any of the men who, if they could have had their way, would have left us without a country; all we want—and we intend to have it, Horace—all we want is to keep sacrilegious hands off the ark of our liberties. There are good men enough, "Israelites, indeed, in whom there is no guile," to steady the ark, without calling in the Philistines. Your house will never be roofed, Horace, and there will be no broad as the warming. The stones hewn and the roof raised by the brawny arms of our revolutionary sires are good enough for us. Every nook and corner of the old house is dear to us; we have shed our blood to keep your "friends" from ransacking it; we have planted around it the glorious growths of enlarged liberty, of wide-spreading education, the climbing vines of commerce and the arts, and through our gardens and our old revered homestead we do not propose to let you lead your "friends" to trample under foot the work of years, and to destroy the home around which clusters the love of millions of loyal hearts.

JNO. E. ARRISON.

HUDSON CITY, N. J.

LONG BRANCH.

The French Brother Again—How the Entertainers Fare—The Time—Hotel Prospects—Incidents of a Wet Day—Bad Railroad Accommodations.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONG BRANCH, Friday, Aug. 16, 1872.

Long Branch no longer gasps. After a week of hard apprenticeship in the study of how to convert himself into a salamander, the sun has at last given us a respite. The temperature of the past few days has been a concentrated compound extract of furnace heat, of the kind which the profane California miner characterized as "h—l with the lid off." There is a great, glad, long warmth in the opening lines of the old ballad:

"I love the merry, merry sunshine,
It makes me happy as a king;"

but I am inclined to think that the author never knew what it was to swelter in a Long Branch hotel bed-room, with the thermometer standing at 80° in the shade, the glistening light on the sea enough to be a cure for a severe attack of ophthalmia, and the water absolutely refusing to answer the bell and furnish the ardently longed-for pitcher of ice water. He must have been born in a parallel farther than 40° north. Thunder-storms have swept around about three a day, but they have proved deceitful and desperately wicked, for the air, so far from being cooled by them, became as heated as a neapolitan sirocco the moment the wind-storm passed away. The thunder-storm market has, therefore, fallen to a heavy discount. Oh! now those brotherly-love gentlemen from the Quaker City did use naughty words as they mopped their perspiring foreheads with bandannas the size of a crib sheet! The rest of the male world vented and whetted their indignation against old Sol in the hotel bar-rooms with a vengeance.

But this morning, instead of a gush of broiled air, a fresh, briny breeze from over the sea greeted us all when we got out of bed—the first time for many mornings—on the right side. That breeze and the gray cloudy sky were as welcome as a legacy; and the tumble among the seething breakers was for once renovating and refreshing. So delightful was the change that even those owls—the hotel visitors—were drawn from their hiding-places, and thronged the sands, the bluff, and the hotel piazzas. As soon after breakfast as hygienic laws would permit, there was a rush for the bathing-houses. Never before, during this season, have I seen so many people on the shore and in the water. One thing strikes me here—the apparent fondness of the Jews for bathing. They bathe every day, and really bathe. No puddling up to the ankles in the water, but good headers under the biggest rollers. Who shall say after this that the Israelite loveth not water? Such an assertion is evidently one of those calumnious traditions which have come down to us from the dark ages, and which have been confirmed in the minds of young ladies by Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, and the elder Dumas.

The excursionists, too, were here in full force today, much to the disgust of the residents and visitors. The Philadelphia trains roll them out by hundreds, men and women, carrying their babies and their baskets of sandwiches, and those mysterious leather hand-bags, without which women seem unable to leave home even for a couple of hours. They all go straight for the sea, and make the echoes ring with their shrieks and laughter. And then they litter the bluff with crusts of bread, orange peels and peat rinds; while large greasy sheets of newspaper go flying on the breeze to vex the aristocratic spirits of the dwellers at the West End. But they don't care. They have come for a day's outing, and they eat their lunch after their own fashion, regardless of the prejudices of the exclusive ones. The daily average number of these pure excursionists is about eight hundred, but twice that number have often in one day invaded the sacred precincts of New-York's Brighton. The costume of a Pennsylvania provincial is magnificent as far as the men are concerned. It is impossible to answer the very natural mental inquiry, Where on earth do they have their clothes made? Every man gives one the idea that he has unwittingly changed clothes with his companion during the night. Each would have a perfect fit if they would only unwittingly change back again. He would then be *en regle* for the Long Branch season, which is just now at its culminating point. I fancy the hotel proprietors are doing well this season. Their houses are well filled, though there is not quite that *ton* about the guests for which Long Branch was celebrated some few years back. The hotels are certainly doing more business than they did last year; but not so much as in 1870, when Fisk and Helmbold drew crowds of acquaintances to the village by the mere force of pecuniary expenditure. Had these worthies had further opportunities, they would certainly have ruined Long Branch—body and soul—and turned it into a second-rate Margate. As it is, the Branch may be said to be in a state of convalescence, with every hope that the patient will fully recover his normal health and strength, and live for many years to come. To-morrow evening there is to be a grand ball at the Ocean House. Dinner parties, dances and croquet parties occur by dozens every day. In fact, to chronicle all the festivities and fashionable reunions, would, as the apostle intimated, require that many volumes should be written of them. Some village Homer may, perhaps, some future day recount in history the battle of the Long Branch hotel-keepers, and the many valiant deeds in love and war of the rank and file—their guests.

All things come to an end, and so, only too often, does an enjoyable day at the sea-side. Our invigorating sea breeze of the morning drooped like the waft of air from a punkha when the guiding hand of the Hindoo has given way to his usual midday sleepy fit. The hotel flags flattered wearily round to the west, the clouds became very dense over the Jersey shore, and one or two ominous flashes of lightning bade all beware of the coming shower. What a godsend is a slight shower to some of the wanderers on the Long Branch sands. It is an ill wind that blows nobody some good. There is the satisfaction of standing up inside the cover of a bathing-house for at least half an hour with the one, and then, if fortune favors and the rain be some heavy, there is the delicious sensation of tucking the little neatly-gloved hand under your great brawny arm, putting up your manly umbrella, and escorting the fair one to the paternal sears, in spite of paternal frowns and maternal heart-burnings. I saw a dozen such cases today, and, to judge from facial expression, never was a benificent Providence so heartily blessed for a timely shower—not even by an Illinois farmer in a season of drouth. Home every one trotted; the married ladies to talk "baby" in the parlors; the virgins to discuss dress, to drink black tea without milk and sugar, and to alternate scandal with love stories in one another's bedrooms; the be-whiskered and dyed old gentlemen to talk politics in the halls and bar-rooms; the young exquisites to develop their muscles at ten-pins or sigh alternately over their loves misplaced and bad strokes at billiards. So wags the world; and why should the world of Long Branch be any exception to the rule? Echo answers—Why?

I suppose it is almost useless to enter another protest against the reckless disregard which the Long Branch Transportation Company displays to passengers, especially to those returning to New-York in the evening. It is idle for the Railroad Company to plead that they have only a single track in extamination of their short-comings. They have a charter which confers certain privileges on them in exchange of their affording certain facilities of travel to the public. If a single track is insufficient for the accommodation of the public, it is their bounden duty to lay down a double track at once. This not only applies to passengers to New-York, but to passengers going to Philadelphia. Night after night women, with infants in their arms, and young children, worn out with running about at their side, are detained for an hour—nay, two hours—on their journey home. Is it not time that some public-spirited individual like Mr. Bergh should prosecute some of these railroad companies for cruelty to human beings? If seems pretty clear that the corporations will not do their duty, and that officials either lack readiness to compel them to do so.

NOTES FROM ENGLAND.

West and Cotton—The Difficulties of Compulsory Education—Dr. Livingstone and his Discoverer—The Christmas Exiles.

From Our Own Correspondent.

LONDON, Saturday, Aug. 3, 1872.

While wool is going up cotton is going down. The immense exportation of raw wool from the Australian colonies has quickened the manufactures in this country. Part of the imported wool is exported again in an unmanufactured condition, but last year the exports of worsted stuffs, blankets, flannels and carpets were no less than [illegible] yards, or an increase of 27.7 per cent on the previous year. The woolen trade is still very brisk, but cotton is depressed. Mr. Mason, the President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, on Wednesday described the unfavorable circumstances of this important industry. What with the advance in the price of coal and other materials connected with machinery, the rise in the wages of work people, and their unsettled state of mind, the condition of those who had invested capital in the cotton manufactures is one of intense anxiety and perplexity. The labor market has been drained to an unusual extent by emigration, 196,000 men and women, besides children, left our shores last year; and a good part of them from Lancashire. Then the raw material had gone up very much; and the cotton trade was never prosperous with the raw material at a high price. He hoped that the headlong overconfidence which was displayed would not be followed by a senseless panic. There can be no doubt that the cotton trade is in a very delicate condition just now. There is so much competition in it, and the rival manufacturers cut their calculations so fine that an unexpected and continued rise in any of the elements of their business threows them out terribly. And here we have wages, machinery, coal and cotton all gone up together.

DIFFICULTIES OF COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

The Education act is now getting in fair working order, and the difficulties of compulsory education, where it is being enforced, are now apparent. The London School Board has appointed beadles to look out all children of a certain age who do not go to school; but, then, the question arises who is to pay for their schooling. The law says the Board must pay out of its own funds if the parents of the children are paupers, but that the parents must be compelled to pay if they have the means. And then comes the question, what is a pauper? There are parents who have just enough to feed and clothe their children, but nothing left for schooling. Are they paupers, and must they go on the parish because they cannot pay the school fees? The School Board has decided that all relief is the same, whether for food or education, and no distinction can be drawn between different kinds of relief. Therefore parents must either pay for the schooling of their children or take rank as paupers. The cases they had before them were all from that class who hang on the borders of pauperism. One was a charwoman, a widow with one daughter aged nine, and another child of two, and making from six shillings to seven shillings a week. Out of this she declared she could not spare one penny a week or more shillings and four pence a year for school fees. Another charwoman, also a widow, with three children, aged eleven, nine and five, earned nine shillings a week. There there was a shirt-maker, with a girl of nine years old, whose earnings were six shillings a week; a woman deserted by her husband, with three children, one of them eight years old, earned fifteen pence a day in the market gardens; and a man who had been master of a small coasting vessel, but had been out of work since March, and who had four children, all of an age to go to school. It must be admitted that these are all cases that excite compassion, but of course the School Board is bound to uphold the law, and to take care that there are no wide loop-holes opened by which parents can escape their liabilities.

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND MR. STANLEY.

Mr. Stanley has arrived in London, and the Americans here are going to give him a dinner, after the fashion of their countrymen in Paris. I presume that the English will also take some notice of the intrepid traveler, and express their gratitude to him for relieving their anxiety about Livingstone. It is impossible, however, not to see that Mr. Stanley is regarded with some coldness and suspicion. It will, no doubt, be said in America that this is owing to jealousy of American courage and enterprise, and to disappointment at the collapse of the English expedition. I don't think this is quite a fair statement of the case. So far as I can judge, the feeling is that Englishmen should be thankful to Stanley for assuring them that in the beginning of the year Livingstone was well, and for the assistance which in various ways he rendered him; but that it is unfortunate Stanley should have exerted himself to poison the Doctor's mind against all his old friends, and to persuade young Oswald Livingstone not to go up to his father with the stores of the Search and Relief Expedition. There is also a keen feeling of disappointment at the want of geographical information. The question of the Nile sources is left where it was, except that it is obscured and confused by the extraordinary mass of geographical details which Stanley has brought back with him. Livingstone's letters, too, are of no value in this respect. He seems to have been able to think of nothing except Stanley's ill-natured stories of his friends, and the shameful way in which he had been neglected. It is known from Livingstone's letters, which were received in 1869, what was the object he set himself. It was to connect the sources he had discovered between 10° and 12° from five hundred to seven hundred miles south of Speke and Baker's waters, with their Nile. He suspected that he had been working, perhaps, at the sources of the Congo, as well as of the Nile. But the reports now brought are so vague and confused, and, in some respects, so obviously inaccurate, that it is impossible to make head or tail of them, or to say what is the result of Livingstone's researches since 1869. If Stanley, content with his own laurels, had allowed Oswald Livingstone and the relief expedition to proceed, there would have been a reasonable prospect of having the mystery cleared up by personal communication with the Doctor, and there would also have been the satisfaction of knowing that he had received the supplies sent out to him. As it is, it may be ever so long before any more letters are received from Ujiji; and it is therefore doubtful whether the stores which, when Stanley carried back young Livingstone with him, were given over to the care of a native leader, will ever reach their destination. The latest information from Zanzibar, dated June 1, says:

"The men with supplies for Livingstone crossed the River Pangani yesterday. The employe of the American Consulate saw them safely across the river. He states that the country between Bayamgre and the river was waist deep with mud and water. He thinks that they will proceed, but speaks doubtingly of the energy of the Mab leader."

I am afraid we are in for a series of unpleasant controversies, for geographers are almost as inflammatory as grammarians; but it is a great thing to know that a few weeks ago Livingstone was alive and well, and that he had sufficient stores to last him for some time to come.

THE CHRISTMAS EXILES.

For some time past little has been heard of the Emperor and Empress of the French. A week or two since they gave a garden party, which was largely attended by the rank and fashion of London; and the success of which greatly delighted the hosts. But, with that exception, their life has been as quiet and obscure as that of any simple country family. The Empress amuses herself with her conservatory, her pet spaniels and letter-writing. The Emperor smokes and writes a great deal, and visits and gossips in the neighborhood. He has lost none of his old confidence in his star. These are hard times, especially for France, but all will come right some day, and in the meanwhile the interregnum is a pleasant holiday. He makes no secret of his hopes, and is quite free and open in his talk. French visitors are always coming and going at Camden House, and the Ex-Emperor takes care to have the best means of knowing all that is going on. The Prince Imperial is busy with his studies, classical and military. He is a student at King's College, London, and he has lately been admitted as Queen's cadet at the Woolwich Military Academy. Just now the Empress and Prince Imperial have gone for a little tour in the Highlands of Scotland. They will be back in a fortnight, and then they will join the Emperor at the seaside, either the Isle of Wight or Brighton. Prince Napoleon is, I believe, still in town, but he lives in retirement. The Emperor may know best, but I fancy he might make his arrangements for a pretty long residence here.

F. E. J.

George T. Downing Declines for Grant and Wilson.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 14, 1872.

To Hon. John F. Quarles, Augusta, Ga.:

DEAR SIR: Yours is before me. It is well known that I have taken an active interest in politics, and as I am in the receipt of many letters from colored persons and others from various sections inquiring where I stand in the Presidential contest, I therefore publicly reply.

The confidence I am happy to repose in Charles Sumner, my unswerving faith in his integrity, the gratitude I reverently cherish in connection with him in his efforts for the rights, affecting me and my race, his unquestioned towering ability, the fact that we have in some instances differed as to policies affecting my people's interest, and, time having proved that he was right, have all tended to produce a timidity on my part about taking a stand adverse to him on a subject which he has made so especially a matter of earnest study. I have paused, I have questioned myself, but a sense of duty, though painful, compels me to differ with my friend, and to declare my conviction that with Grant and Wilson and the old Republican Party in power, with all that is said disparagingly thereof, the interest of a stable and just Government will be favored more, than if Greeley and Brown, with such as would be associated with them, were placed there. Instead, that the fraternal relations so necessary to exist between those who have been too long estranged—a relation earnestly desired by me—are more likely to be brought about sooner with the continuance of the Republican Party in power, than if Greeley, with his probable associates, were placed there.

Placing others in power, and especially under the circumstances, would be taken as reproving those in power; and so a marked manner if Horace Greeley were placed at their head—Horace Greeley, whose erratic, unstable, and in many instances inconsistent career, gives no assurance of his having the needed steady character which the man at the helm of State should have. We wondered at his strange course during the war—how he was willing to let the country be rent in twain at the bidding of rebels; how he was willing to treat with them when they had not any plot with them? how he became the ballet of their chief; how he journeyed in their land to praise their prowess and devotion to an unholy cause, to give encouragement to them; how he, while there, sought Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis, and held the hand far more intimate and friendly relations with the rebel chief, who has just said, "I accept nothing; I have done nothing that I am sorry for; I shall not abide by the issue of the war; the South is only waiting; the cause for which we fought must triumph sooner or later; our policy is to watch the current of events, and when the heads of the North are ready to help us, we will help them; they will give us what we want, and we shall put them in power."

It has been made too plainly evident, especially of late, how Horace Greeley can stretch his conviction with the hope of becoming President. His election would immoralize discordant elements in legislative halls, and encourage a spirit not yet extinct in the land—a spirit which would overturn the new order of things. The Democrats, who are to elect Horace Greeley—if he be elected—do not recognize the new order of things with any good will; they merely abide them, which is no assurance of any very strenuous efforts to maintain the same in any warm contest. It is probably true that a large percentage of them give in their adhesion, intending to recognize colored men as free citizens, with full rights, not to be infringed by law; a class like the Tilldenites, and place within their elections, to decide from the letter and spirit of the Constitution, interpreted in the light of the Declaration of Independence, as to what constitutes the same; States taxes, without giving a representation; if to deprive a person of life, liberty or property, to the pursuit of happiness, if it attempts to pass a bill of attainder, or to abridge any essential feature of a republican form of government in an American sense, it is "the duty" of the United States to interpose, and guarantee against the same. I refer to this because of its immediate connection with a plank in the several platforms. Which the Cincinnati platform subsequently adopted at Baltimore, like the Republican platform at Philadelphia, affirms the right of every citizen to be protected in his civil and political rights, the Cincinnati-Baltimore platform, in obedience to the spirit which waged war against the Government, intimates, at least, that the securing of the rights of the citizen is to be left with the States, while the Philadelphia platform affirms that it is the duty of the National, as well as of State Governments, so to do, and, to make the matter complete, the Republicans have inserted the words "public rights," so as to have all citizens fully protected in rights which the people, in the interest of slavery, have been educated to out

OREGON.

Summering on the Pacific Coast—Bound for Yaquina Bay—Sojourning at the Springs—In the Mountains—Willamette Valley Described.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SALEM, Oregon, Monday, Aug. 5, 1872.

Our Summer has toned down so that the mornings and evenings feel a premonition of Autumn, and as the days have sensibly shortened, the sun is hardly able to get up as fervent a scorch as a few weeks ago. But for all that the weather is warm. Yes, hot, and the languishing townspeople are wending their ways for sea or mountain. "Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world," or at least to some parts of it where civilization is not overtiresome. All this while the farmers are hurrying up the harvest, and by the aid of mowers, headers, reapers and threshers they manage to get through their work much easier than they used to. Harvesting is hot work to make the best of it, but that old task of cradling and binding by hand—how terrible that used to be; at least, what little I have done of it tires me yet when I think of it. The world moves, and harvesting moves along with it.

BOUND FOR THE COAST.

The farmers take their recreation by and by, for when the harvest is over and before the Summer is ended, they hitch up Dobbin and his mate and go a gypsying, with generally a preference for the ocean beach, perhaps, because they naturally seek to wash off the Summer's dust and stains, and want plenty of water at hand when they undertake the job. I remember how the country people from Connecticut used to "come to salt," as they termed it. That is, they came down in wagon loads, all sorts, sizes, and ages, and took a good look at Long Island Sound each Summer, and went home, perhaps the same evening, with an idea that they had made acquaintance with the ocean. Our Oregonians also like to "go to salt," but they deliberately haul their household penates along with them, pack up the baby, bed and board, frying-pan and tea-kettle, rig the wagon-cover, if not fortunate enough to own a family hack, and very likely a couple of ponies are saddled for bub and sis to use, or for the youngsters and oldsters to ride upon, "turn about." Then they meander through the valley roads either for Yaquina or Salmon River, as those are the only two passes by which wagons reach the ocean from the Willamette Valley. They camp along the road, linger a day or so in the Coast Mountains, which reach down to the ocean beach almost, and catch trout or prospect for bear or elk sign, and like as not they kill a deer or two for variety and fresh meat. The Coast Mountains average about thirty miles across, and are occupied on the Salmon River road by an Indian reservation, so that whites cannot build Summer resorts on the ocean shore or on the route, but a toll-road has been constructed over the mountains and to the beach, entirely to accommodate this Summer exodus of native web-feet, and once down at the beach they encamp near by in the marginal wood, by some mountain trickle of cool water, and really enjoy the strange admixture of sea and mountain all at the same time. "Marathon looks on the sea," and so do our coast ranges. I imagine, too, that the latter offer the best Summer sports; for here the formidable bruin hides in his coverts and vegetates on berries, nuts, and acorns. Here the black-tailed deer is to be hunted, and the lordly elk ranges through the remotest upheavals, and offers excellent steaks and sublime roasts as recompense for his capture. The disciples of Old Izaak Walton can fish among these mountains to their hearts' content with a good prospect that mountain trout will respond in time for breakfast. And down on the beaches shore—which the sea takes the trouble to come up and roll smooth and hard twice a day the year round, whether visitors are expected or no—the country people and the city people meet with that superabundance of fun that people always have on hand when they leave business entirely out of sight and go in for unmitigated enjoyment. They drive up and down the beach when tides permit; they bathe in the pounding surf, which is cool enough at Midsummer to serve up in arctic fountains if it was flavored aright; and when jutting crags dispute the jurisdiction of the sea, they fish for tomcod and flounders at risk of being cut off from the base of supplies as the tides sweep in. They employ the hours when the tides are out to capture crabs, dig clams, which are neither quohogs nor soft shell, but *sui generis*, and serve well for chowder, stew or fry, and are most appetizing in a fritter. The rock oyster is a curiosity found in a slaty rock, with a thin shell, but occupying separate apartments, and filling those positions to the entire satisfaction of such constituents as happen to discover and possess them. These molluscs are not bivalves, and are not known at many places on the Oregon coast.

BOUND FOR YAQUINA BAY.

Another favorite Summer resort is at Yaquina Bay, south of Salmon River, and reaching inland from the ocean about thirty miles. Several small towns are springing up along this arm of the sea, and various streams come into it from the surrounding mountains which are heavily timbered. A small steamer runs up the bay and connects with a stage which clambers semi-occasionally over a mountain road, laid through a somewhat favorable pass that was built with a Government land subsidy, and connects the growing coast settlements with the beautiful Willamette Valley. This bay has a direct commerce with San Francisco, manufactures lumber by wholesale out of the magnificent and inexhaustible forest, and has native oyster beds that add to the luxuries of the Golden City, as well as furnish occasional supplies that are hauled overland to us who are of this valley. Yaquina has become enterprising somewhat, and has imported oysters of the best breeds known East—short horns or long horns can't say—and promises to take the lead in improved bivalves. Our native oysters are very small, but excellent eating. Newport, on Yaquina Bay, is a favorite Summer resort, and has accommodations of good class, and each year receives an increase of patronage. It is destined in time to be a very popular place, but the people of the valley cannot drive down there with their plunder all aboard, as to Salmon River, and they will prefer the latter place so long as they can reach it almost free of expense, and live there a nomadic life, enjoying the luxury of nature in all its patriarchal simplicity and purity.

SOJOURNING AT THE SPRINGS.

After crossing the plains in the old way, camping and pasturing along the road, one becomes a semi-nomad, and takes naturally, in after life to episodes that have a flavor of the old career. Oregonians attend their State fairs and county fairs in the same way, and our State Fair Grounds are park-like and spacious, surrounded with natural oak groves where the tens of thousands come from hundreds of miles, perhaps, spread their tents, and are ever so much happier than clams at high water. And when they come they all come, from grandfather down to the baby. I am sorry to say that the sessions of the Legislature are not attended in the same way. It would be better if they were held where the members lived in the open air, and not incumpled groves, and far away from corporation influences and whisky, though it must be confessed that Ben. Halladay furnishes them a much purer article than they are willing to buy for themselves. But about our springs. Nature has been both bountiful and kind in furnishing us health-dealing waters, for I suppose the mineral springs already developed on the edge of this valley eastward, among the foot-hills of the lordly Cascade range, are unsurpassed for excellence. The water in some instances is deliciously cold, and has a sparkling effervescence equal to the best manufactured article.

These springs are attracting invalids and becoming popular resorts, not yet having reached the fashionable epoch. That is hardly true, either, for they have established a rustic career of fashion that will grow and cultivate into something equal to Saratoga, perhaps. Several of these places offer "accommodation for man and beast," and their houses are patronized by many who use the waters for benefit of their health. Also, some go there for recreation, but many want go their independent of the lord or landlord of the soil, and seeking for a spot to pitch their tents, set up housekeeping with a frying-pan and camp-kettle, and "care nothing for nobody." These chime in with all the enjoyments of the place, attend the "hops," learn to play croquet, and go in for a full share of what fun there is a going.

A young miss of seventeen, of my own raising, who lately attended "Wilhoit's Springs" in company with friends who took accommodations *au naturel*, cooked at a log-fire and tented on the ground, reports that she never had so much enjoyment in all her life. She furnishes a graphic picture of the surroundings, and I judge therefrom that Oregonians know how to amuse themselves when they undertake it, as well as the best of them. July furnishes elegant weather for dancing. They "hop" at Saratoga, and why not at "Wilhoit's?" So they did "hop" at "Wilhoit's," and will, no doubt, for many a day to come. Every "hop" has to have a master of ceremonies, and the "leader of the ton" at our springs was an enthusiastic young man, who called off the figures for quadrilles and made things spin when the time came for fancy dances. He came from down on the Molalla, and probably was a leading spirit in that neck of woods. When he danced, he paid particular attention to it—especially on one warm evening, when he wore a schottische out, and dropping his partner in the middle of the floor, let her choose the seat she liked best without dictation, while he took one across the room. There was no exquisite foolishness of fashion about that; neither was there in his cheerful exclamation, when, after mopping his perspiring features awhile with his generous bandana, he called out, "I say, Mary! don't it make you sweat?" There was delicious *chalance* for you.

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

Hunting and fishing parties are constantly fitting out in the valleys through the Spring, Summer and Autumn, bound for either the Coast range or the Cascades. These last are perhaps the most formidable mountains on the continent. They boast some mighty champions among the snow peaks as Hood, Jefferson, the Three Sisters and others in Oregon. Bierstadt has made himself famous by his success in portraying Hood and its surroundings. Yet Adams, St. Helen, Ranier and Baker, in Washington Territory, dispute the palm for grandeur with our favorite summit. Expeditions fit out each Summer to climb these mountains, and the summit of Hood has been trod by the feet of ladies. It is considered a nice thing to go and camp at the foot of that prince of peaks, to fish in waters furnished by its snows, and to hunt the deer and elk at its base. Just remember, however, that you are more than a long day's journey in among Titan ranges, and away from the dwellings of the valley where you rest at the foot of Mount Hood, and the base of the mountain must claim a field of at least twenty miles broad as its homestead, with little fear of ever losing possession.

Across the river from here, west, there also beautiful oak-crowned hills, over which the yellow grain now stands in broad fields, or the golden sheaves are piled, telling of harvest. Visiting a friend who owns such fields, I lately saw from one of the higher swells a panorama of such magnificence that one could never tire. I can see Mount Hood, fully eighty miles distant, from my own door here in the valley, but from that better view it loomed on the east with an impressiveness that no eye can deny and no pen can tell; and not only Hood, but, to the south, Jefferson and the Sisters relieve the mountain ranges of their monotony, while to the north the nearest, more than a hundred miles distant, in Washington Territory, with the Columbia rolling all its floods between, stood St. Helen, Adams and Ranier. A view of some of these greets the homebound Oregonian out at sea, and no true son of the soil but rejoices at the sight of them.

There are wonderful riches in the Cascades, the existence of which is denoted by the presence of gold in the sands that are brought from them. Prospectors continually explore for the discovery of the lodes that furnish it, and wonderful deposits have been found, but are not yet made to pay. Lead, silver and gold will some day yield tens of millions of treasure there. Some devote their Summer recreation to this search for mines, and others work all Summer gathering the gold on the river bars with good results. In the mountains, and at high altitude, are beautiful, clear lakes, stored with speckled trout and mountain salmon. These lakes are favorite resorts for fishermen, but it requires a hardy sort of man to get that far, for the way is rough and weary on man and beast. One lake, of miles in length, has evidently been formed by some recent convulsion of nature; at least as recent as the existence of the grand forests which clothe these ranges, and which will become invaluable to the world in the course of time. Some visitors once made a raft and ventured on this lake to fish, and they discovered that a forest was submerged beneath them. The water was as clear as crystal, and the depth must have been great, for the mountain forests stand two hundred feet high in many instances. This could happen by a sinking of the spot, or by a stoppage of the outlet. At any rate that is the fact, and the quidnuncs can account for the circumstances as they please.

WILLAMETTE VALLEY DESCRIBED.

You will perceive that the Valley of the Willamette is cradled among vast mountain ranges, with only one outlet made by nature, where the Willamette River joins the Columbia, which is only accomplished by its passage through a rock cañon at Oregon City, where the broad stream plunges thirty feet in one abrupt fall. The stream is navigable above for probably a hundred and fifty miles, and Portland is situated mid way between these and the Columbia. The Willamette Valley may be described as a hundred and fifty miles long and averaging forty miles wide, with small valleys reaching among the spurs of the mountains, and with much valuable land to be developed among the foot hills on either side. We may not assert too much to claim that the romance of its scenery is not easily surpassed on the face of the earth.

ASTORIA AND CLATSOP.

The resorts I have been describing are the Summer haunts of the people; the places to which they go in their own wagons or conveyances, and where public houses open their doors to the smaller number who have no conveyances of their own, or, unhappily, are too fastidious to appreciate the nomadic style of life. Of these classes are the inhabitants of Portland, the busy town which claims to be the metropolis of the north coast. But Portland naturally seeks the sea, for a Summer bathe by the Columbia. Astoria stands on a mountain side—almost, nay, literally climbing out of the water—and looks out over the broad bays and channels to the ocean, twenty miles distant. From there charming expeditions can be taken to the cape, on which a light-house and formidable earthworks look down on river and ocean. All the shores wear an inhospitable and frowning look, and Point Adams, otherwise known as Cape Disappointment, is exceedingly picturesque, viewed from the bay, which it forms within. With due respect for the claims of Joaquin Miller to be the poet of our coast, I will describe the spot in verse:

With seaward face for ocean's fiercest shock,
Rising in cliffs of adamantine rock,
Where debouches the river of the West,
Point Adams, all in sombre spruces dressed,
Keeps ceaseless watch upon the sea and sky,
And opes the gate to let Columbia by.
Southward the frowning head of Tillamook,
Breast deep in ocean, keeps its own outlook,
And all along the coast the mountains stand
And hold the waves back with a steady hand,
And rifted trunks that inland stood of yore
Are rudely piled upon the wrecking shore—
All by the river floods uptorn were these—
Now lifted shoreward by herculean seas.

The only marks of civilization that welcome the voyager are found in the fortifications, that are more a threat to a foe than a welcome to a friend.

South of the entrances stretches a long sand spit, made up of old ocean beaches, where the sea piles back the sands brought down by the great river. This constitutes Clatsop Plains, four or five miles wide by twenty long, and down close under the frown of Tillamook Head, situated upon beautiful creeks which flow down the plains parallel with the beach, and only a quarter of a mile distant from it, are the Summer houses, which entice the selectest Portland families, and sometimes the rest of us. It is a beautiful spot, and remote enough from the world's thoroughfares to satisfy the most recluse spirit. Of late years several new houses have been opened for Summer visitors, and this will go on until Clatsop will be the most famous of Oregon Summer residences. Ben Halladay has purchased the best natural situation, and has established himself there, and they say he intends to build a large hotel another season.

From Astoria one can make excursions over to the beach, and little steamers are in readiness for passing up the romantic streams and the various inlets that radiate out of or into the broad bay; and certainly the variety of scenery and of circumstances, if within reach of your citizens, would be eagerly sought.

It seemed to me seasonable to dish up as August reading for the subscribers for the TIMES the primitive idea we have of Summer junketings here on the North-west coast. Many of them will read it when sojourning at their more fashionable Summer haunts, but I imagine not a few of them will sigh for the freshness of our primitive ways and the native romance of our scenery; and it may be that some fair damsels would not object to hear our beau from the Molalla call off the figures of a quadrille.

FRANCE.

Adjournment of the Assembly—President Thiers' Declaration—The New Loan—Jumps at Conclusions—Americans in the Capital.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Monday, August 5, 1872.

The Assembly has at length separated for a three months' vacation, and without a single incident of marked importance. I do not know that I can say this exactly, for the report of M. Saint-Marc Girardin upon the prorogation of the Chamber was a matter of some importance, since M. Thiers used as a mouth-piece the very man who was expected to be his strongest enemy. After delighting the Left in his late speeches, the President turned round to give a few soft words to the Right. In point of fact he used the same words on both occasions, taking for his text "The Conservative Republic:" only, when he desired to throw the Left into ecstacies of joy he accented the word Republic, and when he wished to satisfy the Right he put the accent upon the word Conservative. On one side it was "Conservative *Republic*," on the other "*Conservative* Republic." Besides, the letter denouncing the opinions of the Council of Villefranche, which M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire answered without reading, had put the majority into good humor, and when M. Thiers then declared that he was and always had been a Conservative and meant to maintain the "Pacte de Bordeaux" the Right was perfectly satisfied of the President's honest intentions, and left feeling that the country could safely be left in his hands, particularly when the "Committee of Twenty-five" was left to watch over him. Things being thus regulated, M. De Belcastel withdrew his notice of interpellation upon the general state of the country, and M. Saint-Marc Girardin took up the President's defense in his report. The explanations given by M. Thiers were perfectly satisfactory, he said, and the Assembly could be reassured. The Republic had been found already in existence; it was the Government *de facto*, and, since the President had declared that he had no sympathy with the Radicals, and meant to keep the Republic conservative, it was the duty of Deputies to sustain him—each, of course, reserving his own opinion upon the Government of the future. This is the sum of the political part of the report, and the wonder of it is that M. Saint-Marc, who was recently much incensed against the President, and who left the *Journal des Débats* because that paper sustained him, should have made it at all. Without doubt this face goes to show the remarkable tact and cleverness of M. Thiers, but the real secret of it is that the members of the Right failed to agree upon any basis of compromise, and, in complete despair, came back to the conclusion that they must support the things that are for fear of worse, and wait for better upon the natural course of events. Meantime, utterly powerless, the Right has gone off to the country, and at the hour I write M. Thiers is whirling along toward Trouville, happy to have rid himself of the Assembly for at least three months.

THE LOAN.

The new loan is still a subject of gossip, and some curious stories are told about it. One of them is worth noting. Four or five of the city journals—and I do not count the Bonapartist journals, who dared not even copy the report—positively state, and demand an inquiry into the matter, that a number of leading bankers were let into the secret of the loan before it was closed. They say that at the last moment M. Rothschild and others were given the figures already subscribed, and that seeing how far it had gone, they were allowed to quadruple their subscriptions. There is a further charge, that for the deposit of fourteen and a half per cent. upon this second subscription, they "put up" nothing but checks upon England or some other country, which were given under the pledge that they were not to be used. That such checks were given is certain, but about the pledge I cannot say. It is evident that any check these men would give must be as good as gold. I mention this report to show how the figures of the loan were run up for moral effect, and when I say that the *Siècle*, Republican organ, first made the charge, you will see that it does not spring from party malice.

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS.

Another instance of drawing bizarre conclusions from certain public facts is seen with regard to the proposed meeting of the Czar, Francis Joseph, of Austria, and the Emperor William, of Germany. The French Press is greatly troubled by this meeting, and is talking about another "Holy Alliance," as if the possibility of such a thing did not end with the fall of the last Bourbon and the principle of Divine right, and become ridiculous with the election of Louis Philippe and Prince Louis Napoleon. There are some men who never can get into their heads the idea that the world is progressing. For my part, I believe that we are a great deal better than our fathers, and that our children will be a great deal better than we are; and I know that we have established great principles which our fathers barely understood. Since we have come to understand that kingcraft is a profession, that a King holds his office by the will of the people, and that, as an officer of the people, he is just as much entitled to obedience and respect as the mightiest Justice of the Peace in the country, we have come to have new ideas about such questions as "Holy Alliances" and balances of power. The time is past when a sovereign can make an alliance which will be binding; and no one can imagine that the English people could be led into a war against their will because an ally of Her Majesty had stupidly run his head into difficulties. The most that can be done is to shape the policy of the Government, which generally shapes the people also, I admit, but which cannot be depended on in a quarrel when the right is not clearly established. This is probably the case now. I have no idea in the world that Kaiser Wilhelm hopes to make an alliance between Russia, Austria and Germany; but he wants to inaugurate a policy of peace which shall promote such interests as the three nations have in common, and establish a sentiment of good will. The latter is the most important, in one point of view, for Prince Bismarck will find it a powerful moral weapon against France to check any growing belligerent spirit.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

Paris is full of Americans at this time, and I meet at the Grand Hotel any number of New-York merchants, who are here for the purpose of looking up the fashions, or to buy stock. Men in other lines are also abundant, and judging from what I can see here, New-York is going to have a brilliant Winter. Mr. Harry Palmer is busy with his grand spectacle, to open at Niblo's, and the sketches he has of costumes are ahead of anything yet put upon the stage. Some of the best Parisian artists have been engaged by him. By the by, there was a rumor recently that Mr. Palmer was insane. I do not know how the report got about, but since it did, I may as well say that there is no truth in it. He was quite ill, a short time back, but is now as well as ever, and as sound in mind as he has been ever since I knew him. In a word, there is no truth whatever in the report in question.

ASHBY.

A Little Child Torn by a Savage Dog.

The Detroit *Post* gives an account of a savage attack by a large bull-dog upon a boy four years old, in that city, on Wednesday afternoon last, by which the child received nearly fatal injuries. The dog was lying upon the steps of the house when the child entered the yard. The brute slowly raised his head, and uttered a low growl of rage, which attracted the attention of the lady of the house. She spoke to the dog in a soothing manner, and called to the child to get out of the yard. The little fellow, however, being unable to understand English, advanced, when the dog sprang toward him. The child turned to fly, but was too late. The savage brute sprang upon him with great violence, dashing him violently to the earth. The child was bitten in several places, and one eye was nearly destroyed. His face was horribly mutilated, and his scalp was nearly torn from his head. It was with great difficulty that the dog could be forced to quit his prostrate victim.

NEWPORT.

Warm Weather—Amusements—Capt. Norton of the Pioneer—The Prize Regatta—Celebrated People—Charlotte Cushman.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEWPORT, R. I., Wednesday, Aug. 14, 1872.

The warm and sultry weather of the past ten days has been the means of rapidly filling up every vacant room at the hotels, and in fact every place where "boarders are wanted." Never before, for a number of years at least, have our hotels enjoyed such continued prosperity as they have within the past few weeks, and as a result the landlords are good-natured and apparently happy.

Amusements are not numerous, with the exception of the usual watering-place entertainments—going to the beach in the morning, driving in the afternoon and attending the hops at the hotels in the evening. At these hops one would be led to suppose from the name, that dancing was the principal feature; far from it, however, but little of it is done at the social entertainments, with the exception of a venturesome couple, who may be seen occasionally to rush through a bewitching waltz or galop, and an observer would never know that the occasion was termed a "hop." A large number of the guests may be found quietly taking their comfort upon the capacious piazzas, enjoying a social chit-chat, and listening to the delightful music as it comes floating from within. These piazzas are pleasant places, and are also the scene where those innocent flirtations occur, so common at watering-places, and which are carried on to the enjoyment of those most interested.

Capt. Norton, late in command of the ill-fated Cuban privateer which was recently turned over to the United States authorities, is seemingly born to misfortune, as he has been arrested and lodged in our County Jail. His arrest was caused by James E. Ward & Co., of New-York, on account of a mortgage for $2,000, which they had upon the Pioneer. It appears that the Pioneer, formerly the Resolute, was sold in Hayti to the Cuban Government, subject, of course, to the mortgage. The name of the vessel was subsequently changed from the Resolute to the Pioneer, and Capt. Norton commissioned by President Cespedes to command her. Since his arrest, he has repeatedly informed his Cuban sympathizers in New-York of his incarceration, and he did not doubt for a moment but that they would immediately furnish bail for his release, but as yet nothing has been done in the matter. The Pioneer is now lying quietly in the charge of a keeper at Perry Mill Dock, and she has been entirely dismantled.

Our citizens are making arrangements to give a schooner and sloop prize in a regatta to be sailed from this place on the 20th of the present month. The race will be open to yachts belonging to any recognized and duly organized yacht club. It is expected that many of the Boston yachts will appear as competitors, with some of the first yachts of the New-York Yacht Club. The Atlantic Yacht Club have made us a visit, and many of the "gay yachtsmen" attended the reception at the Ocean House Saturday evening. The New-York Yacht Club are expected the latter part of the week from Glen Cove, when a number of races, of which the readers of the TIMES have been informed, will occur over the favored course from Brenton's Reef Light-ship to Block Island and return. The following yachts are to-day quietly lying at anchor in our harbor: The Wanderer, Palmer, Viking and steam-yacht Louise, formerly owned by Boss Tweed, of New-York. The race, which is to occur from this place, between the Tidal Wave and Madgie, is looked forward to with a good deal of interest. The race is for the Challenge Cup given by Commodore Bennett, and now held by the Madgie, but two years ago the Tidal Wave was the winner. The course will be from Fort Adams, around Block Island and return. Really, a brilliant prospect is ahead for Newport and vicinity.

The accident to the steamer Bristol, as the readers of the TIMES have been duly informed by telegram, causes a good deal of talk in our City. Opinions are freely expressed, pro or con, in reference to the future action of the Narragansett Steam-ship Company in assuming the responsibility of the damage done to the bark, and of the action of Capt. Simmons, of the Bristol. Many severely censure Capt. Simmons, and say that with his bows cut seven or eight feet into a vessel loaded with iron, that he should have examined the steamer more thoroughly, and can but consider that the blame for leaving Newport should be attributed to gross carelessness. It is evident that the Company mean to contest the right to pay for damages done to the bark, and, in fact, one of the officers of the Company in this City informed the TIMES correspondent that the bark had no right to be in the channel, and that his Company would sue her for damages. However this may be, it is the wish of all that the affair should be fully and impartially investigated, and particularly that part of it where the responsibility of leaving Newport after the collision was assumed. Captain Woolonghan, of the ill-fated bark, together with his crew, were summoned to New-York last evening, by the vessel's consignee in that place, to attend some important business in reference to the accident. They leave many friends in this city who heartily sympathize with them in their loss, and who have bestowed upon them many acts of kindness since the accident.

Probably it will be of interest to the readers of the TIMES to read a list of the titled as well as the prominent individuals who are snuffing our delightful sea breezes: Baron von Hengelmuller Hengervar, Chargé d'Affaires of Hungary; Bellargue de Bonghas, French Consul at New-Orleans; F. L. Barreda, late Peruvian Minister; Marquis de Noailles, French Minister; Count Corti, Italian Minister; Count von Arnim, First Attaché German Legation; Count Arco, Austrian Chargé d'Affaires; Admiral Barnabe de Polo, Spanish Minister; Charlotte Cushman, the renowned actress; Mr. Sofonerson, the Austrian Minister; Mr. Dobilic, the Danish Minister; John Lafarge, the artist; R. S. Greenough, the sculptor; Fanny Fern, James Parton, Dr. S. G. Howe, Julia Ward Howe, Maurice del Fosse, Belgian Minister; Count Kreutze, First Secretary Russian Ambassador; Gen. Cullum, Ex-Superintendent West Point; Gov. John T. Hoffman, Judges Blatchford, Sedgwick, Curtis and Dickey; W. B. Lawrence, Ex-Gov. E. D. Morgan, L. P. Morton, Gen. H. S. Sargeant.

Since my last letter our little State has undergone somewhat of a sensation, caused by the appearance of the "Dolly Varden" candidate for the Presidency. It is a noteworthy fact, and worth remembering, that at the clam-bake he attended at Silver Springs the American Steam-boat Company sold but 1,200 tickets; upon the visit of Gen. Grant to the same place two years ago the Company sold 12,000 tickets.

Miss Charlotte Cushman has kindly consented to give a reading for the benefit of the Newport Hospital Fund at the Opera-house, on Tuesday evening next. The great philosophical writer, Prof. J. C. Draper, is with us as the guest of A. S. Hatch, Esq., at his elegant villa on Kay-street. Oliver Wendell Holmes has been stopping with Gardner Brewer at "Finisterre," and no other than Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, is also the guest of Mr. Brewer. Mr. Lorillard, of the yacht Wanderer, gave the prizes—one of $30 and the other $20—last week to be sailed for by the leading sail-boats in our harbor. The courtesies of the visiting yachtsmen will never be forgotten by our boatmen. Gov. Hoffman has returned from Albany; Ben. Wood and family are at the Ocean House, and A. Oakey Hall has been the guest for a few days of Ex-Gov. E. D. Morgan, of New-York. Gen. McDowell has been in town also, and visited Fort Adams. He was received with the customary salute.

The following are the latest arrivals of New-Yorkers at the hotels: Judge E. W. Stoughton, Mr. Sinclair, of the New-York *Tribune*; J. A. Moore, United States Army; John Schuyler, A. C. Washington, A. W. Spear, Gen. S. D. Babcock, A. S. Bishop, Richard Wardwell, Chas. Waters, George H. Smith, Jr., A. J. Dodge, J. B. Grosvenor and A. D. Thayer.

I. G.

CALIFORNIA.

A Few Words on the Currency and Finance—Politics in the Golden State.

From Our Own Correspondent.

GRASS VALLEY, Sunday, July 28, 1872.

One of the New-York papers (the *Post*) estimates the annual gold interest due from the Government at $112,000,000. In reflecting upon the subject of ways and means, I was led to consider the financial condition of the Government at the commencement of the rebellion, and the effect which the mines of California had in aiding to carry through to a successful termination that great and important struggle.

Up to the commencement of that trying period, our common currency was furnished by local banking institutions, subject to depreciation, or financial casualties. New-York being the great centre of commerce, bills from Maine to New-Orleans and the great West, were subjected to heavy discounts, the cash basis of those banks were inadequate to meet the exigencies of the times, and for a period Government was sorely pressed for means to carry on the war; and not until it established a national currency, which was equal in every part of the Union, did the great difficulty disappear. The credit of the Government being pledged, was a great lever in equalizing the currency of its notes, but let me ask all well-informed men, if the steady flow of gold from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic board was not one of the most powerful levers to sustain that very credit which the Government gave. What greater difficulties would not the Government have sustained had it not been for the mines of California, and had the golden product of our snowy mountains been cut short, what would have been the effect upon the general prosperity of the whole country; and at this day, were the mining departments of the country west of the Rocky Mountains to cease, would not the effect be most severely felt in the business circles of the Union? In this view, should not the mining interests of the Pacific coast be fostered and encouraged? It seems to me that it is worthy of consideration quite as much as that of manufactures, of commerce and trade, and instead of being allowed to be depressed, encouragement should be offered to win the treasure from its hidden vaults in the ground, especially since all other branches are dependent upon the product of the mines to insure success. From the great war arose a great national debt. The interest on that debt is so large that the mind can scarcely grasp it definitely. Still, that debt and interest can and will be paid, and, start not gentle reader when I assert that California alone, with proper encouragement, could pay the whole, principal and interest. Perhaps you will exclaim, "Well, why don't you take the job?" Give me the chance and I will. Protect and foster the mining interest as you do the commercial and manufacturing; give me scope and fair means to develop the mining resources of California, and I will bind myself to pay the national debt, principal and interest. I see your look of incredulity. I hear your laugh of derision.

What has Nevada County alone done in twenty years? Even Grass Valley, in that period of time, has contributed to the general circulation fifty millions of dollars—a small territory of about ten miles by six—and of the thousand distinct quartz ledges recorded in this district, only ten or fifteen are worked. Then take the mines of Nevada City and its vicinity, of Columbia Hill, North Bloomfield, Eureka, Washington, Alpha, Omega, Quaker Hill, and very many other localities, all of which are still paying, and where other valuable mines exist which are lying dormant for want of capital to work them, in this county, and the amount will be swelled to at least one hundred and twenty millions. I might cite the mines of Placer, Amador and other counties; in fact, the mining territory from one end of the State to the other already developed, and the amount of precious metal already extracted would go far toward paying the national debt. And yet mining in California is still in its infancy. No country in the world offers better inducements for employing capital at this moment than California; but gambling in stocks, feverish excitement in the desire to acquire sudden wealth, overreaching speculation, dishonest management of mines, fraudulent sales and general demoralization will never develop the resources of the country nor pay the national debt. Patient labor, prudent management, a return to the steady application of our fathers, economy in all things, small profits and quick sales are needed for the true prosperity of the country. When you see a mining superintendent driving four-in-hand, giving champagne parties, associating with fast men and fast women, visiting his mine once or twice a week, levying assessments to keep up his style, depend upon it that mine will not pay, if it is as rich as the Idaho, and the stockholders will whistle for their dividends. But those days are fast disappearing. Better management, honest superintendents, improved gold-saving machinery, lower wages and more powerful explosives is the order of the day, and mines which formerly ran their proprietors in debt are now, in many cases, paying handsome dividends. Every mine that is opened gives it value, and is a revenue to the State; every foot of land which lays in its primeval condition yields no revenue either to the State or to individuals. Cultivate the soil and open the mines, and a value is at once created and money goes into the Treasury. Open an hundred thousand mines (and more than three times that number may be opened in California) and in time the revenue arising will pay the national debt.

Of the political aspect, as I am no politician, I can say but little. I expect no office, I seek for none, therefore am not a sorehead; I am only an interested spectator, who, at the proper time shall deliberately and with no malice aforethought, go to the polls and cast my vote heartily and honestly for Grant and Wilson. From the observation I can make from my eyerie, the hurrahing and noise appears to come from the soreheads and Greeley men. There seems to be a deep Grant and Wilson current pervading the State. Among the straightforward Republicans I know of only two who have hoisted the Greeley flag, and one of these received Government patronage for ten or twelve years, and was a rampant Grant man until he was superseded in office. So much for his patriotism. As an offset to these, I know half a dozen Democrats who aver that they will vote the Grant and Wilson ticket in preference to that of the Chappaqua cabbage-grower, and, so far as I can learn, the masses in California believe in the integrity of our President, and will fully sustain him in the electoral fight. In California I think Greeley's case will be knocked into pi, and his supporters will exemplify the old distich:

"The man that turnips cries,
And cries not when his father dies,
Plainly shows that he had rather
Have a turnip than a father."

You'll find that quotation in "Pope's Essay on Humbugs," or somewhere else. If you don't happen to find it there, you will see it after election.

OLD BUCK.

The Pioneer Ship of a New Line of Steamers.

The steam-ship "Vibilia" (Goddess of Wanderers) is a new boat which arrived in this port a few days ago from London, the trip being her first, and giving much satisfaction to her owners. She is the pioneer vessel of a new line to run between London and the East Indies and China, via the Suez Canal, for the navigation of which she has been specially constructed. Her dimensions are: Length, 302 feet; beam, 36 feet; depth of hold, 26 feet. Her cabin and state-room arrangements and fittings are of the most comfortable and elegant character, and well calculated to secure that coolness so essential to the comfort of passengers traveling through the tropics. She will be dispatched to London on or about the 24th inst., in charge of Capt. C. H. J. Baker. Messrs. Bruce & Co., of No. 12 Broadway, are the agents for the new Company in this City.

An Officer Clubbing his Prisoner.

John Flynn, of Thirty-ninth-street and Eighth-avenue, was brought up at Jefferson Market, yesterday, by Officer Fitzgerald, of the Twentieth Precinct, charged with disorderly conduct. The prisoner was covered with blood, and suffered from a scalp wound and several ugly bruises, which he told the Judge were the result of a clubbing he received from the officer after his arrest. Justice Cox at once dismissed the case against the prisoner, and directed him to enter a complaint against the officer before the Police Commissioners.

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—Aug. 17.

GOVERNMENT STOCKS—10½ A. M.

SALES BEFORE THE CALL—10 A. M.

100 West. Un. Tel.	[illegible]	100 Erie Railway	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

FIRST BOARD—10½ A. M.

Alabama 8s	[illegible]	200 U. S. Express	[illegible]
Erie 1st M.	104	N. Y. C. & H.	[illegible]
Harlem R. 1st	102	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cen. Pac. G. B.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
U. Pac. Inc.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

GOVERNMENT STOCKS—12½ P. M.

$14,500 U. S. 5-20 '65	[illegible]	$2,000 U. S. 10-40 C.	[illegible]
10,000 U. S. 10-40 C.	[illegible]	10,000 U. S. 6s C. '81	[illegible]

SALES BEFORE THE CALL—12½ P. M.

100 Western Un.	[illegible]	200 Union Pacific	[illegible]
Quicksilver pref.	[illegible]	Rock Island	[illegible]
Pacific Mail	[illegible]	North-western	[illegible]
Erie Railroad	[illegible]	Toledo & Wabash	[illegible]
Lake Shore	[illegible]	Ohio & Miss.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	C. C. & I. C.	[illegible]

SECOND BOARD—1 P. M.

Western Div.	[illegible]	Erie R. pref.	[illegible]
Pacific Mail	[illegible]	L. S. & M. S.	[illegible]
West. Union Tel.	[illegible]	Panama RR.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Un. Pacific RR.	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	Chi. & N. W. R.	[illegible]
N. Y. C. & H. Riv. R.	[illegible]	Mil. & St. P. pref.	[illegible]
Erie Railway	[illegible]	Mo. K. & Tex. R.	[illegible]

SATURDAY, Aug. 17—P. M.

The Bank return for the week shows a better average in Gold Notes and a lower average in Greenbacks than last week, by about two millions in each case. The Deposits are down $1,010,000, the Lawful Money basis is rather stronger than on the previous report. The Loans decrease $3,563,000. The Money market left off sluggish this Afternoon at low rates on call loan, 3@4 ₱ cent. On time engagements lenders are not willing to accept less than 5@7 ₱ cent., apprehending a better demand for Money, for trade objects, early in the Fall months.

On the Exchange Gold is ⅛@¼ ₱ cent. cheaper than on Friday; sales at 115¼@115 ₱ cent. Exchange on London was also easier, 108¾@⅞ for 60-days' Bills, and 109½ for sight and short sight. The Public Funds were steady, and the Share speculation without particular interest either way. After the Second Board the following quotations were made as compared with Friday night:

CLOSING QUOTATIONS—AUG. 17.

	Friday.	Saturday.
United States New 5s	112⅝	112⅝
U. S. 5-20s, '65, May and Nov.	116¼	116¼
U. S. 5-20s, '67, Jan. and July	116	116
American Gold	115¼	115
Bills on London, 60 days	108⅞	108¾
N. Y. Central and Hudson	96⅞	97¼
Chicago and Rock Island	110¼	110⅛
North-western Common	73½	73½
Pacific Mail	75⅝	75⅜
St. Paul Preferred	76	76
St. Paul Common	54½	54½
Ohio and Mississippi	43¾	43¾
Western Union Telegraph	73⅛	73⅛
Erie	45½	45½
Union Pacific	35½	35½
Lake Shore	89¾	89½

At the very close the Stock Market was rather easier on Western Telegraph and Pacific Mail, and steady on most of the Railroads.

The following bids were made at the Exchange Board for the Public Funds of the United States:

6 ₱ cent., reg., '81	115⅛	5-20 reg., n. i., '65	[illegible]
6 ₱ cent., coup., '81	115⅞	5-20 coup., n. i., '65	[illegible]
5-20 reg., '62	116⅛	5-20 reg., '67	[illegible]
5-20 coup., '62	116⅜	5-20 coup., '67	[illegible]
5-20 reg., '64	116⅛	10-40 reg.	[illegible]
5-20 coup., '64	116⅜	10-40 coup.	[illegible]
5-20 reg., '65	116⅛	5's coup., '81	[illegible]
5-20 coup., '65	116⅜	6's Currency	[illegible]

And the following for the Railway Mortgages:

N. Y. Central 6s, '83	94	Toledo & Wab. 2d	[illegible]
N. Y. C. 6s, Real Est.	89	T. & W. Cons. Conv.	[illegible]
N. Y. C. 6s, Subscrip.	89	Great Western 1st, '88	[illegible]
Erie 1st Extended	[illegible]	Great Western 2d, '93	[illegible]
Erie 2d, 7s, '79	102½	Galena & Chic. Ext.	101
Erie 3d, 7s, '83	[illegible]	N. J. Southern 1st, 7s	[illegible]
Erie 5th, 7s, '88	[illegible]	Pitts., Ft. W. & C. 1st	[illegible]
Buff., N. Y. & E. 1st, '77	[illegible]	P., Ft. W. & C. 2d	[illegible]
Buff. & [illegible] 7s	[illegible]	Cleve. & Pitts.	[illegible]
Mich. Cen. 1st, 8s, '82	117	Chic. & Alton S. F.	101
M. S. & N. I. S. F. 7 ₱ c.	103	Chic. & Alton 1st	[illegible]
Cleve. & Tol. S. Fund	[illegible]	Ohio & M. Cons. S. F.	[illegible]
Cleve. & T. New Bds.	[illegible]	Ohio & Miss 2d	[illegible]
Cleve., P. & A. Old B.	[illegible]	Peninsula 1st, Conv.	[illegible]
Cleve., P. & A. New B.	[illegible]	St. Louis & I. M. 1st	[illegible]
Lake Shore Div. Bds.	97	Mil. & St. Paul 1st	[illegible]
Lake Shore Con. R. Bs.	100	Mil. & St. P., Iowa D.	[illegible]
Pac. R. 7s, G'd by Mo.	[illegible]	Chic. & Mil. 1st	[illegible]
Cen. Pac. Gold Bds.	102	Chic. & Gt. E. 1st	[illegible]
Union Pac. 1st Bds.	88⅝	Col., Chic. & Ind. 1st	[illegible]
U. Pac. Land G'ts 7s	80⅝	Col., Chic. & Ind. 2d	[illegible]
U. Pac. Income 10s	[illegible]	Tol., P. & W., E. D.	[illegible]
Illinois Cen. 7 ₱ c. '75	104	Tol., P. & W., W. D.	[illegible]
Chic. & N. W. S. F.	[illegible]	Tol., P. & W. 2d	[illegible]
C. & N. W. Int. Bds.	100	N. Y. & N. H. 6s	[illegible]
Iowa Midland 1st, 8s	100	Bos., Hart. & Erie 1st	[illegible]
Han. & St. Jo. Conv.	[illegible]	Cedar Falls & M. 1st	[illegible]
Del., L. & W. [illegible]	[illegible]		

PHILADELPHIA STOCKS—AUG. 17.

Telegraphed to Messrs. E. D. Randolph & Co.

	Bid.	Asked.
City 6s, New	101⅜	101½
Camden and Amboy	128½	129
Pennsylvania Central	55⅜	[illegible]
Reading	115	115⅛
Lehigh Valley	....	[illegible]
Catawissa Preferred	49⅜	[illegible]
Northern Central	39⅜	[illegible]
Lehigh Navigation	49	[illegible]

The week's Imports of general merchandise have been to the specie value of $4,716,970.

BANKING AND FINANCIAL.

Howes & Macy, Bankers, No. 30 Wall-st., New-York, offer the same facilities to Depositors as Incorporated Banks, and allow Interest on daily Balances at the rate of Four per Cent.

BANKING AND FINANCIAL.

ST. JOSEPH AND DENVER CITY RAILROAD COMPANY'S FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

Are being absorbed by an increasing demand for them. [illegible]

Besides being the obligation of a wealthy corporation, composed of men of experience and undoubted commercial integrity, they are secured by a first mortgage on the road, revenue, land grant, franchise and equipments, combined in one mortgage, and are readily negotiable both in the markets of this country and Europe.

A liberal sinking fund provided in the mortgage deed must advance the price upon the closing of the loan. Principal and interest payable in GOLD. Interest at eight (8) per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, free of tax. Principal in thirty years. Denominations, $1,000, $500 and $100. Coupons or Registered.

Price 97½ and accrued interest in currency, from Feb. 15, 1872.

Maps, circulars, documents and information furnished.

Trustees—Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New-York.

The diminished quantity of these Bonds for sale, and the increased demand absorbing them, warrant the belief that they will soon be sought for at an advance considerably above the present subscription price at which they are now to be had through the principal banks and bankers throughout the country, and from the undersigned, who unhesitatingly recommend them.

TANNER & CO.,
Bankers, No. 11 Wall-st.

FOREIGN MARKETS.

LONDON, Aug. 17—11:30 A. M.—Consols opened at [illegible] for money, and [illegible] for the account. American Securities quiet. United States 5-20 Bonds, 1865, [illegible]; 1867s, [illegible]; 10-40s, [illegible].

1 P. M.—Consols and American Securities unchanged.

PARIS, Aug. 17.—The specie in the Bank of France has increased [illegible] during the past week.

FRANKFORT, Aug. 17.—United States 5-20 Bonds, [illegible] for the issue of 1862.

LIVERPOOL, Aug. 17—11 A. M.—Cotton—The market opened quiet. Middling Uplands, [illegible]; Middling Orleans, [illegible]. The sales of the day are estimated at 10,000 bales.

1 P. M.—Cotton—The market closed dull and unchanged. The sales of the day have been 8,000 bales, including 1,500 for export and speculation.

3 P. M.—Cotton—The shipments from Bombay to the 16th inst., since the last report, have been [illegible] bales. Breadstuffs—The market is quiet. Wheat, 12s. 2d. ₱ cental for California White Wheat; 11s. 6d. @ 11s. 8d. for Red Western Spring, and 12s. 3d. for Red Winter. Flour, 28s. 6d. ₱ bbl. for Western Canal. Provisions—Pork, [illegible] ₱ bbl. for New Mess. Lard, [illegible] ₱ cwt. Bacon, [illegible] ₱ cwt. for Cumberland Cut.

Evening—Bacon, [illegible] ₱ cwt. for Short Rib Middles. Spirits Turpentine, [illegible] ₱ cwt.

HAVANA, Aug. 16.—The notes of the Spanish Bank are quoted at 11 ₱ cent. discount. Sugar—No. 12 Dutch Standard nominal; quoted at [illegible] reals ₱ arroba. Exchange—The general market is irregular. Exchange on the United States nominal. Currency, 60 days, [illegible] ₱ cent. premium; do. short sight, [illegible] ₱ cent. premium. Gold, 60 days, [illegible] ₱ cent. premium; do. short sight, [illegible] ₱ cent. premium. Exchange on London, [illegible] ₱ cent. premium. Exchange on Paris, [illegible] ₱ cent. premium.

Capt. Colvocoresses.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

The letter signed "L. W. S." published in the TIMES last Sunday, greatly misrepresents the feelings of our people in regard to the manner of their late fellow-citizen, Capt. Colvocoresses, of the United States Navy. At the close of the war, after more than thirty years of faithful service in all parts of the world, Capt. Colvocoresses obtained an extended leave of absence and came to live in this village, where his family was already settled. During the many years of his residence here, he maintained a reputation for spotless integrity, chivalrous honor and high moral virtue, and I but echo the sentiment of all classes of the community when I say that no one has been more respected while living, or honored when dead. Your correspondent, therefore, when he asserts that "the opinion is at length reluctantly entertained that the Captain insured his life in order to defraud the companies for the benefit of his family," not only defames the dead, but slanders an entire community, for no one here believes that the theory of suicide is anything but a shallow "device of the insurance companies to save their money."

It is well understood, in this town, that the companies, through their agents, are responsible for the many newspaper articles, which, by means of false evidence, plausibly set forth, are intended to create an impression that Capt. Colvocoresses was not only guilty of self-murder, but also of gigantic fraud. The manner in which detectives and newspaper correspondents have been manipulated, may suggest itself to your readers, when they are informed that official reports show that seventy-one life insurance companies in the State of New-York paid out in a single year more than *eleven millions of dollars* for runners, agents, advertising, and the like. It is not our purpose here to inquire into the soundness of a system which requires an annual expenditure of so large a sum in the manufacture of public opinion, but simply to point out a way in which the character and reputation of honest but deluded victims of the fallacies of life insurance can be crushed out and destroyed. It may not be amiss to state that the most conspicuous person now engaged in "working up" the suicide theory, is the very man who, according to his own account, was the most active in inducing the Captain to invest so largely in life policies. It was with this man that the Captain had his last business interview in New-York, or elsewhere; it was this man who knew what were the Captain's intentions in going to Litchfield, and the time of his proposed return. What explanation is offered for this sudden change of front?

In regard to the so-called facts set forth in the letter under consideration, it may be stated that most of them are without any basis in truth; the rest are so perverted, or so far removed, from their proper context, as to make them little better than false statements. [illegible]

LITCHFIELD, Conn., Thursday, Aug. [illegible], 1872.

Ornaments for the Capitol of California.

Mr. F. Messers, a San Francisco artist, has forwarded to Gov. Booth, of California, the first draft of the statuary intended to surmount the fronts of the Capitol building, and also miniature models in plaster of the more important groups. The Sacramento *Union* thus describes them: "In the centre of the west or main front there are to be two groups, one representing a bear in conflict with a man on horseback, and another, representing a bull in like antagonism. These statues stand at intervals to the ends of the front on each side of the centre-pieces. To the north the figures will represent Prudence, War and Eloquence; and to the south Truth, Peace and Force. The north and south fronts will be surmounted by a centre-piece representing Union, flanked by a statue of Fame blowing her trumpet, on each side."

MISCELLANEOUS.

SCHULTZ & WARKER

HAVE REMOVED THEIR BUSINESS OFFICE TO

No. 860 Broadway,

Union-square, where they receive orders and sell at the leading mineral waters, as Seltzer, Vichy, Kissingen, Carlsbad, Saratoga, &c., on draught.

These are the only artificial mineral waters which, after analysis by the first chemical authorities of the country, have been proved to exactly correspond in composition with the natural waters they represent, and which are exclusively prescribed by the medical profession. They are perfectly pure and free from metallic contaminations, and are drawn from our patent [illegible]

Glass Fountains Only.

TEXAN LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

THE GENUINE AMERICAN [illegible]

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST NOURISHMENT for invalids and families. For sale everywhere. A. GLANZ, Sole Agent, 136 William-st., New-York.

BOKER'S BITTERS! BOKER'S BITTERS!

Nobody should be without a bottle of BOKER'S BITTERS.

[illegible] experience of more than [illegible] years has proved them to be by far the best and most efficacious Stomach Bitters, as well as a very agreeable and pleasant cordial. Beware of counterfeits, and buy only of respectable houses.

L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Agent, No. 68 Liberty-st., New-York. P. O. Box No. 1,029.

PERSONAL.

FOR ADOPTION—A SWEET LITTLE orphan girl three months old. Apply per letter to W. H. A., Box No. 1[illegible] Times Office.

FINANCIAL.

TWENTY PER CENT. INVESTMENT.

THE AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY OF CHICAGO, ILL.

L. H. BOOMER, of Chicago, President.

(ORGANIZED AUG. 1, 1872.)

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL STOCK, $1,000,000

The Work consists of the extensive Chicago Bridge Company, covering some of the business portion of the City of Chicago, and the Bridge Company will be ready to commence work on the first contracts on hand, and the Company are properly obliged to receive, in part payment for their work, railroad and other bonds, which are perfectly good collaterals, but not always immediately available.

A point of interest but great importance to those seeking security is the fact that the Company owe nothing for the Stock, which represents, which real estate dealers say will be worth, in six years, at least $1,000,000 an amount equal to the whole property capital.

The success of the American Bridge Company, though brief, has already fully demonstrated the profitableness of the enterprise. The Company has continued since its organization, and up to the last Consolidation, with a capital of $147,000 only, in turning tables, and 16 iron roofs, and pneumatic caissons, the superstructure, costing $2,000,000, and have facilities for the construction of pneumatic piles by which the Company can furnish 1 pier and 4 caissons for the construction of at least 150 feet of bridge for every working day in the year.

The Iron Railroad and Highway Bridge at Leavenworth, Kansas, costing $1 60 for each and every Illinois Bridge across the Missouri River at Kansas City, is the work of this Company.

The next profit arising from this business, to whom by the Consolidation, is to be the 31st of March, 1873, for the year ending 31st of March, 1873, at the rate of $3373,673 74, at the rate of $1224,000 28 per annum, being over 60 per cent upon the capital stock, then outstanding, with the Company will have extensive machinery, &c. the Company will have a much greater capital, the business of the increased issue of stock will enable them to carry on the business to the extent of a saving of from $250,000 to $375,000 per year, and the Company will be enabled, if necessarily, to make dividends of from 20 to 25 per cent per annum, with a fair profit of considerable income.

We have no hesitation in giving to those inquiring the fullest details and entire satisfaction regarding the reliability of the Company, the ability and the unquestioned integrity and ability of its officers.

We confidently commend to capitalists the above as an investment worthy their attention.

MARVIN BROS., BANKERS, No. 49 Exchange-place, New-York.

MIDLAND FIRST MORTGAGE

7 Per Cent. Gold Bonds,

ISSUED BY THE MONTCLAIR RAILWAY CO.

AND

GUARANTEED BY NEW-YORK MIDLAND.

The MONTCLAIR is the DIRECT and SHORT LINE OF THE MIDLAND through New-Jersey. Its bonds are issued on the basis of half cost. They are GUARANTEED. It is a home road, running DIRECT FROM THE CITY OF NEW-YORK. Secured at a large business and a fine future. THIS BOND OFFERS AN ADVANTAGE OVER ALL THE OTHER MIDLAND FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS, IN THAT, WITH EQUAL SECURITY, IT IS LESS IN PRICE.

We commend it to investors.

For sale by

Allen, Stephens & Co.,

NO. 25 PINE-ST.

VERMILYE & CO.

BANKERS,

16 and 18 Nassau-st. New-York.

DEALERS IN ALL ISSUES OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

FIRST-CLASS RAILROAD AND MUNICIPAL BONDS OFFERED FOR INVESTMENT.

BUY AND SELL ON COMMISSION RAILWAY STOCKS, BONDS AND GOLD.

MAKING LIBERAL ADVANCES.

INTEREST ALLOWED.

THE BURLINGTON, CEDAR RAPIDS, AND MINNESOTA RAILROAD.

(MILWAUKEE EXTENSION.)

FIRST MORTGAGE 7 PER CENT. SINKING FUND.

Convertible Gold Bonds,

$2,200,000 ISSUE.

Interest Payable February and August, FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.

Bonds Offered for Sale only on Book Credit.

We confidently recommend them as among the best and most safe from the market.

Price 90c. and interest in currency, yielding nearly 8 per cent. on investment.

Full particulars furnished on application.

HENRY CLEWS & CO., No. 44 Wall-st., New-York.

DUNCAN, SHERMAN & CO., No. 11 Nassau-st., New-York, OFFER FOR SALE THE BALANCE OF THE BONDS OF COOK COUNTY, ILLINOIS, BEARING INTEREST SEVEN PER CENT., MATURING 1902, PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.

The county includes the City of Chicago. The bonds are issued and the security unlimited. For full particulars, apply to the undersigned.

CHOICE INVESTMENTS

Illinois Midland Railroad 1 per cent. 30-year Bonds, guaranteed by the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad Company.

CANADA SOUTHERN RAILROAD 7 per cent. Gold First Mortgage 30-year Bonds.

CARROLL COUNTY (Iowa) 10 per cent. For sale by

MARVIN BROS., No. 49 Exchange-place.

OFFICE OF TOLEDO, PEORIA AND WARSAW RAILWAY CO., No. 40 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, AUG. 10, 1872.

AT A MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of the Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw Railway Company, held on Friday, March 15, 1872, the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That on and after the 1st day of September, A. D. 1872, the coupons and interest warrants, now first payable, on the 1st day of April, 1873, on the Mortgage Bonds of the Toledo, Peoria and Warsaw Railway Company, and that the holders of said bonds may at any time, exchanging their old coupons and interest warrants, as set forth in a resolution adopted at a meeting of stock and bond holders of this Company on the 15th day of June, 1872, in the City of New-York, "Provided, that such bonds be delivered to the undersigned, for exchange, on or before the 1st day of September, A. D. 1872, but not otherwise."

Given under the seal of the Company.

THOS. E. WILLIAMS, Assistant Secretary.

COUPONS AND INDIANA CENTRAL CINCINNATI BONDS Wanted by HANNA BROS., Dealers in Railroad Bonds, No. 11 Wall-st. and No. 2 Nassau-st.

ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE Scrip or all kinds wanted by WM. G. GILMAN, No. 42 Pine-st., corner Willett.

FINANCIAL.

AUSTIN BALDWIN & CO.,

BANKERS,

No. 74 BROADWAY,

Opposite Grand Jury Entrance, and 105 Wall-st., Exchange Building, Corner Broad-st.

Correspondents, R. LOWER, JAMES CITY BANK OF LONDON.

WALKER, ANDREWS & CO.

BANKERS, No. 16 WALL-ST.,

ANDREWS & CO., PARIS.

Travellers' Credits, Circular Notes and Sterling Exchange on Union Bank of London.

Commercial and Travellers' Credits and Foreign Exchange.

Railway and other Loans negotiated. Stocks and Bonds dealt in on commission. Interest on deposits.

HERCULES MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States.

CAPITAL, $150,000.

W. E. DUNHAM, President.

S. B. WORKMAN, Secretary.

LOUIS RAUSH, General Agent.

JOSEPH PLESCHE, Superintendent of the German Department, No. 250 Grand-st., New-York.

A few reliable men wanted to canvass for this society. Apply at the Home office, No. 156 Broadway, New-York.

10 TO 15 PER CENT. INTEREST.

CHOICE MUNICIPAL BONDS.

Principal and interest promptly paid semi-annually, in New-York.

AT A LARGE REDUCTION BELOW PAR.

Also, Insurance, Bank, Gas-light, New-York City Railroad Stocks and Bonds, &c., &c.

Call or address for specimen coupon, at the lowest market rates, for sale by

A. SHEET M. TICCAT & CO.

Bankers, Stock Brokers and Auctioneers,

No. 43 Pine-st., Near Nassau.

JOHN MUNROE & CO.,

BANKERS, 10 WALL-ST., NEW-YORK,

ISSUE CIRCULAR LETTERS OF CREDIT ON MUNROE & CO., PARIS, AND ON THE CONSOLIDATED BANK, LONDON.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,

NO. 59 WALL-ST.,

COMMERCIAL AND TRAVELLERS' CREDITS AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

OFFICE OF THE NEW-YORK, HOUSATONIC AND NORTHERN RAILROAD COMPANY, NO. 10 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Aug. 8, 1872.

A MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS of this Company is hereby called, to be held at this office, on the 10th day of September, 1872, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of taking into consideration and voting upon an agreement for the consolidation of this Company and its railroad with the Company and railroad of the New-York, Housatonic and Northern Railroad Company, and adopted into by the directors of said Companies respectively.

S. SERGEANT, Secretary.

FOR SALE—SIX HUNDRED SHARES OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC (of California) RAILROAD STOCK. The board of this Company have voted against placing the remaining portion of the Central Pacific. The earnings of the road would go to justify the statement of its promoters, that it is now earning over 10 per cent. upon the capital invested, and that the 10 per cent. security will soon be placed upon the regular call of the stock Exchange. C. H. HOLLISTER, No. 8 New-st.

GET A CERTIFICATE OF TWO SHARES OF PETERSON STOCK OF THE PATERSON AND HUDSON RAILROAD COMPANY in the name of your Grandmother, who has been entitled to receive a new certificate. EDW. WOOD, Executor Estate JOHN WOOD, No. 40 Rodney-st.

SPRUCE HILL COAL COMPANY.—The Stockholders of this Company are requested to communicate with W. H. PATTON, Secretary, No. 2 Wall-st., upon business of importance to the stockholders.

DIVIDENDS.

ASTOR FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

SECOND DIVIDEND.

The undersigned, trustees of the Astor Fire Insurance Company, hereby give notice to the creditors of the said Company that he will pay a second dividend of twenty (20) per cent. on all adjusted claims against said Company, on and after FRIDAY, the 16th day of August, 1872, at his office, No. 28 Broadway.

JAMES YEREANCE, Receiver.

Dated New-York, July 15, 1872.

ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY, OFFICE, 61 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Aug. 12, 1872.

THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THIS Company have declared a DIVIDEND of Two ($2) Dollars per share, payable on the 20 day of September next to stockholders of record at the closing of the transfer-books.

Transfer-books will be closed from 3 P. M. Aug. 19, to the morning of Sept. 5.

L. G. RATCOCK, Treasurer.

OFFICE OF THE SENECA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, NO. 155 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK, Aug. 12, 1872.

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS have this day declared A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT. Payable on and after the 16th inst.

J. K. VAN RENSSELAER, Secretary.

SHIPPING.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAM-SHIP COMPANY'S LINE TO CALIFORNIA, JAPAN AND CHINA, VIA PANAMA.

CARRYING MAIL, PASSENGERS AND FREIGHT TO ASPINWALL, PANAMA, SANTA MARTHA, GREYTOWN AND PACIFIC COAST OF MEXICO, CENTRAL AMERICA, CREBU AND CHIRIQUI.

Sailing leave 10th, 20th and 30th each month, or when about dates fall on Sunday, then the day after.

Aug. 20—Steamer OCEAN QUEEN, Capt. H. H. Hewett, will leave Pier No. 42 North River, at 12 o'clock noon, for Aspinwall direct, connecting at Aspinwall with the PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY'S LINE OF STEAMERS for all Ports on the Pacific Coast, Japan and China.

Passengers for Aspinwall, Panama, Mazatlan, Guaymas, St. Louis, and also connecting for all Ports on the Atlantic and South Pacific coasts, Departure of the 20th month connects with the Company's steamers sailing at Panama for Mazatlan, Castillo, Cruz and Port Angel.

Passage, $50 in gold, including meals and berth. Aug. 17.

Steamer JAPAN will leave San Francisco Aug. 20, 1872, for Japan and China, for rates of passage and all further information, apply at Company's office in the City of Panama.

F. B. BABY, Agent.

FOR SAVANNAH, GA., THE FLORIDA PORTS, AND THE SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST.

GREAT SOUTHERN FREIGHT AND PASSENGER LINE.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF GEORGIA AND ATLANTIC AND GULF RAILROAD.

TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS.

THE STEAMSHIPS SAN SALVADOR, Capt. SIMPSON, SATURDAY, Aug. 17, from Pier No. 3 North River, at 3 P. M.

WM. L. GARRISON, Agent, No. 2 Bowling-green.

VIRGO, Capt. BURLEY, TUESDAY, Aug. 20, from Pier No. 3 North River, at 3 P. M.

MONTGOMERY, Capt. FARROW, THURSDAY, Aug. 22, from Pier No. 3 North River, at 3 P. M.

GEORGE TONGE, Agent, No. 2 West-st.

Insurance by this line ONE-HALF PER CENT. Through Bills of Lading for passengers.

Through rates and bills of lading in connection with Central Railroad of Georgia, to all points.

Through rates and bills of lading in connection with the Atlantic and Gulf Freight line.

C. D. OWENS, Agent A. G. & G. R. R., No. 20 Broadway.

GEORGE TONGE, Agent C. R. R., No. 20 Broadway.

UNITED STATES MAIL TO HAVANA.

ATLANTIC MAIL STEAM-SHIP COMPANY. Sailing regularly every THURSDAY, at 3 o'clock P. M., punctually, from Pier No. 4 North River.

MORRO CASTLE, Capt. T. H. MORTON, (14th voyage), Aug. 22.

CRESCENT CITY, Capt. T. S. CURTIS, Aug. 29.

COLUMBIA, Capt. M. R. GREENE, Sept. 5.

For freight or passage apply to

A. W. DIMOCK, President, No. 5 Bowling-green.

DIRECT LINE TO HAVANA.

HAVANA PROGRESO AND VERA CRUZ.

New-York and Havana Mail Steamship Line, leaving Pier 17 E. River, at 3 P. M., direct to Havana, CITY OF MEXICO, Sharpnood ..... Friday, Aug. 23

CITY OF HAVANA, Dexter, (Havana only) ..... Wednesday, Sept. 4

For freight or passage apply to

E. ALEXANDER & SONS, No. 40 Broadway.

NOTICE TO TRAVELERS.

Families or gentlemen going to Europe or to the Continent, should never leave New-York without one. Their services are invaluable in relieving the traveler from multiplicity of cares and troubles of passing custom-house and examination of baggage, procuring passports, transportation of baggage, in procuring the traveler from imposition and an infinity of annoyances to which they are exposed in various parts of Europe. Circular Letters of Credit and Passports and traveling servants may always be obtained by applying to the COURIER SOCIETY, No. 1 Bowling-green, New-York.

WHITE STAR LINE.

NEW-YORK, CORK AND LIVERPOOL.

FIRST-CLASS FULL-POWERED STEAM-SHIPS, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

OCEANIC, BALTIC, ADRIATIC, REPUBLIC, GERMANIC, MAJESTIC, ATLANTIC.

Sailing from New-York on SATURDAYS, from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, calling at Cork Harbor the following day.

ATLANTIC ..... Aug. 17 | REPUBLIC ..... Sept. 7
BALTIC ..... Aug. 24 | GERMANIC ..... Sept. 14
OCEANIC ..... Aug. 31 | ADRIATIC ..... Sept. 21

CABIN PASSAGE, $80 and $100, according to location of state-room. Excursion Tickets, 150 gold.

STEERAGE, $30 gold, including all meals. Children under 8 years, $15 gold. Children under 1 year, $5 gold.

RATES OF PASSAGE FROM CORK.

Payable in Gold. First cabin ..... $75 | Steerage $30
To London ..... 80 | To London 35
To Paris ..... 90 | To Paris 40

Passengers also forwarded to Havre, Hamburg, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, at reduced rates.

Through Bills Lading given on shipments of goods to Havre and Antwerp.

Drafts issued for any amount at lowest rates.

For inspection of Plans and other information, apply at the Company's offices, No. 19 Broadway, New-York.

JAMES HENDERSON, General Agent.

J. M. SPARKS, Agent.

THE BRITISH AND NORTH AMERICAN ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS, BETWEEN NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL CALLING AT CORK HARBOR.

FROM NEW-YORK. FROM NEW-YORK.

Cuba ..... Wednesday, Aug. 14 | Scotia ..... Wed'day, Aug. 28
Russia ..... Wednesday, Aug. 21 | Africa ..... Sat'day, Aug. 31
Java ..... Wed'day, Aug. 28 | Persia ..... Sat'day, Aug. 31
China ..... Wed'day, Sept. 4 | Cuba ..... Sat'day, Sept. 7
Russia ..... Wed'day, Sept. 11 | Australia ..... Sat'day, Sept. 14

And every Wednesday and Saturday.

RATES OF PASSAGE—Cabin, $80, $100 and $120, gold, according to accommodation. Tickets, 50 Paris, $15, gold; additional, Return Tickets on favorable terms. Steerage, $30 gold.

Steerage tickets from Liverpool and Queenstown, and all parts of Europe, at lowest rates. Through bills of lading given for Glasgow, Havre, Antwerp, Hamburg, Bremen, and the Continent, and for Mediterranean ports. For freight and cabin passage apply at the Company's office, No. 4 Bowling-green; for steerage passage, No. 2 Broadway, Bowling Building. OSCAR DE WOLF, FRANKLIN BEACH, Agents.

SEAR LINE FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.

Royal Mail Steamships appointed to sail as follows:

CITY OF BROOKLYN ..... Saturday, Aug. 17, 3 P. M.
CITY OF MONTREAL ..... Saturday, Aug. 24, 10 A. M.
CITY OF BRUSSELS ..... Saturday, Aug. 31, 3 P. M.
CITY OF ANTWERP ..... Thursday, Sept. 5, 7 A. M.

and each successive SATURDAY and THURSDAY, from Pier 45, North River.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

Payable in Gold.		Payable in Currency.	
First cabin	$75	Steerage	$30
To London	80	To London	35
To Paris	90	To Paris	40

Passengers also forwarded to Havre, Hamburg, Sweden, Norway and Denmark, at reduced rates.

Through Bills Lading given on shipments of goods to Havre and Antwerp.

Drafts issued for any amount at lowest rates.

For inspection of Plans and other information, apply at the Company's office, No. 17 Broadway, New-York.

J. M. SPARKS, Agent.

Reduction in Passage Rates.

ANCHOR LINE.

EXPRESS PASSENGER STEAMERS SAIL FROM NEW-YORK EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

Passage is booked and forwarded to points of railway stations in Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Norway, Sweden or Denmark and America as safely, speedily, comfortably and cheaply as by any other route at lowest rates.

THE NEW DEPARTURES.

SATURDAY STEAMERS.		WEDNESDAY STEAMERS.	
Caledonia	Aug. 17	Rome	Aug. 28
Australia	Aug. 24	Italy (extra)	Sept. 4
Columbia	Aug. 31	Assyria	Sept. 11
Europa	Sept. 7	Caledonia	Sept. 18
Anglia	Sept. 14	Olympia	Sept. 25
Rhone (extra)	Sept. 21	Tyrrhenia	Oct. 2

Passage from Pier No. 20 North River, New-York. Currency rates of passage to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, or Derry, by Wednesday's steamers, $60; by Saturday's steamers, $50; intermediate, $40; steerage, $30. Certificates at lower rates can be bought here by those wishing to send for their friends.

Apply at Company's offices in HENDERSON BROTHERS, No. 7 Bowling-green.

FOR LIVERPOOL, (VIA QUEENSTOWN.) CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAILS.

THE LIVERPOOL AND GREAT WESTERN STEAM COMPANY will dispatch one of their splendid full-power iron screw steam-ships from PIER NO. 46 NORTH RIVER, EVERY WEDNESDAY, as follows:

WISCONSIN, Capt. T. G. FREMLIN, Aug. 21, at 3 P. M.
MANHATTAN, Capt. J. B. PRICE ..... Aug. 28, at 3 P. M.
NEVADA, Capt. SPENCER ..... Sept. 4, at 3 P. M.
NEBRASKA, Capt. QUAIN ..... Sept. 11, at 3 P. M.
WYOMING, Capt. WINSLOW ..... Sept. 18, at 3 P. M.
IDAHO, Capt. PRICE ..... Sept. 25, at 3 P. M.

Cabin passage, $80, gold.

Steerage passage, (Office, No. 50 Broadway,) $30, currency.

For freight or cabin passage apply to WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 50 Wall-st.

ATLAS STEAM-SHIP CO.

FORWOOD LINE OF STEAMERS TO JAMAICA AND SAVANNILLA, UNDER CONTRACT TO CONVEY THE MAILS.

The contract for conveying the mails between New-York and Kingston, Jamaica, having been awarded by His Excellency the Governor of Jamaica to the proprietors of the line, their first-class, full-powered iron steamers will be dispatched every month as follows, commencing in September next:

Steamers will leave New-York and Savannilla from Pier No. 12, North River: MONDAY, Sept. 2.

Shippers will be notified when she is ready to receive freight.

Timely notice will be given of the days of departure for the monthly trips of this Company's steamers.

For rates of freight and passage special attention being paid to insure the comfort of passengers—apply to the owners, or to the agents at Savannilla.

LEECH, HARRISON & FORWOOD, Liverpool and London, or to their agents, FIX, FORWOOD & CO., 88 Wall-st., New-York. McDOWELL & BARCLAY, Kingston, Jamaica.

STEAM TO LONDON.

The magnificent new steam-ship VILLILA, 2,000 tons, Capt. C. H. BARNABY, is now at Pier 14, East River, and is intended to sail on her first voyage about SATURDAY, Aug. 24, 1872, from Pier 14, East River.

The above-named vessel is fitted up especially for the India and China service, and has unrivalled accommodations for a limited number of first and second-class passengers. The Villila is fitted up with piano, and all the latest improvements, comprising baths, &c., besides carrying an experienced surgeon and stewardess. For freight or passage apply to

BRUCE & CO., No. 15 Broadway.

NATIONAL LINE OF STEAM-SHIPS.

WEEKLY TO QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL, POOL FORTNIGHTLY TO AND FROM LONDON DIRECT.

From Piers Nos. 44 and 45 North River.

TO QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.

ITALY, THOMPSON ..... Saturday, Aug. 17, at 3 P. M.
CANADA, WEBSTER ..... Saturday, Aug. 24, at 9 A. M.
SPAIN, GRACE ..... Saturday, Aug. 31, at 8 P. M.
ERIN, CROSBY ..... Saturday, Sept. 7, at 3 P. M.
EGYPT, GOODIN ..... Saturday, Sept. 14, at 3 P. M.

TO LONDON DIRECT.

HELVETIA, Gerdes ..... Wed'sday, Aug. 28, at 3 P. M.
NORWAY, Kennedy ..... Wed'sday, Sept. 11, at 3 P. M.

Cabin passage, $80 and $100, currency. Steerage, $30, currency. Prepaid steerage tickets from Liverpool, Queenstown, Londonderry, Glasgow or London, $32, currency.

For further information apply at the Company's office, No. 69 Broadway.

ONLY DIRECT LINE TO HAVRE.

THE ST. NICHOLAS STEAM-SHIP COMPANY'S MAIL STEAMSHIPS, SAIL FROM NEW-YORK AND HAVRE, CALLING AT BREST.

The splendid vessels on this favorite route for the Continent will sail from Pier No. 50 North River as follows:

FRANCE ..... Dawes ..... Saturday, Aug. 24
VILLE DE PARIS ..... Simonet ..... Saturday, Aug. 31
LAFAYETTE ..... Lemaire ..... Saturday, Sept. 21
WASHINGTON ..... Roussan ..... Saturday, Oct. 5

PRICE OF PASSAGE IN GOLD (including Wine) TO HAVRE OR HAVRE.

First cabin ..... $80 | Second cabin $50
Excursion tickets at reduced rates.

These steamers do not carry steerage passengers.

Steerage passage can be secured from the Continent of Europe, by taking the steamers of the line, avoid both transit by English railway and the disagreeable crossing the Channel. Steerage tickets, from the interior, MACKENZIE, Agent, No. 60 Broadway.

FOR ST. THOMAS AND BRAZIL.

UNITED STATES AND BRAZIL STEAM-SHIP COMPANY.

REGULAR MAIL STEAMERS sailing on the 20th of every month.

SOUTH AMERICA, Capt. THELLAGUEN ..... Aug. 20
NORTH AMERICA, Capt. SLOCUM ..... Sept. 20

These splendid steamers sail on schedule time, and call at St. Thomas, Para, Pernambuco, Bahia, and Rio Janeiro, going and returning. For accommodation of freight or passage, apply to

JOSE RAMAR, R. G. GARRIGUE, Agents, No. 5 Bowling-green, New-York.

SOUTH AMERICAN MAIL.

CARRYING THE ROYAL MAILS.

Atlantic ..... Saturday, Aug. 17
MORRO CASTLE, Capt. T. H. MORTON, will sail on THURSDAY, Aug. 22, at 3 P. M.

For freight or passage apply to

A. W. DIMOCK, President, No. 5 Bowling-green.

UNITED STATES MAIL TO HAVANA.

Passengers booked and baggage checked through to travelers, issued by J. E. MONES, Passport Agent, No. 8 Duane-st., corner of Broadway.

MARBLE MANTELS.

A. MEARES.—STEAM MARBLE AND MANTEL Working works, Nos. 106 and 108 East 16th-st. Mantels and mantelpieces made, tiling, marble counters, &c., at lowest prices, that only competition can make turning for the trade.

STEWART'S SLATE MANTELS, MORTAR and elegant designs; slate work of every description; marble and wood mantels. T. E. STEWART, 1,000 Broadway.

DRY GOODS.

CLOSING OUT REGARDLESS OF COST,

An immense stock of BLACK FRENCH CASHMERES and MERINOS from 100 per yard; all other departments in proportion.

BLACK and WHITE and BLACK IRON GREN-ADINES silks, about one-third the cost of importation.

BLACK SILKS

AT A RUINOUS SACRIFICE.

A line of TABLE CLOTHS 75c. to $1.

JACKSON'S MOURNING STORE, No. 729 Broadway, corner Waverley-place.

GO TO MEARES', 8TH-AV. AND 19TH-ST., FOR GREAT BARGAINS.

Selling off entire stock AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S Linen and Lawn Suits, Hats, &c. Black and Gambiar Silks and Fancy Goods. Ribbons, Dress Trimmings and Velvets. Hosiery, Gloves, and Under-garments. Roman and Plain Window Ties. Millinery Goods and French Flowers. Underclothing, Corsets, Tassels, Embroideries, Laces, Handkerchiefs, and Veils. Housekeeping and Domestic Goods, all much under prevailing rates for a few days longer.

RICHARD MEARES, 8th-av. and 19th-st.

CITY REAL ESTATE.

MADISON-SQUARE PROPERTY.

FOR SALE or TO LEASE for a term of years the property known as No. 6 East 23d-st., 50 feet 6 inches by half the block, and No. 7 East 22d-st., 25 feet 3 inches by half the block, connecting with the above. For terms and particulars apply to EDMUND COFFIN, No. 77 Cedar-st.

AUGUST FREE REGISTER,

With new complete map of New-York City, and forty-four pages valuable information street sales, &c.

STEVENS & MASON, AUCTIONEERS, No. 11 Pine-st. and No. 226 5th-av.

SIXTH-AV., BELOW THE PARK, Splendid corner plot, 125x100 (would divide it,) 25 feet front on 6th-av., near 125th-st., an entire block, two half blocks, and several very choice corner and inside lots opposite Central Park, on 5th and 6th-avs. Also, street lots connecting and adjacent thereto.

W. P. SEYMOUR, No. 171 Broadway.

A PARK-AV. FOUR-STORY HIGH-STOOP thoroughly-built modern and massively-finished brown-stone dwelling, in the most select location on that avenue; 22x60, lot 50 feet. For sale by

T. E. KIRKPATRICK, 20 BOND-ST.

No. 11 Pine-st., and No. 225 5th-av.

FIFTH-AV., OPPOSITE THE PARK, FOUR-story substantial, brown-stone residence, every convenience and handsomely furnished; price, $60,000, unfurnished, low.

T. W. E. STEVENSON & SON, No. 225 5th-av., and No. 11 Pine-st.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.—FOUR-STORY brown-stone house, stoop-west corner 4th-av. and 45th-st., near the Grand Central Depot.

E. E. MERRILL & CO., No. 44 West 33d-st., one door east of Broadway.

A BROWN-STONE HOUSE, IN WEST 42d-st., 32x8, frescoed and in perfect order, for sale, with furniture, at $65,000.

WARD & OGDEN, Broadway, Corner 17th-st.

A MOST DESIRABLE FOUR-STORY brown and Ohio stone house, just finished, 18.9x50 x100, near Central Park. Price only $20,000. For sale by

WARD & OGDEN, Broadway and 17th-st.

AN ELEGANT FULL-FRONTED MODERN brown-stone house, finely built up street, near 5th-av., will exchange for up-town property, a smaller house or business property. CHARLES H. LOCK, No. 371 Broadway.

FOR SALE OR TO LET—WEST 57TH-st., between 6th and 7th-avs., four-story brown-stone house, fully furnished and in complete order. Inquire No. 318 Worth-st., Room No. 16.

JOHN F. E. WELDE, NO. 9 WALL-ST.

Have for sale or exchange many properties for all or exchanges. Collections of all kinds attended to.

COUNTRY REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE AT RICHMOND HILL, LONG ISLAND.

A variety of new and elegant cottage and mansion houses; situation the prettiest on Southside Railroad; high and dry; healthy, and restricted against all nuisances; only thirty minutes (seven miles) from ferry; terms favorable. Apply to C. S. HAZARD, Jr., No. 119 Broadway, corner Pine.

FOR SALE.—A BEAUTIFUL PLACE ON THE Sound, seventeen miles or one hour from the City, with about twenty-five acres of land; on the premises there are a large Gothic cottage, two small cottages, conservatory, carriage-house, stable, barn, and other outbuildings; also a very large variety of fruit-trees in full bearing, small fruits in abundance, choice shade-trees and shrubs; good dock and boat-house. Address Box No. 1,346 Post-office.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—FOR CITY property only, a splendid property at Orange, N. J., within ten minutes' walk from depot; prospective value large; fine house, hot and cold grapery, bowling-alley, stable, henery, gardener's cottage; house modern improvements; shade and fruit trees of all kinds; property in fine order. Address D. W., Box No. 1,007 Post-office.

FOR SALE OR TO RENT—THE HANDSOME new house in Hunnewell Park, one mile from the depot, at New-Rochelle, and one hour from the City; it has all the modern improvements and one or more acres of land. WM. S. TOOLE & Co., No. 195 Fulton-st.

FOR SALE IN KEWARK, (WOODSIDE,) N. J., on the Newark and Paterson Railroad, a conveniently located house, containing nine rooms, with bath-room, furnace, water, &c.; price, $5,000, one-half cash. For particulars address E. E. Box No. 139 Times Office.

FOR SALE—HANDSOME FRENCH ROOF house, situated on one of the finest streets in Yonkers; all modern improvements; grounds 58 feet by 217 feet deep. Inquire of A. KENNEDY & SON, No. 554 3d-av., where photograph can be seen.

ORANGE, N. J.—COUNTRY HOUSES and lands and village lots for sale; a great variety. Also, furnished and unfurnished houses to let for season or year, by WALTER E. SMITH, formerly Blackwell & Smith, Orange, corner Main and Cone-sts.

RIVERSIDE, ON THE SOUND.—Beautiful shore-front residence for sale; eleven rooms, modern improvements; bath-house; immediate possession. J. W. ATWATER, Riverside Station, Conn.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., REAL ESTATE—Seeking home in this delightful and healthful region, address J. E. JOHNSON, Morristown, N. J.

DWELLINGS TO LET.

FURNISHED.

TO LET, FURNISHED, AT MONT-CLAIR, N. J.—The pleasant house of Samuel Boyd, five minutes' walk from depot, containing ten rooms and bathroom; possession given Sept. 1. If desired, Apply at the house on Fairfield-st., or to WM. H. HARRIS & CO., near depot, or S. W. TURES, No. 71 Broadway, New-York.

A FOUR-STORY HIGH-STOOP Mansion, fully furnished, between 5th and 6th-avs.; its elegant furniture will be rented to a private family only, for a year or more, at $125 per month.

WARD & OGDEN, Broadway, corner 17th-st.

FULLY-FURNISHED AND VERY Desirable house, containing twenty rooms, well located near 5th-av., will be rented to a responsible tenant at a reasonable rent.

WARD & OGDEN, Broadway, corner 17th-st.

A FAMILY GOING TO EUROPE will rent their house (near 34th-st. and Madison-av.) elegantly and fully furnished, including plated ware and silver, to a private family only; rent $300 per month. Address PRIBBLE, Times Up-town Office, No. 548 West 42d-st.

FURNISHED HOUSE TO LET ON 5TH-AV., near 54th-st.; possession at any time; rent moderate. F. O. & D. BROWN, No. 60 Broadway.

UNFURNISHED.

AT MORRISTOWN, N. J.—TO LET—ON Washington-av., opposite Mr. Foot's large brick mansion, now building, a fine new house, all modern improvements, excellent cellar and one of the best gardens in the county; rent, $1,100. J. SMITH DODGE, No. 15 West 24th-st.

TO LET—ELEGANT FOUR-STORY BROWN-stone house, No. 28 West 30th-st., twenty-second street entrance, all improvements, newly-painted, repaired throughout. APPLY to ROMERAT, 1884 Bar. Jr., No. 238 West 24th-st.

FIFTH-AV.—TO LEASE FOR A TERM OF years, a most desirable party, an extra wide frontage, with a small portion of the house; a full lot on 5th-av. Address OWNER, Box No. 104 Times Office.

STORES, &c., TO LET.

OFFICES TO LET IN TIMES BUILDING.

SPLENDID OFFICES TO LET IN THE NEW FIRE-PROOF TIMES BUILDING.

APPLY IN TIMES COUNTING-ROOM.

METALS.

THOMAS JOPPS & BRO., METALS, No. 302 PEARL-STREET, NEW-YORK.

LOAN OFFICES.

No. 1,267 BROADWAY, ROOM 8, Over Herald Branch. (Parlor for ladies.) Also, $15 4th-av. Money advanced on Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, &c. Same bought or sold.

HORSES AND CARRIAGES.

ADVERTISEMENTS ARE RECEIVED FOR THE NEW-YORK TIMES At the TIMES Up-town Office, No. 548 West 42d-st., junction Broadway and 4th-av., and the TIMES West-side Office, No. 308 West 23d-st., corner of 8th-av. NO EXTRA CHARGE WHATEVER.

SADDLERY, HARNESS, HORSE-CLOTHING, manufactured extensively by C. B. and H. SHEPARD, No. 2 Warren-st.

BOARDING AND LODGING.

ADVERTISEMENTS ARE RECEIVED FOR THE NEW-YORK TIMES At the "Times" Up-Town Office, No. 548 West 42d-st., junction Broadway and 4th-av. At the "Times" West-side Office, No. 308 West 23d-st., corner 8th-av. NO EXTRA CHARGE WHATEVER.

NO. 9 WEST 29TH-ST.—ELEGANTLY furnished Room with private table, four doors from Grand Hotel; can now be secured for the Winter; also single rooms for gentlemen; transient boarders taken.

FIFTH-AV., NO. 343, NEAR 34TH-ST.—Pleasant front room, second floor, to let, with or without private table; other desirable front rooms, with board; small rooms for gentlemen. Terms very reasonable.

NO. 157 WEST 45TH-ST.—A PRIVATE family will rent, with board, desirable rooms, to gentlemen and wives, or single gentlemen. References.

NO. 25 WEST 13TH-ST., NEAR 5TH-av.—Large and newly furnished rooms, large and small, for families or single gentlemen; house and table first-class.

TO A SINGLE GENTLEMAN, WITHOUT family, two elegantly furnished first-floor rooms in a private house; most eligible situation; references required. Address Box No. 1,350 Post-office.

NO. 246 WEST 24TH-ST.—FRONT room, third floor, and back room to let, with board, to gentlemen and wife, or gentlemen. Terms moderate.

NO. 950 MADISON-AV.—PARTIES wishing to make arrangements for the Winter or by the year, can be accommodated with private table; references given and required.

NO. 27 EAST 24TH-ST., NEAR MADISON Park.—Handsomely furnished parlor and second floor, without board.

SUMMER RESORTS.

WOODSBURGH PAVILION, Woodsburgh, Long Island.

TWO MILES FROM FAR ROCKAWAY, OVERLOOKING THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.

THIS MAGNIFICENT HOTEL is now open for the reception of guests; can be reached by South-side Railroad or Long Island Railroad; fourteen trains daily; no Sunday or excursion trains can stop at Woodsburgh.

N. F. BEWELL, Prop.

PROSPECT PARK HOTEL, Gainesville, N. Y., Will open June 10. House 300 feet elevation, with extensive grounds of some seventeen acres on the Hudson. Mountain air; scenery unsurpassed in the world. Terms very moderate.

THE TWELFTH PICNIC.

Over Eight Hundred Children Start in a Shower.

Their Day's Pleasure Enhanced by the Sunshine—Delightful Trip Up the Sound—Complete Success of the Excursion.

The continuance of the stormy weather all of Friday, and yesterday morning, foreshadowed disappointment to the hundreds of children in the Up-town Districts, who had been promised a holiday. Despite this fact, over eight hundred boys and girls braved the threatening weather, and reported at the barge, which lay at the foot of East Twenty-eighth-street. The manager of our excursions had no thought of starting in the midst of a rain-storm, but being agreeably surprised by the large number of children which were present, by 8½ o'clock, he determined to risk the weather, and the party started up the Sound. The rain continued to fall moderately until the barge had entered passed Hell Gate, when it suddenly ceased and the sun came out, the remainder of the day being fine.

The children, though drawn from the very poorest neighborhoods in the upper part of the City, were remarkably well-behaved, so that the pleasure of the teachers and guardians was complete. Provision having been made to feed over 1,100 children, the boys and girls received more sandwiches than usual, the surplus bread being distributed among the poor mothers on their return. Under the circumstances, the picnic was a most successful one.

The following contributions to the fund were received yesterday:

Willie and Boody	10 00
L. P. S. O. J.	10 00
Five children	5 00
Eddy and Helen	5 00
Hattie, Seddie and Baby	1 50
Total	$31 50
Previously acknowledged	$18,518 13
Aggregate of fund	$18,549 63

The Twelfth Excursion.

The excursion party yesterday (forming the twelfth picnic of the series) was composed of children from the east side of the City, between Fourteenth-street and Yorkville. The party consisted of 838 children, 54 mothers, and 37 teachers. Of the children, about 150 were from Dr. Prentiss' Mission Church, at Forty-second-street, invited by Mr. John Boyd, the Deputy Superintendent of the subdistrict, No. 5, and about 360 from the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, in Third-avenue, who were brought by Rev. D. M. McCaffrey, Deputy Superintendent of that district. About 100 came from the Yorkville District, and were conveyed in cars by Deputy Superintendent Badham and Mr. Harrison to the place of embarkation. It was expected that the number of children would have been much larger, but the heavy rains of Thursday and Friday, together with the slight showers of yesterday morning, doubtless prevented a larger attendance, another wet day having been anticipated. Besides those enumerated, over 200 came voluntarily from the immediate vicinity of the pier.

The barge Sarah Smith was in waiting at the foot of East Twenty-eighth-street long before the hour set down for starting, and the children were taken on board as soon as they arrived, Officer Dennis Griffin, of the Twenty-first Precinct, preserving order on the pier. About half an hour later the tug R. Doane, Capt. Purcell, steamed around from the West side, and joined the party. In order to allow every one an opportunity to get on board the signal for starting was not given until 9 o'clock. The Governor's Island band then struck up a lively tune, and the throng of happy excursionists began steadily to move along up the East River towards the Sound. The children were like those taken on all the former occasions, and consisted in the main of those to whom a picnic was a rarity. There were about the same number of shoeless little Arabs, whose attire would hardly realize ten cents even if sold for old rags. There were several children who bore evidence of school training, and who doubtless received their better class of clothing through their school societies. Mothers with their infants were also present, and several very young children were cared for by elder brothers and sisters, and in some instances by their teachers. A number of little orphans were brought from the Forty-ninth-street school, showing clearly that if deprived of their parents they were not without friends.

During the outward trip the time was so well kept by the Doane that, despite the opposing tide, no difficulty was experienced in passing Hell Gate, and the barge, with its happy cargo of juveniles, arrived at Oriental Grove at about 1 o'clock, thus giving the children over two hours for a ramble in the grove and for the enjoyment of Punch and Judy. On the road the excursionists were saluted by the steamers Sylvan Dell, David Cox, Bellevue and others, the Doane answering the salutes with her whistle and the children cheering the passengers.

As soon as all the children had been supplied with breakfast, which consisted of sandwiches and milk, they returned to the upper deck, where they began the game of Copenhagen, in which the teachers also took part. Some little amusement was caused by the bashfulness of one of the Deputy Superintendents, who could not be induced to join in the game, notwithstanding the fact that he was invited by several of the young lady teachers, who were anxious that he should participate in the sport.

As the barge neared Oriental Grove the boys set up a prolonged shout, as if the acme of their pleasure had been attained. As the children went ashore they were supplied with sandwiches for dinner. While the line was marching along the deck to the stairs, some of the boys struck up a familiar air to the words "Ain't it awful jolly when the sandwiches go round," their feet keeping time to the tune. In the grove a platform had been erected for dancing, which was kept up with much vigor. After the dancing an exhibition was given of Punch and Judy, which evidently furnished great amusement to both young and old. But before participating in either, the boys, as usual, sought the water and indulged for several minutes in bathing, they evidently considering that to be far more important or desirable than anything else.

A bed of mussels having been discovered, a number of boys soon became engaged in gathering the bivalves, and a large quantity was carried to the barge. The return trip was very delightful, as the misty atmosphere which had characterized the morning had entirely disappeared, leaving everything fresh and clear. On the way back the party was saluted by the steam yacht Julia, the steamers State of New-York, Americus, Neversink, Sylvan Grove, Seth Low, J. B. Schuyler, Nelly White, New-Haven, D. R. Martin, Port Royal, Galatea, Narragansett, and other vessels, including the yacht Alarm, schooner A. M. Dickinson, the Providence Propeller, &c.

There was a quantity of bread left over which was given to the poor mothers on board.

The Times staff was greatly assisted by Dr. Thoms, Dr. F. E. Stafford, Rev. E. T. Sandford, Mr. Lafayette Sykes, of Washington, D. C., and the following ladies and gentlemen: Mr. Sylvanus Stall, of the Alexander Mission; Deputy Superintendents D. M. McCaffrey, J. Boyd and J. T. Badham; Messrs. Charles Romaine, S. Shoulder, W. Harrison, W. W. Carner, A. W. E. Cramer, J. Spencer, G. Marshall, M. Stewart, and Capt. Russell; Misses J. Pare, S. Dickey, E. Dickey, A. Badham, E. Badham, A. Henry, S. Day, Craig, McCaffrey, Hogg, Crawley and Gray; Mesdames Elliott, Atwater, Brinkerhoff, M. Graves and Keen. Officers Flanagan, Conway, Ryan, Moore, Rose and Long, of the Seventeenth Precinct, also assisted in preserving order on the barge and in the grove.

The children were landed at East Twenty-eighth-street, except those who belonged to the Yorkville District, who were allowed to land at Eighty-sixth-street. Before leaving the vessel the children gave three hearty cheers for the New-York Times, and three more for the Manager and the kind friends who had furnished the funds for the picnics.

The following were the expenses of the day:

Barge and wharfage	[illegible]
Extra towage	10 00
1,100 sponge-cake	[illegible]
Sandwiches	[illegible]
Ice cream	[illegible]
Band	[illegible]
Punch and Judy	[illegible]
Steward and waiters	[illegible]
Milk, (250 quarts)	[illegible]
Life-boat	[illegible]
Dinners for Police and Band	[illegible]
Extra labor	[illegible]
Small stores	[illegible]
Tickets printed	[illegible]
Coffee	[illegible]
Lemons	[illegible]
Citric acid	[illegible]
Alcohol	[illegible]
Charcoal	[illegible]
Cartage	[illegible]
Sugar	[illegible]
Petty cash	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

Theft of Bonds by Sneak-Thieves.

On Tuesday afternoon three sneak-thieves entered the broker's office of E. P. Reed, No. 300 Third-avenue. Two of them engaged the attention of Mr. Reed, while the third sneaked into the private office and abstracted from an open safe a tin box, containing various bonds to the value of $5,500. Two of the bonds were of the Housatonic and Northern Railroad of $500 each, Nos. 24 and 25, and two of the Wallkill Valley Railroad of $100 each, Nos. 171 and 172. The thieves made their escape with the bonds, which are, however, of no value to them, as they are registered, and the transfer of them has been stopped.

DEATH BY POISONING.

The Apothecary of the United States Receiving-Ship Vermont the Victim—Mistake of Aconite Taken by Mistake.

As the officers and crew of the United States receiving-ship Vermont, Capt. [illegible], at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, were mustering for fire exercise yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, the whole ship's company were thrown into a state of consternation as the word was passed to the executive officer that the apothecary of the ship, Mr. Maynard, had taken a dose of poison, and that the presence of the medical officer was required without delay in the sick bay. Dr. Streets, the ship's surgeon, immediately responded to the call, and upon going into the sick bay found Mr. Maynard already under the influence of the fatal drug. Mr. Maynard told the doctor that, having been attacked with cramps in the stomach, he had gone into the dispensary with the intention of taking a spoonful of tincture of ginger, and that he had not found out his mistake till he had swallowed the draught and discovered that he had taken a spoonful of tincture of aconite root, which is a deadly poison.

Dr. Streets administered the proper antidotes, and with a stomach-pump tried to relieve the unfortunate man, but the drug had with lightning rapidity diffused itself through his system, and it was found impossible to relieve him. Stimulants and other antidotes were administered, but with no good result. The sufferer had already lapsed into a state of insensibility, the symptoms, which at first were persistent vomiting and retching, were quickly followed by insensibility and [illegible], he became cold, and in spite of all efforts Mr. Maynard expired shortly after 11 o'clock, about an hour and a half after taking the poison.

The deceased had unfortunately been short-sighted for a number of years, and having gone into the Dispensary, committed the fatal mistake of taking one drug for the other. Mr. Maynard was to have left last night for Philadelphia, with his wife, on short leave of absence. He was rated on board as a first-class druggist and apothecary in the United States Navy, and from the high esteem he was held in on board, by the officers and crew, for his kindness and affability, his death has cast a gloom over the whole ship's company. The remains were removed from the Vermont yesterday afternoon, and conveyed to his residence, No. 161 Park-avenue.

THE HEAT.

Deaths and Prostrations in the City Yesterday.

The following cases of death from the heat were reported at the Coroner's Office yesterday:

Mary McBride, aged forty-five, a native of Ireland, at No. [illegible] Watts-street.

John Webber, aged three months, at No. [illegible] East Eleventh-street.

A man, name unknown, at No. 34 Greenwich-street.

James Fox, aged eight days, at No. 307 West Forty-fourth-street.

A lad, name not reported, at No. 425 East Nineteenth-street.

Unknown man found dead in the hall-way of No. 26 Third-avenue.

PROSTRATIONS.

Wm. Kessenbom, aged twenty-one, of No. [illegible] East Fourth-street; Antoine Shena, aged sixty-five, of No. 280 York-street, Brooklyn; Fritz Haller, aged forty-eight, of Bushwick-avenue, Brooklyn; Patrick McEntee, aged thirty-seven, no home; Geo. W. Ellison, aged forty-four, of No. 70 Norfolk-street; Bridget Welsh, aged twenty-three, of No. 314 Mott-street; John Kelly, aged forty, no home, and Margaret Bender, aged thirty-five, no home, were prostrated by the heat yesterday.

Alexander O. McGrew, a reporter for the Daily News, was found yesterday afternoon in the basement of a building at the corner of Reade and Broadway, suffering from the heat. He was cared for at the Park Hospital.

Central Park Meteorological Report.

Abstract of report for the week ending at 1 P. M., Aug. 17: Barometer—Mean, 30.[illegible] inches; maximum at 12 P. M., Aug. 15, 30.144 inches; minimum at 2 A. M., Aug. 14, 29.922 inches; range, .222 inch. Thermometer—Mean, 79.9°; maximum at 4 P. M., Aug. 14, 90°; minimum at 1 A. M., Aug. 16, 70°; range, 20°.

RAINFALL.

	Rain from	Amount of water.
Aug. 12....	5:30 A. M. to 7:00 A. M.	.[illegible] inch.
Aug. 12....	7:15 P. M. to 12:00 P. M.	.[illegible] inch.
Aug. 13....	0 A. M. to 1:45 A. M.	.[illegible] inch.
Aug. 15....	3:15 A. M. to 4:[illegible] A. M.	.[illegible] inch.
Aug. 15....	2:15 P. M. to 11:30 P. M.	.15 inch.
Aug. 16....	1:00 A. M. to 9:30 A. M.	.12 inch.
Aug. 16....	[illegible] P. M. to 6:00 P. M.	.32 inch.
Aug. 16....	[illegible] P. M. to [illegible] P. M.	.02 inch.
Aug. 16....	11:30 A. M. to 12:00 P. M.	1.24 inches.
Aug. 17....	1:30 A. M. to 8:15 A. M.	.01 inch.
Aug. 17....	[illegible] A. M. to 9:30 A. M.	.04 inch.
Aug. 17....	11:00 A. M. to 11:30 A. M.	.[illegible] inch.

Total amount of water for week.......2.26 inches.

Distance traveled by the wind during the week, [illegible] miles.

City Meteorological Report.

The following observations show the temperature yesterday as recorded by Schmitt & Warker, at the Central Park Mineral Springs:

	7 A. M.	12 M.	3 P. M.	6 P. M.
Temperature, deg. Fahr.	75	81	86	[illegible]
Height of bar. in inch.	29.90	29.94	[illegible]	[illegible]

The following record will show the changes in the temperature yesterday, with the average for the same, as indicated by the thermometer at Dickinson's drug-store, No. 3 Park-row: 3 A. M., 75°; 6 A. M., 74°; 9 A. M., 79°; 12 M., 86°; 3 P. M., 90°; 6 P. M., 86°; 9 P. M., 78½°; 12 P. M., 77°. Average temperature yesterday, 80°; average temperature for the week, 80½°.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Grain Shipments from Philadelphia—Poor Children's Excursions.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17.—The British steamers Cassini and Tagus, loading with grain at the Pennsylvania Railroad elevator, will carry away 75,000 bushels. The ninth excursion of the poor children took place this morning. They went to Rockland. Owing to the prospect for rain only about 300 enjoyed it. The argument of the nisi prius case against the National Railroad Company was postponed until September, owing to the illness of the counsel for the defendant. The policeman, [illegible] Lare, who was shot by Warne, is still living, but sinking rapidly. Warne was drunk when he committed the act.

American Tourists in Italy.

In the letter which Mr. Ruskin has this month addressed to the working classes, he sketches some people whom he met when going from Venice to Verona by an afternoon train. He writes:

"In the carriage with me were two American girls with their father and mother, people of the class which has lately made so much money so suddenly, and does not know what to do with it; and these two girls, of about fifteen and eighteen, had evidently been indulged in everything (since they had had the means) which Western civilization could imagine. And here they were, specimens of the utmost which the money and invention of the nineteenth century could produce in maidenhood—children of its most progressive race—enjoying the full advantages of political liberty, of enlightened philosophical education, of cheap pilfered literature, and of luxury at any cost. Whatever money, machinery, or freedom of thought could do for these two children, had been done. No superstition had deceived, no restraint degraded them; types, they could not but be, of maidenly wisdom and felicity, as conceived by the forwardest intellects of our time. And they were traveling through a district which, if any in the world, should touch the hearts and delight the eyes of young girls. Between Venice and Verona! Portia's villa perhaps in sight upon the Brenta—Juliet's tomb to be visited in the evening—blue against the southern sky, the hills of Petrarch's home. Exquisite Midsummer sunshine, with low rays, glanced through the vine leaves; all the Alps were clear, from the Lake of Garda to Cadore, and to farthest Tyrol. What a Princess' chamber, this, if these are Princesses, and what dreams might they not dream therein! But the two American girls were neither Princesses, nor seers, nor dreamers. By infinite self-indulgence they had reduced themselves simply to two pieces of white putty that could feel pain. The flies and the dust stuck to them as to clay, and they perceived, between Venice and Verona, nothing but the flies and the dust. They pulled down the blinds the moment they entered the carriage, and then sprawled, and writhed, and tossed among the cushions of it, in vain contest, during the whole fifty miles, with every miserable sensation of bodily affliction that could make time intolerable. They were dressed in thin white frocks, coming vaguely open at the backs as they stretched or wriggled; they had French novels, lemons and lumps of sugar to beguile their state with, the novels hanging together by the ends of string that had once stitched them, or adhering at the corners in densely-bruised dogs'-ears, out of which the girls, wetting their fingers, occasionally extricated a gluey leaf. From time to time they cut a lemon open, ground a lump of sugar backward and forward over it till every fibre was in a treacly pulp; then sucked the pulp, and gnawed the white skin into leathery strings, for the sake of its bitter. Only one sentence was exchanged in the fifty miles on the subject of things outside the carriage (the Alps being once visible from a station where they had drawn up the blinds)—'Don't those snow-caps make you cool?' 'No; I wish they did.' And so they went their way, with sealed eyes and tormented limbs, their numbered miles of pain."

YELLOW FEVER.

Arrival of Two More Fever Ships.

The Patients at the West Bank Hospital—Removal of the Spanish War Steamer Numancia to the Lower Bay.

At noon yesterday the Spanish brig Kalcal arrived in the Lower Bay from San Juan and reported two of her crew ill of yellow fever. The health authorities were immediately communicated with, and at their direction the patients were removed to the fever hospital at West Bank, while the vessel was ordered to the Quarantine anchorage. Later information was received of the arrival of the Spanish bark Pelayo from Havana, with her captain—Rosas—ill of yellow fever, and the same precautions were taken as in the case of the brig.

The condition of the patients at West Bank Hospital showed a decided improvement yesterday, no new deaths occurring, while a majority of the sufferers were pronounced in a fair way to recovery.

The epidemic appears to have at least temporarily ceased on board the Spanish war vessel Numancia, nearly all her convalescents being now on duty, while none of the crew not previously attacked exhibited any symptoms of the fever. Steam was got up at an early hour, and in accordance with the instructions of Dr. Vanderpoel, the vessel was prepared for removal to her new anchorage above South-west Spit. A supply of fresh provisions had also been sent on board for use during quarantine. At 3 P. M. Pilot Gillespie went on board, in accordance with instructions, and at the desire of the Captain, but through the instrumentality of Commissioner Bisht another pilot had been detailed to the work of taking the vessel to the Spit, and at 4 P. M., the tide being then at rest, with a depth of about thirty-four feet, two tug-boats were attached, and the cause of so much alarm and discussion quietly dropped down to a point near the South-west Spit, where she will remain until the authorities deem all danger to be over. With the immense draft of the vessel—twenty-eight feet, English measurement—there will at her present anchorage, be barely two feet of water between her keel and the sand at low tides, a spare depth which many of the pilots think would be found insufficient for a vessel of her size should a gale or heavy sea come up.

A Yellow Fever Scare in Commissioner Shields' Office.

In Commissioner Shields' office yesterday, a Cuban named Emanuel Schantes was brought up for examination on a charge of having in his possession 1,400 unstamped cigars. In the course of the examination a Police officer handed Mr. Shields a letter purporting to come from the Board of Health. The letter was anonymous. The writer stated that he had the best authority for believing that Schantes was one of the crew of the Spanish ram Numancia, who had escaped from his ship on the day of her advent in New-York harbor. When the Commissioner made known the contents of the letter a general rush was made for the door. The man who held the contraband cigars threw them hastily on the ground and fled. It was some time before the Commissioner, aided by Col. Whitely's officers, who had made the arrest, and knew Sanches to be a resident in this City and a dealer in contraband cigars for more than a year, could restore order. Mr. Shields explained to the frightened attendants that the letter was merely a shallow device of the prisoner's friends, attempted in the hope that instead of being held for trial he would be immediately sent to the island. Sanches was committed to await the action of the Grand Jury.

LOCAL POLITICS.

The Soldiers of the Ninth District for Grant and Wilson—A Club Organized.

A call was published yesterday inviting the former Union soldiers now living in the Ninth Assembly District, to meet at Bleecker Buildings last evening, to form a soldiers' Grant Club, and to nominate delegates to the State Convention, at Utica, on Tuesday next. Owing to the short notice the number that assembled was comparatively small, but at least 150 ex-soldiers, Republican voters, are claimed in this district, and the new organization will probably enroll them all.

Major W. H. Corsa called the meeting to order, stating their object in assembling to be that of organizing once more to fight for their old leader, Gen. Grant. He urged the importance of this; spoke of their success in the past, and prophesied a glorious victory for the Republican Party in the Fall. He nominated as temporary Chairman Col. F. M. L. Ehlers, who took his seat amid applause, Capt. Frank E. Moran being chosen Secretary. The gentlemen present, about thirty, signed the roll, and then, on motion of Major Corsa, a committee on permanent organization was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Corsa, Mayall, Patrick, Clark and Trimble.

The following were chosen delegates and alternates to go to Utica: Delegates—Major Corsa, Thomas Brown, James Cummings, and F. M. Patrick. Alternates—H. J. Smith, N. Herder, Clark, James H. Souder, and Isaac H. Trimble. Col. Ehlers moved the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the renomination of Gen. Grant for President of the United States is a fitting recognition of his eminent services as Chief Magistrate in reducing the public debt, in maintaining amicable relations with foreign Powers, and in protecting every citizen in the enjoyment of those rights guaranteed him by the Constitution, irrespective of the previous condition or color. As he was first in our hearts as a soldier, so he is now our first and only choice for President.

Resolved, That we recognize in Senator Wilson the tried patriot and statesman, whose fidelity to our fallen comrades and the advocacy of every measure calculated to improve the condition of our maimed soldiers and sailors, entitle him to our hearty and earnest support for the office of Vice-President.

Resolved, That we will use all honorable means for the election of Grant and Wilson, believing that the continuance in power of the party who proclaimed freedom to the slaves, who sacrificed its best and noblest men that the nation might live, is best calculated to guide the ship of state into the calm waters of prosperity.

The meeting adjourned to meet on the 20th inst.

Ratification Meeting of the Hungarian Grant and Wilson Club.

Under the auspices of the newly-formed Hungarian Grant and Wilson Campaign Club, a ratification meeting was held at the head-quarters of the Club, No. 285 Broome-street, last evening.

Mr. Wm. N. Loew presided, and made the opening address, in which he stated that it was Horace Greeley who had taught him to believe in the Republican Party, whose mission it was to lead this country into the haven of perfect peace and security; and now this very teacher, in a weak moment, and attacked by that terrible disease, the "Presidential ambition," had become the bell-wether of the Democratic Party. Such a man had forfeited his place as leader, and the people turned to the silent and confidence-inspiring man who now sat in the Presidential chair. Gen. Grant was the people's candidate, and would add in November one more to his long list of victories. [Applause.]

After a brief speech from Mr. Edward J. Cramer, Dr. Guitar Trescatti spoke, severely criticising the course of Senator Schurz, denouncing it as one inspired by a boundless ambition without justice or principle.

Resolutions indorsing the nomination of Grant and Wilson and the Philadelphia platform were unanimously passed and the meeting adjourned. In the course of the evening letters were read from Gen. Sharpe, Stewart L. Woodford, G. Eurlich and Weil Von Gernsbach, promising to attend and address the Club at a future meeting. The Club numbers nearly 300 members.

Eighth Assembly District Grant and Wilson Soldiers' and Sailors' Campaign Club.

The above Club, numbering over 150 veteran soldiers and sailors of the late rebellion, held an enthusiastic meeting last evening at their head-quarters, No. 20 Delancey-street. A large transparency, bearing excellent portraits of Grant and Wilson, was raised amid loud cheers. Speeches were made by Capt. Langbein, Major Semsey, Major Nitzsche and others. The following were elected delegates to the Utica Convention on the 20th inst.: J. C. Julius Langbein, Samuel Cool and John Heckler. As alternates—Charles Semsey, Joseph Ungar, Samuel Bingham.

A mass-meeting is in contemplation to ratify the State nominations, at which eminent speakers will appear and address the soldiers and sailors of the district. This Club is very active, and intends to make its work prove effective in the district, which comprises a large German element.

The Fourteenth Assembly District Grant Democratic Club.

The Fourteenth Assembly District Grant Democratic Club met last evening at No. 380 East Twelfth-street, Mr. Owen McManus in the chair.

Mr. A. D. Reiss proposed a resolution condemning in the most emphatic language the advocacy of that cowardly policy which would have permitted a combination of traitors and Southern rebels to dismember the Union by the secession of the Southern States, and pledging the organization to support him who has ever been the proudest bulwark of the country—one who is neither a partisan nor a sectarian, and who has never been vanquished, and never can or will be defeated—President Grant. The resolution was carried unanimously.

Other speakers addressed the meeting, urging upon the members the necessity for unity of action in the coming struggle, and inviting cooperation from all in that district who have not yet joined the Association. Several new members were enrolled, and, after giving three hearty cheers for Grant, Wilson and the New-York Times, and three groans for Horace Greeley, the meeting adjourned to Friday, the 23d inst.

Westchester Politics.

The Republicans of the First Assembly District of Westchester County held a convention at Morrisania yesterday. The following gentlemen were elected delegates to the State Convention to be held at Utica, viz.: George A. Henshaw, of Morrisania; James L. Wells, of West Farms, and Ethan Flagg, of Yonkers, and the following as alternates: D. P. Harrington, of Westchester; J. V. Trapharen, of West Farms, and Joseph L. Prosser, of Yonkers. On motion, the Convention proceeded to elect delegates to the Eleventh Congressional District Convention with the following result: For Delegates: Jas. R. Angel, of Morrisania; Thomas Wilson, of Westchester; J. V. Trapharen, of West Farms; M. F. Rowe and Charles Johnson, of Yonkers, with John S. Johnson, of Morrisania; William Welsh, of Westchester; William Herring, of West Farms; William Getty and Stephen H. Thayer, of Yonkers.

The Republicans of the Second Assembly District of Westchester County held a Convention yesterday, at White Plains, for the purpose of electing delegates to the State Convention, &c., and their District Committee. Messrs. Wm. H. Robertson, H. R. Phelps and John Fowler, Jr., were chosen delegates to the State Convention, G. H. Frisbie, G. W. Davenport and Alfred E. Smith as alternates. The following gentlemen were appointed members of the District Committee, viz.: G. W. Davenport, W. H. Robertson, J. J. Millard, James Horan and Amherst Wright, Jr.

A resolution was passed earnestly recommending the nomination of Mr. Wm. H. Robertson for Governor.

Local Notes.

The Twentieth Ward Grant and Wilson Campaign Club met last night, at the Chapel, No. 256 Cumberland-street, Brooklyn, and enrolled a number of additional members.

A Grant and Wilson Club has been organized at Long Branch, N. J., with Mr. John A. Howland as President, and Howard Slocum as Secretary. The Club promises to perform faithful and effective work during the campaign.

The Republicans of Piermont, Rockland County, N. Y., met on Wednesday evening last, and organized a Grant and Wilson Club, with over 100 members. R. H. M. Dickinson was elected President, and E. H. Tucker, Secretary. Speeches were made by Dr. J. S. Hopson and other prominent Republicans.

The Soldiers and Sailors' Veteran Grant and Wilson Campaign Club of the Sixth Assembly District have elected the following delegates and alternates to the Convention to be held at Utica: Delegates—Capt. Daniel F. Crowley, Corporal Bernard W. Brady. Alternates—Lieut. James W. Tyler, Sergt. George W. Smith.

The soldiers and sailors of the Eleventh Assembly District met at the Republican rooms at Twenty-third-street and Broadway, and appointed the following gentlemen to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Convention at Utica, on the 20th inst.: Delegates—Alfred Pafter, James A. Christie, James Hurson. Alternates—James Corsau, John E. Rogers, and Leopold Masiona.

A correspondent writes: A large and enthusiastic meeting of the citizens of Glen Cove and vicinity was held Wednesday evening for the purpose of organizing a Grant and Wilson Campaign Club. The following were elected officers: President, Isaac Coles; Secretaries, Leonard F. Coles, J. Whitfield Cox; Treasurer, George W. Cocks. Large numbers subscribed their names to the roll of the club.

The Pioneer Grant and Wilson Club, of Newtown, Long Island, met Wednesday evening, and formed a permanent organization. Mr. Andrew Lawrence was elected President; W. S. Wood, first Vice-President; Thomas Anderton, Treasurer; Edward Schwacofer, Recording Secretary; R. M. Donaldson, Corresponding Secretary. A large number of new members signed the roll.

The First and Second Assembly District Conventions, of Brooklyn, from which no returns were received Friday evening at the Central offices, elected the following delegates to the Utica Convention: First Assembly District—Delegates, Lodovic Bennett and Thad. Skelton. Alternates—Wm. S. McIlvaine and Wm. M. Roane. Second Assembly District—Delegates, Andrew Fitzgerald, S. C. Carll, Ephraim Roberts, John P. Douglass. Alternates—Thos. Sinsdale, John Lee, Wm. Stewart, Jesse D. Pitts.

The Executive Committee of the Democratic and Liberal Republican organizations who have charge of the arrangements for the Greeley and Brown ratification meeting, which is to take place in this City on the 12th of September, are busily engaged in making the necessary preparations. The meeting will take place at Union-square. Among those invited to speak are Charles Sumner, Carl Schurz, Senator Trumbull, Wm. S. Groesbeck, Gov. Hendricks, Geo. H. Pendleton, Ex-Gov. Horatio Seymour, Col. McClure, of Pennsylvania; Frank Bird, of Massachusetts, and Wm. U. Saunders, of Baltimore.

MEXICO.

The Revolution Terminated Throughout the Country.

NEW-ORLEANS, La., Aug. 17.—Gen. Rocha telegraphs from Monterey that Gen. Ceballos has marched to the City of Mexico. Rocha goes to Palcos to receive the surrender of Trevino's forces. Pedro Martinez and his troops have also submitted. Garcia de la Cadena, on refusing to surrender, was surprised and captured, together with his command. Rocha telegraphs that he is positive the revolution has terminated.

The New Shipping Law—Meeting of Sailor Landlords.

On Friday evening about fifty of the more respectable sailor boarding-house keepers held a meeting at the Seaman's Exchange, in Cherry-street, and resolved to aid the Commissioner to the best of their ability in carrying out the new laws in relation to the shipping of seamen, and yesterday morning the Commissioner was furnished with a list of the names of those who had entered into the resolution.

During the week business has been exceedingly brisk at the Exchange, where, since the operation of the act, which took effect on the 5th inst., about 1,400 seamen have been shipped, and so far everything has been satisfactory both to the owners and men. In other places considerable trouble has been occasioned by the resistance of the sailor landlords. In Philadelphia they succeeded in effectually "cornering" the market in the case of a California clipper; but the engagement of a crew at New-York and their departure in the vessel have had rather a demoralizing influence, and it is thought that, at least in the Quaker City, no more trouble will be occasioned.

Bold and Successful Theft of Two Brooklyn Thieves.

Yesterday afternoon while Mr. Blees, of the firm of Blees & Co., sewing-machine manufacturers, corner of John and Bridge streets, Brooklyn, was paying off the hands two rufianly-looking men entered the office, and while one engaged Mr. Blees' attention by handing him an envelope, the other grabbed a roll of bills, about $400, which was lying on the desk. The thieves then drew pistols, and one presenting at Mr. Blees and the other at the Superintendent, they both backed out of the office. On gaining the sidewalk they ran along John to Gold-street, and down Gold-street to the dock, threatening to shoot whoever attempted to stop them. At the dock they were joined by three other men, and the party jumped into a small boat and rowed rapidly toward New-York.

Hugh O'Connor, alias John Smith, who was seen in conversation with the thieves just before the robbery, and who is known to the police as a notorious thief, was subsequently arrested. At the moment of his arrest he passed a pistol to a friend. No money was found on him, but it is supposed that he planned the robbery, as he is well-acquainted with the neighborhood.

The Louisville Convention.

It is reported that Mr. Charles O'Conor has not only expressed his willingness to accept the nomination of the Louisville Convention, but also cordially indorses the project of "straight Democratic" nominations for the Presidency. It is also reported that Senator O'Brien heartily indorses the project of "straight" nominations; that of the Reform Democracy, a very large portion sustain his views, and that O'Brien's friends will soon issue a call for primaries to elect delegates to the Louisville Convention.

Inhuman Treatment of a Child.

A Newark family of the name of Holloway, residing in Nassau-street, attempted to punish a four-year-old daughter, on Thursday night, by holding her mouth to the spout of a tea-kettle which was filled with boiling water. The steam rushed into the child's mouth, scalding it so severely as to threaten fatal consequences. Dr. J. F. Smith was subsequently called and took the sufferer in charge. She was yesterday reported to be out of danger. The parents will be arrested.

NEW-YORK AND SUBURBAN NEWS.

At midnight on Friday an unknown man fell into the cellar of the new Staats Zeitung building and was seriously injured.

The steamer Main, from Bremen, brought 661 emigrants to Castle Garden yesterday, and the steamer Algeria, from Liverpool, 420.

Henry Hoff, aged forty-six, of No. 336 West Thirty-eighth-street, fell off a Ninth-avenue car at Forty-sixth-street yesterday and sustained severe injuries. He was taken to his home.

George Parrott, aged forty-two, a resident of Yonkers, jumped off a Tenth-avenue car at Fifteenth-street, last evening, and fractured his leg. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

Charles Kirk, aged thirteen, of No. 288 Stanton-street, was seriously injured yesterday afternoon by the fall of a derrick at the foot of Stanton-street. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

Michael McNierney, of No. 340 West Forty-second-street, cut a dangerous gash in his right hand with a chisel yesterday while at work at Forty-second-street and Park-avenue. He was taken to Bellevue Hospital.

James Jennings, aged forty-one, while quarreling with his wife, in front of their residence, No. 12 Jacob-street, yesterday, fell on the sidewalk and sustained severe injuries. He was taken to Park Hospital.

Edward Malone, aged twenty-one, of No. 580 Eleventh-avenue, attempted to commit suicide last evening by taking a dose of laudanum. He was attended by Dr. Kemp, of Bellevue Hospital, and taken home.

Richard Pool, of New-York, aged twenty-six years, second mate of the bark Lavinia, from Havana, discharging at Upper Quarantine, was drowned off Robins Reef, at noon yesterday, by the capsizing of the yawl-boat.

An Italian, name unknown, a steerage passenger by the steamer Helvetia, tried to smuggle ashore a small pasteboard box, containing six brass watches, on Friday. Inspector Chapman, of the Castle Garden Custom-house Bureau, discovered and seized the goods.

At Jefferson Market Police Court, yesterday, before Justice Cox, John Browne, a gold-beater, was charged with stealing $200 worth of gold-leaf from his employer, William Paterson, of No. 536 Broome-street. He was locked up to answer.

William Hill, aged four years, of No. 400 East Seventeenth-street, was accidentally shot in the head and dangerously wounded, last evening, by James Duffy, aged sixteen, who was carelessly handling a loaded revolver. The child, after receiving medical attendance, was taken home. Duffy was locked up.

James O'Brien, alias Wm. Davis, a youth, was arrested by Detective Heidelberg, of the Central Office, on board the steam-boat from Providence, R. I., by virtue of a telegram from the Chief of Police of that city, stating that he was wanted for theft. O'Brien was locked up at the Central Office.

Yesterday evening, as Wm. H. Rudkin, of William-street, New-York, with his wife, were out fishing, in a small boat, they were run into by the steam-boat Trenton and capsized near the Swash Channel. Messrs. James McNulty and Charles H. Lozier, of Brooklyn, who were in another small boat at a distance, hastened to the scene, and, through their exertions, the parties were finally rescued.

During an affray between William Churchill and John Savage, both keepers of sailor boarding-houses, in the bar-room of the former, at No. 40 Madison-street, on Friday evening, Savage was severely cut about the head, with a cleaver, wielded by his assailant. Churchill, and his relatives, who aided in the assault, were committed for trial at Essex Market, yesterday, in default of $500 bail each.

BROOKLYN.

The Brooklyn Police made 495 arrests last week.

The amount of taxes collected during the past week was $7,416 20.

During the storm of Friday the sewers failed to carry off the vast volumes of water that flowed into them, and becoming choked, the streets in many places were completely inundated.

Mayor Powell has advised Rev. Wm. C. Clarke that his Evangelization lottery is illegal, and that if the scheme is persisted in he will have the matter referred to the notice of the Grand Jury.

The old ladies of the Graham Home, and the Church Charity Foundation Home were taken yesterday on the excursion to Canarsie and Rockaway, under the auspices of the Brooklyn *Daily Union*. A band of music accompanied the excursionists.

Adam Hammer, a German laborer, aged fifty-five years, yesterday fell from the fifth story of the Long Island Sugar Refinery, foot of South First-street, E. D., through open hatchways to the cellar and was instantly killed. His residence was No. 64 Scholes-street, E. D.

Mr. Samuel Richards, Chief Clerk of the Police Commissioners, has officially notified Controller Schroeder that the sum required for the proposed increase of the police force, to Dec. 31 of the current year, will be $17,886 67. The Controller will issue deficiency certificates for the amount.

LONG ISLAND.

Rev. Henry Highland Garnett will deliver a lecture in the Town Hall of Flushing, Long Island, to-morrow evening, on "The Duty of the Christian and Patriot to the Church and Country."

At the September Term of the Queens County Supreme Court, a motion will be made to have the trial of the contested election for the Mayoralty of Long Island City transferred to Kings County.

The body of an unknown man was found at Bay Ridge yesterday. It was dressed in cassimere pants, Dolly Varden coat, white shirt, white flannel undershirt, gray drawers and gaiter shoes. A gold button was found in the shirt-collar. Deceased was about thirty years of age, and apparently had been two or three days in the water.

STATEN ISLAND.

A fire occurred on Friday at Richmond Village in a house owned and occupied by Martin Mooney, which was totally consumed with a portion of its furniture. Loss on the building, $1,500; insured for $700.

Henry McGuire, who attempted suicide on Thursday by taking Paris green and then jumped overboard from the ferry-boat at Tompkinsville, and was rescued and taken to the Smith Infirmary, died there yesterday.

The Democrats and Liberal Republicans of the First and Second Districts of the town of Castleton will hold a meeting in the Village Hall, New-Brighton, to-morrow evening to organize a Greeley and Brown Campaign Club.

NEW-JERSEY.

Information has been received in Newark to the effect that Bishop Bayley has been appointed by the Pope Archbishop of Baltimore.

Zachariah Sickles, a fireman, employed on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was killed at Farmingdale, on Friday evening. He was coupling cars, and, being caught between the bumpers, was crushed.

Mr. Bruno Clinchard, a gardener, who resides at the corner of Niagara and Komorn streets, Newark, attempted suicide, on Friday night, by shooting himself with a shot-gun. The wounds were not fatal.

A number of laboring men were hoisting stone from a canal-boat at Brennan's Dock, in Newark, yesterday, when one of their number, Thomas Lynch, was fatally injured by the breaking of one of the chains of the derrick. He was removed to St. Michael's Hospital.

Photograph by Lightning on a Human Body.

The Philadelphia *Record* says: "Upon preparing the body of Mr. Charles Lyle, who was killed by a stroke of lightning in this city, the imprint of a leaf was found upon his right breast. A leaf of an ailanthus (tree of heaven) was found at the feet of Mr. Lyle, he remaining in a sitting posture in the chair in which he was killed. This leaf and the imprint were alike in size, stem, ribs and cellular texture of the former. How the imprint was made is a matter that might puzzle science, when the fact is taken into consideration that the clothing of the deceased was not disturbed in the least."

Reputed Fall of a Large Meteoric Stone.

From the Lafayette (Ind.) Courier.

Capt. Scott, who is cultivating several thousand acres of the Fowler farm in Benton County, reports the fall, near his residence, northeast of Oxford, on the evening of Aug. 10, of one of the most remarkable aerolites that has ever been seen in the United States. Indeed, it has never been rivaled, unless by the monster moon-stone weighing 1,600 pounds that fell near the Red River in Arkansas, and which is still preserved in the cabinet of Yale College, and it may not prove second to that in size. According to Capt. Scott's account, he was returning from camp-meeting about 10½ o'clock P. M. The evening was cloudy and dark, with occasionally a little rain, and it was with difficulty that he could distinguish the road leading across the fields. Suddenly he was startled with a blinding glare of light. Simultaneously he heard a rushing sound, as he describes, like a terrific gust of wind, and the next instant saw shooting vertically downward a huge fiery ball that struck the earth but a few rods from where he was standing. Capt. Scott owns to being badly frightened, and for a few moments stood motionless, completely at a loss to account for what had happened. On the immediate spot where the mass struck came up, accompanied by a dense-like vapor and a strong, sulphurous odor. The blazing light continued for full fifteen minutes, and before it had altogether subsided, Capt. Scott approached near enough to see what had happened. The [illegible] and the soil, and the hot to be removed, but after considerable trouble, a fragment of the substance with which the interior was filled was secured, and may now be seen at the *Courier* office. It has much the appearance of volcanic rock, but is considerably lighter, being scarcely heavier than stone of the same bulk would be.

DEPARTURES FOR EUROPE.

The following passengers left this port yesterday for Europe:

Per steam-ship Celtic, for Liverpool.—[illegible] W. H. Aspinwall, Rev. G. A. Brown, P. Walsh, [illegible] Ayre, J. W. Brady, W. A. Dickinson, [illegible] Murray, F. L. Cross, [illegible] Benson, H. Dodge, Mrs. H. Dodge, W. H. Mourton, G. W. [illegible], J. C. Kelly, C. A. Randall, Miss M. Reilley, H. W. Ballantine, Mrs. H. W. Ballantine, J. C. White, E. Arthur, Jr., J. Templeton, J. W. Henderson, Rev. D. Cook, Mrs. D. Cook and servant, Miss Cook, Col. J. Reid, C. S. Codman, E. H. Hare, the Misses Hare, J. Chapple, Mrs. D. [illegible], Fox, H. Thomson, Mrs. H. Thomson, H. S. Pollock, Mrs. D. Robertson, Miss E. A. Wyly, Mrs. Bell, S. Bancroft, Miss S. Bittles, Miss E. Burts.

Per steam-ship Rhein, for Bremen via Southampton.—[illegible] of the German Legation, and servant, Everhard Tool, family and servant, Mrs. C. Vischer and daughter, E. H. Smith, J. Meoyer, E. Loeb and family, Mrs. C. F. Hartman and children, A. Blum, Adolph Kahn, A. M. Johnson, Miss H. Eiditz, Mrs. H. M. Krieger, Miss A. L. Krieger, Mrs. Otto K. K. Krause, Fritz Koch, E. Martin, Miss M. Schwabe, A. M. Asbeck, M. A. Abadie, J. Stevens, A. Stauch, C. J. Stauch, Miss E. Brettheimer, Mrs. Becke Hohmeyer, W. Michel, M. M. Loewenstein, Mrs. E. Friedrichs and child, Mrs. A. Liesegang, W. T. Overbeck, E. Hardekopf, C. Koch, Miss Tommie Bussert, A. Flessbrate, sister Fanny, Sister Dieminata, F. Glemser, Mr. Heinrich, Miss Becker, Miss Bussenhardt, Mrs. Haerlein, J. F. Pflümer, E. Pfaff, E. and M. Dems, E. Hard, F. Decker, L. Rosenstein, Mrs. Louise Mumsch.

Per steam-ship Atlantic, for Liverpool.—P. E. Norton, family and nurse, T. Ferris, wife and child, Miss K. Kraft, C. B. Coffy and wife, C. D. Hollins and wife, C. H. H. Rumbold, Capt. H. E. M. Rumbold and wife, A. C. Rand, E. Van Houten and wife, C. Keach, N. Schlesinger, Mrs. E. B. and W. V. Lippincott, Miss M. B. Stokes, Miss Bell Kall, Miss H. E. Patterson, T. Bayley, A. B. Remington, Mrs. Remington, E. Jones and wife, Master B. Jones, Miss M. and H. Jones, E. N. Topan, H. Seebuck, E. Myer, A. F. Goodell, Miss A. Collins, D. Inglis, Miss E. Dowell, F. Sterne, Miss E. Williams, Misses Mary and Maggie Hooper, T. L. Hooper, Miss M. E. Smith, Miss E. A. Harris, A. Hewendorf, Mrs. J. A. Baker, J. H. Strong, Mr. Winn, Mrs. Hamilton and child, J. W. Lemaitre and wife, Miss S. Aston, Mr. C. F. Fargo, H. J. Blodgett, Miss H. E. Langer, Miss A. Cummings, Miss S. C. C. Clark, Mrs. L. Hemenway, T. DeBuller, S. Waterbury, R. Gold, T. A. Vyse, Jr., and man-servant, R. H. Rice, W. Smith, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Slayton, Dr. N. B. Slayton, W. G. North, J. H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Campion, Dr. & L. Frank and lady, S. G. Golding and lady, J. A. Bigby, L. T. Ives, T. Sheehan, Dr. A. S. Currie and family, Rev. J. Cummings and wife, T. Hooper and family.

Per steam-ship City of Brooklyn, for Liverpool.—Mrs. J. D. M. Pugin, W. Dwyer, Rev. Father Gallagher, M. Maloney, Mrs. Campbell, Mr. Polonco, Mr. and Miss Rivers and servant, Mrs. F. M. Polonco, Mrs. E. Brockell and sons, G. Russell, J. C. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Richards, T. A. Marshall, Rev. H. C. Atwood, Rev. Father Burgess, D. Snerwell, H. B. Roberts, Mr. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Gold, E. Gold, J. Cox, J. Stevenson, J. Turner, F. W. Smyth, Mrs. M. Craddock, E. C. Lowell, S. M. Morton, G. O. Thomas, Mr. Ringold, Miss Henderson, C. Searle.

Per steam-ship Batavia, for Liverpool.—Mrs. Skinner, Miss Skinner, Master Skinner, Miss Skinner, J. Beel, Joseph Ehrlich, Geo. Roddey, A. Van Rensselaer, W. W. T. Hatch, Wm. Haskett and brother, Mrs. Coleman, infant and child, Mrs. W. T. Hatch and daughter, James Gradwell, John P. Waters, Mr. and Mrs. George Beckerdike.

A Father in Texas.

The Waco (Texas) *Advance* publishes the following statement by a correspondent, who, it says, is one of the most trustworthy and respected citizens of that place:

"There lives now in our midst a man who is the father of fifty legitimate children; he has been married to five different women. By wife No. 1, thirteen boys; by No. 2, eighteen children; No. 3, ten; No. 4, six; by No. 5, three. Thirty-five of these children are still living—or were a year ago—eight were killed or lost in the Confederate Army, and seven have died natural deaths. Thirteen of the boys—all children of No. 1—held office in the Holloway Brigade, Platte County, Missouri, troops, Burns, commanding. Of the children by No. 2, there were four in the Confederate Army in different brigades. By wife No. 3, there was one in the Confederate States Army and two in the Heel Flies, making twenty sons in the Confederate service. The man is hale, healthy and hearty. I know him well, as also his wife No. 5 and her children; she is young, with a mountain of wealth of hair, fine looking, pleasant, and promises to still add to the population of this country. I will, if required, produce the affidavits of the father of this numerous progeny to the truth of this statement."

Gift by a Citizen of New-York to Yale College.

From the Hartford Courant, Aug. 17.

Charles Morgan, Esq., of New-York City, the benevolent gentleman who gave $110,000 to build and endow the Morgan School, at Clinton, has authorized Secretary Northrop to procure a life-size bronze statue of Abraham Pierson for the grounds of Yale College, and a copy of the same for the grounds of the Morgan School. Rector Pierson was the first President of Yale, and the first class graduated from the College was taught by him in what is now the town of Clinton. Prof. Northrop is now procuring designs from several artists, including Mr. Bartlett, of this city. The work will be commenced promptly, and completed as soon as practicable. The statues will be cast in Munich. It is the wish of the munificent donor that the work shall be done in the most thorough and artistic manner.

Railroad Accident.

The Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad train, which left Hoboken at six, on Friday, ran off the track at Henryville, Penn., at about 10 P. M. on Friday night, causing the wreck of the locomotive and baggage-car. The baggage-master, John Corling, was killed, and the engineer and one brakeman were seriously injured. The passengers escaped without injury.

Passengers Arrived.

In steam-ship Virgo, from Savannah.—S. W. Goode, J. P. Benknight, S. P. Weil, J. M. Rosenfeld, A. C. Stephens, W. D. Williams, W. L. Otis, J. Sheedy, E. L. Dyer, A. Bradley, J. D. Carter, D. B. Rowell, B. G. Rushing, H. Hoth, M. Cosgate, Mrs. Cosgate, J. Kuttencheck and daughter, M. [illegible], T. N. Johnston, J. Steininger, J. Lemoel, Mrs. Wadsworth, Miss Wadsworth, Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones, W. Patterson, J. P. Weil, F. W. Meldrum, L. Cartos, Miss E. Patterson, Mrs. A. E. Brown, Mr. Loeb, Mrs. Loeb, Capt. J. P. Wheaton, G. W. Lewis, J. R. Sheftall, and 7 in the steerage.

Passengers Sailed.

In steam-ship San Salvador, for Savannah.—A. J. Dodge and wife, B. Goldberg, Mr. Marcellus, C. Napoleon Ruggles, H. A. Wyse, Jacob Mickelson, J. Levy, J. A. Lewis, H. Bradley, Jas. Reed and wife, T. McPhail, R. C. Harris, Mrs. Batalina, John Scullan, Geo. C. Wilson, W. McCullum, H. McCabe, Jas. Maher, Howard W. Chase, W. H. Baker, Chas. Harrigan and wife, Jas. Scotte, F. Clair, Mrs. Robinson and child, L. A. Barnes and wife, H. C. Mehrtens and son, J. H. Redding, Geo. M. Dews, W. C. McDonough, E. Corish, Jas. Corish, S. Hutchings, M. Townsend, M. Salem, Miss E. Hamilton, Miss Mary E. Morgan, T. Havsman, Mrs. E. N. Bunker, John Smith, Miss A. Annis, Miss Mary Wright, Hugh Daly, Miss Mary Long, Mrs. Tyng and child, Mr. and Mrs. Durbans.

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAY.

Sun rises.....5:13 | Sun sets.....6:50 | Moon rises...[illegible]

HIGH WATER—THIS DAY.

Sandy Hook..7:08 | Gov. Island..7:57 | Hell Gate...[illegible]

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

NEW-YORK.....SATURDAY, Aug. 17.

Cleared.

Steam-ships Rhein, (N. G.,) Bussius, Bremen via Southampton, Oelrichs & Co.; Batavia, (Br.,) Leitch, Liverpool, Charles G. Francklyn; Italy, (Br.,) Thompson, Liverpool, National Steam-ship Co.; Geo. Cromwell, Clapp, New-Orleans, H. B. Cromwell & Co.; Helen S. Terry, Salyear, Newbern, N. C., Murray, Ferris & Co.; H. C. Knight, Johnson, Alexandria, George B. Merrick; Fannie, Fenton, Philadelphia, Lorillard Steam-ship Co.; Volunteer, Bloodgood, Philadelphia, Lorillard Steam-ship Co.; A. C. Stimers, Warren, Philadelphia; Concord, Norman, Philadelphia; Frank Pierce, Philadelphia; Acushnet, Rector, New-Bedford, Ferguson & Wood; Atlantic, (Br.,) Glasdell, Liverpool, G. Hyde Sparks; City of Brooklyn, (Br.,) Tibbets, Liverpool, John G. Dale; California, (Br.,) Craig, Glasgow, &c., Henderson Bros.; City of San Antonio, Pennington, Key West and Galveston, C. H. Mallory & Co.; Sherman, Crowell, New-Orleans, Fred. Baker; Ashland, Moore, Fernandina, Jas. Hand; San Salvador, Nickerson, Savannah, W. R. Garrison; James Adger, Lockwood, Charleston, Henry R. Morgan & Co.; Old Dominion, Bourne, Norfolk, City Point, &c., Old Dominion Steam-ship Co.; Anthracite, Green, Philadelphia, Wm. Kirkpatrick; Neptune, Baker, Boston, H. F. Dimock.

Ships Highlander, Williams, San Francisco, C. Comstock & Co.; Asia, (Ger.,) Christopher, Hamburg, &c., Funch, Edye & Co.

Bark Maggie L. Carvill, (Br.,) Bissa, Antwerp, Funch, Edye & Co.

Brigs Fredis, (Norw.,) Petersen, Konigsberg, Funch, Edye & Co.; Stockton, Griffin, Buenos Ayres, Jas. Norton, Jr., & Smart; Leopoldina, (Br.,) Card, Oporto, J. F. Whitney & Co.; Uncle Sam, Gover, Humacoa, P. R., Jas. W. Elwell & Co.

Schrs. Clara Woodhouse, Russell, Brazos, Santiago, Woodhouse & Rudd; Lothair, (Br.,) Saunders, Bucksville, S. C., P. I. Nevius & Son; Seventy-Six, Tall, Washington, D. C., S. C. Loud & Co.; Ellis Jones, Allen, Bridgeport; Robert B. Smith, Nickerson, Newport, Ferguson & Wood; Fernanda, (Br.,) Bayer, Pernambuco and a market, E. J. Wenberg; Aveida & Laura, Jurgenson, Barnoca, E. J. Wenberg & Bro.; R. Hart, Brooks, Washington, D. C., O. F. Rinne; Higbee, Richmond, Va., G. P. Wright; Gropper, Baltimore.

Sloops Wonder, Golden, New-Haven, H. W. Jackson; Unity, Derwick, New-Haven.

Arrived.

Steam-ship Baltic, (Br.,) Kennedy, Liverpool Aug. [illegible] and Queenstown 8th, with mdse. and passengers to J. H. Sparks.

Steam-ship Henry Chauncey, Gray, Aspinwall Aug. [illegible] and Kingston 10th, with mdse. and passengers to Pacific Mail Steam-ship Co.

Steam-ship Carter, Kemble, New-Orleans Aug. 11, with mdse. and 10 passengers to H. B. Cromwell & Co.

Steam-ship Franconia, Bragg, Portland, with mdse. and passengers to J. F. Ames.

Steam-ship South Carolina, Beckett, Charleston Aug. 14, with mdse. and passengers to H. R. Morgan & Co.

Steam-ship Gen. Meade, Sampson, New-Orleans [illegible], with mdse. and 11 passengers to Fred. Baker. Has had fine weather the entire passage.

Steam-ship Virgo, Bulkley, Savannah Aug. 14, with mdse. and passengers to Murray, Ferris & Co.

Bark Aretta, (of Bucksport,) Richardson, Pictou [illegible] with lumber to F. M. Russell—vessel to master. Has had fine weather the entire passage.

Bark Vittoria, (Ital.,) Maddalera, Girgenti [illegible], with brimstone to order—vessel to Mocsovich & Co. Passed Gibraltar July 7; had light, variable winds, and was 9 ds. E. of Bermuda.

Bark Bounding Billow, (of Boston,) Reynolds, [illegible] with mdse. to order—vessel to Aymar, Handy & Co. Passed Gibraltar July 3; had a smooth passage, and had fine weather, and been 18 ds. W. of the Banks.

Brig Teresina, (Span.,) Marimon, Cardenas 17 ds., in ballast to Ph. Pang & Co. Has had light winds and calms the entire passage.

Brig Karen, (Norw.,) Tirkelsen, Maracaibo 32 ds., with coffee and fustic to E. Ravensen & Co.—vessel to master.

Brig Guanche, (Span.,) Sora, Matanzas 8 ds., in ballast to W. W. DeForest.

Brig S. M. Merritt, (of Bucksport,) Harriman, Cienfuegos 21 ds., with sugar to J. G. Fowler & Co.—vessel to James E. Ward & Co. Has had moderate weather the entire passage.

Brig Ballast, (of Nassau,) Bahr, [illegible], with cocoa-nuts to G. Wessels.

Brig Guglielmo, (Ital.,) Trapani, Girgenti 62 ds., with limestone to Stauch, de Visser, vessel to A. P. Agresta; Passed Gibraltar June 17; came a southern passage, and had light winds and calms and been [illegible] ds. west of Bermuda.

Brig Bismarck, (of Londonderry, N. S.,) McCully, Cow Bay, 12 ds., with 415 tons coal to C. E. Swain & Son—vessel to J. F. Whitney & Co.

Schr. Kochuk, (of Machias,) Gates, Azuays, P. R., 19 ds., with molasses, &c., and 4 passengers to order—vessel to Simpson, Clapp & Co.

Schr. Francis G. Davis, Doane, Baracoa, 8 ds., with fruit to J. & T. Scammell—vessel to B. J. Wenberg. Has had light winds and calms the entire passage.

Schr. Joseph Oakes, (of Bangor,) Oakes, Grenada, P. R., 13 ds., with sugar to Brown Bros. & Co.—vessel to H. W. Loud & Co.

Schr. R. P. King, Rivers, New-London, for Elizabethport.

Schr. Frank Pierce, Florence, Providence for Elizabethport.

Schr. Almavella, Joy, Jacksonville 9 ds., with lumber to Alsop & Clark—vessel to master.

Schr. Lizzie Brewster, Smith, Machias, with lumber to Chase, Talbot & Co.

Schr. J. H. Young, Barrett, Pawtucket, for Rondout.

Schr. George & Edgar, Davis, New-Haven, for Elizabethport.

Schr. D. A. Berry, Walters, Providence, for Philadelphia.

Schr. Samuel Rideout, New-London, for Elizabethport.

Schr. John Mesiove, Brown, Fall River, for Elizabethport.

Schr. J. H. Perry, Kelly, Somerset, for Philadelphia.

Schr. Adele Felicia, Elliott, Norwich, for Elizabethport.

Schr. Frances Allen, Warren, Calais, with lumber to Simpson, Clapp & Co.

Schr. S. S. Tyler, Phelps, Providence, for Port Johnson.

Schr. C. L. Vandervort, Kelly, Providence, for Philadelphia.

Schr. Eli Townsend, Nichols, Providence, for Rondout.

Schr. Nicola, Keller, Machias, with lumber to P. Talbot & Co.

Schr. Sinaloa, Bateman, Machias, with lumber to P. Talbot & Co.

Schr. John Moulton, Crockett, Rockland, with lime stone for Brooklyn Bridge.

Schr. John Warren, Hager, Providence, for Elizabethport.

Schr. Sarah Laverne, Averill, Providence, for Elizabethport.

Schr. Willard, Saulsbury, Nickerson, Providence, for Elizabethport.

Schr. Tillie E. Wyman, Dighton, for Elizabethport.

Schr. Amelia, Stubbs, Portland, with lumber to M. A. Wilder, Son & Co.

Schr. Sarah Clark, Griffin, Providence, for Philadelphia.

Schr. Chancellor, Ferguson, Providence, for Rondout.

Schr. Ella Cahill, Hallock, Providence, for Elizabethport.

Schr. Salmon Washburn, Jones, Taunton, for Elizabethport.

Schr. Fern Brown, Machias, with lumber to Chase, Talbot & Co.

Schr. Mary Langdon, Pendleton, Rockland, with lime to J. R. Haviland.

Schr. P. M. Wheaton, Barrett, Providence, for Philadelphia.

Schr. Emma Fox, Chase, New-Bedford, for Philadelphia.

Schr. Ocean Queen, Wilson, Seal Island, with fish to Benjamin & West.

Schr. Jos. Potter, Brown, Nantucket, with fish to H. C. Rogers & Co.

Schr. Julia Ann, Howell, Providence, for Elizabethport.

Schr. Ann Eliza, Caswell, Providence, for Elizabethport.

Schr. Helen, Searls, Providence, for Elizabethport.

Schr. Express, Satterlee, Providence, for Hoboken.

Schr. [illegible], Price, [illegible], for Baltimore.

Schr. Geo. W. Bentley, Baker, New-Bedford.

Schr. G. A. Hayden, Harrison, Pawtucket.

Schr. Marietta Smith, Preston, New-Bedford.

Schr. [illegible], Hulse, [illegible], for Rondout.

Schr. [illegible], Taylor, [illegible], for Newburg.

Schr. Madison, Taylor, Fall River, for Rondout.

Schr. Emma White, Taunton, for Rondout.

Schr. President, Bradley, Newport, for Rondout.

Schr. Frank & Maria, Wood, New-Haven.

Schr. [illegible], Lindsley, Providence.

Schr. J. W. Bell, Price, Taunton, for Rondout.

Schr. Horicon, Lee, Pawtucket, for Rondout.

Schr. Niantic, Paddleford, Taunton.

Schr. Benj. English, Chase, New-Bedford.

Schr. Angeline, Robinson, Providence.

Schr. Nora, ——, Bath, with lumber to order.

Schr. Eliza, Parker, Providence, for Trenton.

Schr. Anna, Chester, Boston, for Philadelphia.

Schr. Addie P. Avery, Lake, Baltimore.

Schr. L. H. Hopkins, Predmore, Virginia.

Schr. Onward, Hulse, Connecticut River.

Schr. S. A. Reed, Arnold, Portland, Conn.

Schr. E. C. Dennison, Allen, Providence.

Schr. Henrietta, Bishop, Hartford.

Schr. Julia Tate, Tate, Bridgeport.

Schr. H. W. Godfrey, [illegible], Virginia.

Schr. Mary Jane, Leake, Virginia.

Schr. Whistler, Keefe, Taunton.

Schr. Hall, Meade, Greenwich.

Schr. Althea, Darby, Virginia.

Schr. Favorite, Clark, Pawtucket.

H. B. Gibson, Hurst, Providence.

Schr. Geo. B. Kane, Ward, Dighton.

Schr. L. Daniels, Smith, Hartford.

Schr. Grecian, Mitchell, Pawtucket.

Schr. Mr. Morse, Oliver, Fall River.

Schr. Veranda, Pond, Providence.

Schr. Wake, Gundy, Virginia.

WIND—Sundown, light, S. W.; clear.

Sailed.

Steam-ships Rhein, for Bremen; California, for Glasgow; Batavia, Italy, City of Brooklyn, and Atlantic, for Liverpool; Metropolis, for Havana; City of San Antonio, for Galveston; Geo. Cromwell and Sherman, for New-Orleans; Ashland, for Fernandina; San Salvador, for Savannah; Jas. Adger, for Charleston; Old Dominion, for Richmond.

By Telegraph.

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—Arr. steamer Hatteras, from New-York; ship Eleano, from Singapore; barks Ravenscraig, from Buenos Ayres; Manitou, from Lingan; brigs Success, from Surinam; E. H. Kennedy, from Jamaica; E. E. Robinson, from Port-au-Prince; Valencia, from Trinidad; Mary C. Rosevelt, from Pensacola; Abby Watson, from Philadelphia.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Aug. 17.—Sid. steamer Manhattan, for New-York; Sea Gull, for Baltimore; brig Henry & Louisa, for Cork and a market; schrs. Frank & Emily, for Duxbury; Willie Lees, for Baltimore; Jonas Smith, for New-York.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Aug. 17.—Cld. schrs. S. B. Franklin, for Jacksonville, to load; John S. Ingraham, for Providence, R. I.

Sld. steamers San Jacinto and New-York, for New-York; schr. [illegible], for Philadelphia.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Mass., Aug. 16.—Arr. United States school-ship Constitution, on a cruise; steamer Bacchus, New-York, for Provincetown; schrs. Samuel Nash and Pennsylvania, Boston, for New-York; Carroll, Machias, for do.; Kate Walker, Bangor, for do.; Henry R. Sabes, do.; William, Mt. Desert, Rockland, for do.; H. P. Hall, Rockport, Me., for Jacksonville; Webster Barnard, do., for Washington, D. C.; Wellington, Bangor, for Greenwich, Conn.; Caroline Grant, do., for New-Haven; Jane, do., for Newport; Ethel, St. John, N. B., for Providence; Monmouth, [illegible], for Philadelphia; H. L. Slaght, John S. Detwiler, Gov. Burton, Pearl and Thompson, Boston, for do.; Almetta, Stockton, for Rondout.

Sld. all before reported, except the school-ship Mercury, bark Annie M. Gray, schr. Union Flag and the above arrivals.

Aug. 17.—Arr. steamer Enterprise, New-London; schr. Lorne, Providence, for St. John, N. B.; M. A. Folsom, Elizabethport, for Boston; Charles A. Jones, Georgetown, D. C., for do.; H. H. Fisk, Baltimore, for do.; James Satterthwaite, Mary F. Hudson, Sea Foam, and Maggie Mulvey, Philadelphia; Elizabeth Segner, Hoboken, for Malden; A. T. Cohen, Philadelphia, for Salem; Jas. Alderdice, Boston, for Philadelphia; C. W. May, do., for do. or Georgetown, D. C.; R. P. Chase, Bangor, for Fall River; R. Ross, Windsor, N. S., for Bridgeport; A. L. Dabolt, Chatham, for New-York.

Sld.—Schr. Maggie Mulvey. Passed whale-ship Europa, of and for Edgartown, from the Indian Ocean.

Foreign Ports.

HAVANA, Aug. 15.—Arr. steam-ship City of Merida, Timmerman, from New-York.

European Marine News.

SOUTHAMPTON, Aug. 17.—The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company's steam-ship Boyne, from Aspinwall, via St. Thomas, arr. at this port yesterday.

B. L. SOLOMON & SONS,

Nos. 657 and 659 Broadway,

Having nearly completed the improvements to their building, will,

On August 1,

Open their Six Floors, connected by Passenger Elevator, with an entire

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